I REMEMBER PAPA BEAR

The Untold Story of the Legendary Fred Bear Including His Secrets of Hunting

By Dick Lattimer

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COMMUNICATIONS

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I Remember Papa Bear

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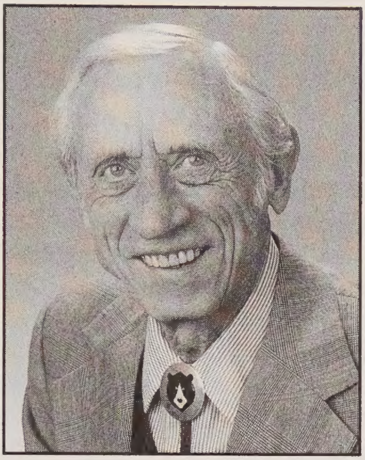
DEDICATION



To the memories of
Fred Bear, “The Man
in the Borsalino Hat;”
Bob Kelly, marketing
genius; and Frank
Scott, salesman extraordinaire—three of
the best friends I’ve
ever had.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Many people helped me during the writing of this book, and I could not have done it without their help, counsel and collective memories. My heartfelt thanks to them all.

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And a special thanks to my wife of 46 years, Alice, for putting up with my many long hours sitting at my computer while I put these memories together.

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INTRODUCTION

Fred Bear was the best-known hunter and outdoorsman of the second half of the 20th century, and I was devastated when he died, and remain so to this day. He was my best friend, mentor and father figure for several decades. He was kind to me in so very many ways over the years—gentle in his criticism of my writing and ideas, supportive of my advertising/sales promotion strategy for our products, and, without saying anything, he took over my dad's place in my life when Dad suddenly died of pancreatic cancer. He had done the same for Frank Scott when his father died, former astronaut Gen. Joe Henry Engle when his father passed away, and Dick Mauch when his dad died. We four became the "Adopted Sons of Fred Bear" and still remain close, although we suddenly lost our oldest "brother," Frank Scott, recently. Scotty, Joe and I did the eulogies at Fred's funeral.

Following Fred's death, Mrs. Bear and her daughter, Julia Kroll, asked me to take his ashes up to the Grayling, Michigan area where we had lived before moving to Florida in 1978. They requested that I place Fred's ashes alongside his beloved Au Sable River where he had so often fished. Flyfishing was his second passion, next to bowhunting, and he and I had often flyfished there together over the years, as had some of his other friends at the old Bear Archery. Fred loved to see a brown trout rise to his caddis fly.

Knowing of my close association with Fred, numerous people over the ensuing years have asked me when I would write a book about Fred and my years with him. I'd declined to do so for many years, fearing that it would seem to be self-serving since so much of my own life would have to be included in the book in order to recount those years that I worked with him between 1966 and 1988 when he died.

Recently, however, Jeff Waring, an editor at *Bowhunter* magazine, reminded me that the current generation of new hunters really doesn't know Fred's story. Jeff suggested that I'd be helping to keep his memory alive by putting my memories down. I still wavered.

Then my old friend, Sherwood Schoch, former Bear Archery salesman and the first salesman for compound bows for Tom Jennings, wrote to me. Here's what Sherwood had to say: "You expressed a fear that you may be putting too much of yourself into the book on Fred. I said then and I will say now, I don't think you could put too much of yourself into it. You were there, you are the authority, only you know what took place. Anything less than that might take credibility away from the information. You are the only living truth on the subject and you need to express it from that point of view."

So, if there is too much of Dick Lattimer in this book, I apologize, but it was the only way I could tell the story of the tremendous influence Fred Bear had on conservation, hunting and the outdoor life during the second half of the 20th century. I was his alter ego in those days. I went where he sent me and championed the causes that he felt were important.

And, of course, you need to read the Fred Bear biography that Charlie Kroll and I produced back in the 1980s, along with the "Fred Bear's Field Notes" book that I also helped Fred produce. There you'll find the stories of many of Fred's famous hunts and adventures around the world. In this book you'll learn more about what Fred's life was like when he was out of the spotlight; when he wasn't in front of a camera or on a national radio or television show. You'll learn about the first promotional years of his archery life and the last 20 years of his life–his triumphs, his frustrations, his heartbreak and a lot about his everyday life that is not found in the other books we did in those days.

Knowing my own frustration with the sudden and unexpected death of Frank Scott, I decided to take a chance and offer you these pages. "Scotty," as most of us knew him by, was the director of the Fred Bear Museum, following a long career as a Bear Archery salesman–the first Fred ever hired in 1939.

After I retired in 2000 from running AMO, the archery trade association, Scotty wanted me to become more involved with the Fred Bear Museum as I had been in the past. He was ready to scale back. So it was that he and I talked on a Monday evening about getting together Tuesday noon for lunch to talk more about it. I told him I'd see him the next day, and he replied, "It's a deal!" Shortly after he hung up the phone that evening he took ill. By Friday he was dead. All the rich memories of Bear Archery, Fred Bear and our sport of archery that he carried inside him died with him. I had been bugging him for almost 20 years to put it all down on paper. Now I wish I had just taken over the job and twisted his arm to work with me on it. But I didn't.

So I feel that it is my duty to Fred Bear's memory, to Frank Scott's, to Bob Kelly's, and to our family of millions of bowhunters, recreational archers and firearms hunters around the world who have heard of Fred Bear, but don't know that much about him, and to those who may someday decide to take up our ancient and honorable sports, to write this book.

Fred and I were especially fond of Teddy Roosevelt and that for which he stood. "The Rough Rider" once said, "Far better it is to dare mighty things ... even though checkered with failure, than to ... live in the grey twilight that knows not victory nor defeat." Both Fred and I lived our lives with that admonition in mind, and I hope you are, too. Do not take your dreams to your grave!

Any errors that you find here are mine and mine alone, and I accept full responsibility. Memories fade, so do dates, people and events. But I have tried to be as accurate as possible about what you will learn and have checked with others of the old Bear Archery family countless times while working on this book about what is in these pages. I hope you enjoy the book and that you feel like you know our Papa Bear better when you have read the final page. He was quite a gentle man.

– Dick Lattimer, Cedar Key, Florida

CHAPTER ONE

THE CREATION OF "FRED BEAR"

A lot of people over the years have thought that Fred Bear was at least part Native American because of his name. Not so. The Bears were English, Swiss and German. His mother's Drawbaugh family was English and Dutch.

His mother's uncle, Daniel Drawbaugh, invented the telephone in 1867, but lost out on the final court decision by just one vote on whether he or Alexander Graham Bell should be given credit for having done so. Obviously, creativity and inventiveness ran deep in Fred Bear's genes. And Bear family tradition claims that the judge that cast the deciding vote was found to hold a large amount of Bell stock upon his death.

How this shy Pennsylvania farmboy from the Cumberland Valley ended up becoming a revered outdoor legend is due almost entirely to his determination to make something of himself doing that which he loved best—hunting and fishing. Today's young people can learn a very important lesson from Fred Bear's life.

Fred very easily could have spent his entire life in his home area of Pennsylvania working at the Carlisle Frog & Switch Manufacturing Company, or even in the Detroit area working in pattern-making or some other creative trade. But that he did not is a fascinating story of how he was able to use his unique and memorable name, his talents, his interests, and his attention to detail to build a household name among sportsmen and women around the world in the 20th century. And he began it on a shoestring budget using only his ingenuity and persistence to finally accomplish his goal.

Now anyone who accomplishes something like that must have a healthy dose of self-awareness and drive. And this can be a tricky thing to handle, balancing the ego with the need to build the name recognition. I've never known anyone who did it better than Fred, or who was more humble about his accomplishments. Proud of what he accomplished, of course, but never egotistical. Naturally, building an image was what the game was all about, but he never let that overshadow his basic down-home farmboy personality. He was

Fred Bear and his first deer (marked with an X). This was taken at his father's deer hunting camp on South Mountain in Pennsylvania, about five miles from the Bear farm, near Waynesboro. Fred was 13 years old and began as a firearms hunter.

always cognizant that his public persona should not get in the way of his private life.

BEAR FAMILY ROLE MODELS

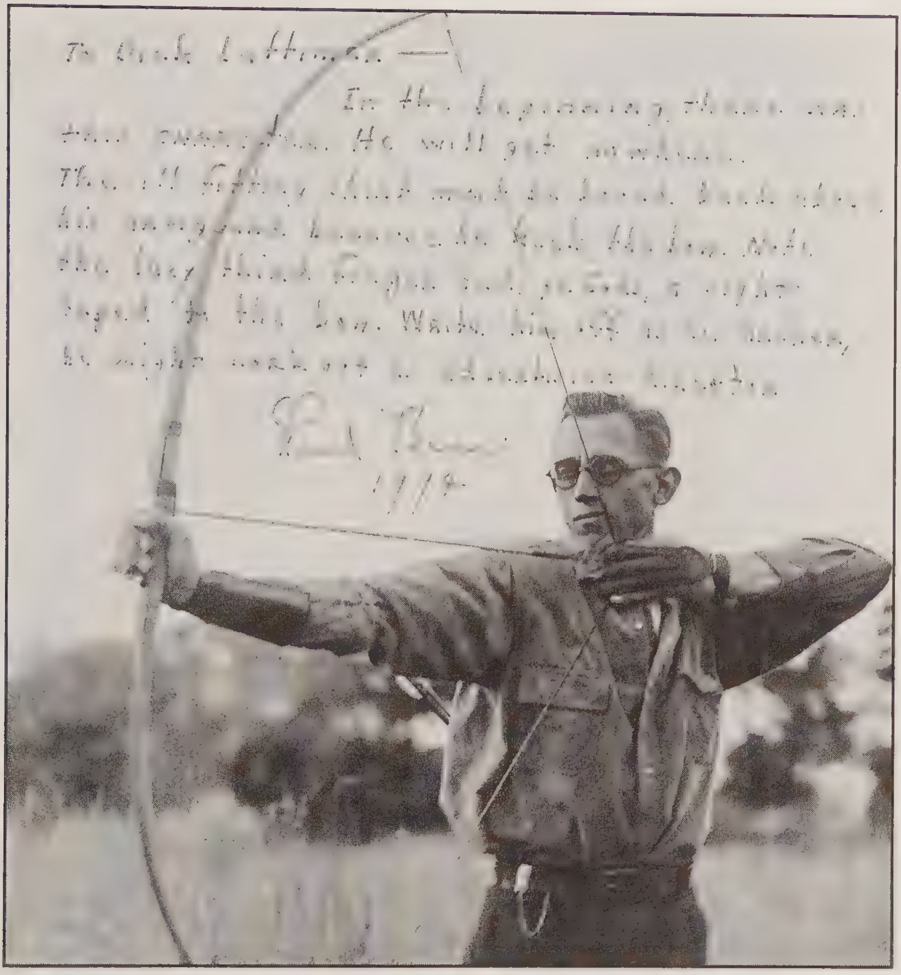
Researchers tell us that for most of us, our basic beliefs and value systems are set by the time we're 10 years old. They're hardwired into our internal operating systems. And Fred had several immediate family members to look up to as far as style and creative salesmanship were concerned. His grandfather, Abner Bear, was a salesman for the Henry Diston Company, manufacturers of sawmill equipment. He was a tall, well-built, imposing figure with a handlebar moustache and was usually sporting a Stetson hat. I suppose it was from Grandpa Bear's example that Fred got his idea of wearing a Borsalino hat for quick photo identity in his early hunting years. I never thought to ask him about it. Abner Bear also sold farm machinery and used some very creative demonstrations at state fairs and the like in doing so. Fred undoubtedly got his innate salesmanship and promotional smarts from Grandpa Bear.

Uncle Charley Bear, his father's younger brother, on the other hand, left the farm and went to New York City where he was a skilled penman and illustrator for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. He was an impeccable dresser,

Fred with his first bow and arrow deer taken at Blaney Park in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan in 1935.

self-assured and respected by people around the country and, indeed, around the world. Fred visited him several times in New York as a boy and was very impressed with how sophisticated his uncle was and how well he seemed to get along with everyone from doormen to cab drivers to waiters. Another valuable lesson that Fred would never forget. Fred always seemed to be completely at ease, whether on Fifth Avenue in New York City or in a tar-paper hunting shack on the Alaskan Peninsula. I spent quality time with him in both places.

Then there was his real boyhood idol—his father, Harry Bear—a skilled machinist. From his dad he learned to shoot, to appreciate the outdoor life and to respect both the animals he hunted as well as all wildlife and nature. His conservation ethic and sense of sportsmanship came from Harry. He was one of the finest rifle shots in all of Pennsylvania in those days, as well as a skilled trapshooter. And when Fred was 8 years old, his father gave him a .22 rifle—a single-shot, swing-bolt Quakenbush. When Fred later got hooked on archery, Harry also took up the sport and got very good at it. Matter of fact, while we were all



Fred shooting the first bow he ever made, in 1927. Note the caption he wrote on the photo when he gave it to me.

still living in Grayling, Michigan, Fred gave me his father's archery tackle box since he knew that I would care for it as if it were my own father's. After Fred died, I gave it to Frank Scott to put on display in the Fred Bear Museum.

MARKING TIME

Fred knew of my deep feeling for history. After all, I had been documenting his life for decades in photos and print, but he also knew of my passion for the space program and my documenting a part of that in my book "All We Did Was Fly To The Moon."

So it really was no surprise one day when he walked into my office carrying a couple of treasures from his service in 1922 with the 104th Cavalry of the Carlisle National Guard during an ugly strike in the state's western coal mines. Fred had joined the Guard when he was just 16. He dropped his old cavalry saddlebags on my desk that day saying, "I thought you might like to have these." Needless to say, I was thrilled to death. He had converted one side of the saddlebags to hold his camera equipment during his early filming days on horseback.

Another day he dropped off the canteen that he had used during his Guard service. And a third day I found the oil can he had used in the Guard sitting on my desk when I returned to my office from a meeting. He had signed both of them. He did keep his footlocker at home in the Gator Room in Gainesville, and following his death it was passed on in the family.

All of the interesting details of Fred's life in Detroit after leaving Pennsylvania as soon as he hit the age of 21 are in Fred's biography written by Charlie Kroll. I produced the book and contributed a small portion of the manuscript. I won't repeat that part of this interesting story here, other than to say that Fred got hooked on archery and the idea of bowhunting in 1927 while in Detroit. There, he and his friend, Ray Stannard, went to the Adams Theatre and saw Art Young's "Alaskan Adventures" bowhunting film. Then, to further cement the attraction, he later met Art Young at a Rotary Club meeting in Detroit, and the two became friends. Matter of fact, they worked on archery equipment together in Fred's basement. Art Young eventually showed Fred how to make double loop Flemish bowstrings. I'm sorry to say that one day Fred stopped in my office in Gainesville, showed me photos of this same type of bowstring and asked me if I thought I could learn to make them. Like a dummy I was all wrapped up in writing catalog copy and never took him up on his challenge. An opportunity missed.

FRED ON FILM

Art Young died the year I was born, 1935. It was the same year that Fred killed his first white-tailed deer with a bow and arrow in Michigan's Upper Peninsula. Fred and I had an interesting experience in the 1980s when Art Young's nephew came to Gainesville and we videotaped he and Fred talking about Art Young's "Alaskan Adventures" silent film. Our intention was to sandwich their reminiscences around the actual film and offer it as part of our Fred Bear library of videos and films. I wanted to add a soundtrack to perk up the film, but Fred wanted it to remain in its original "silent movie" configuration. Unfortunately, the timing was wrong to ask the management of Bear Archery at the time for funding to do so, and somewhere this footage is collecting dust in the Bear Archery company vault. Or, it might have been passed on to Bass Pro Shops when they recently purchased the contents of the Fred Bear Museum.

Fred doing one of his trick shots at a Midwest sportsmen's show during the late 1930s, early 40s.

That is, unless it was accidentally disposed of by someone not appreciating its historical importance to our sport.

In 1975 Fred and I drove to Detroit to shoot part of the film we were working on at the time—"Rural Route One, Grayling, Michigan." I had suggested to Fred and Bob Kelly that it would make a good addition to our Fred Bear film library. They readily agreed, and a filming budget and script were subsequently approved. Dick Shanahan, producer in Detroit, and his assistant, Selda Gibbons, tackled the production for us. I supervised the project. If you've never seen it, it showed how we made recurve bows and other archery accessories in those days.

We needed to have Fred do an introduction on camera; however, unlike the manufacturing end of the film where extraneous noise didn't matter, we did not want outside noise interfering with Fred's message. And that would've been almost impossible since Fred's office sat right next to the machine shop in the Grayling plant, and the noise from the adjacent office area could also have interfered with the sound track. So we loaded up enough stuff from his office in Grayling and took it all down to Detroit with us.

There we reassembled everything on a sound stage and shot the scenes. As always, when working with Dick Shanahan and Selda Gibbons, the filming went very well and was a "happy set." Dick was always loose and a true professional, and Selda had a tremendous knack for keeping everything on track, including matches between shots. When one makes a film, they are not always shot with more than one camera, and after one angle is filmed, the camera is then moved to another viewpoint. Everything must remain the same or the two different views won't match up in the final editing. And Selda was a master at making sure this happened.

Another shot of Fred during a sportsmen's show exhibition. He was creating interest in the bow and arrow among the hunters in attendance. This is how he built his sport and his business.

MOTOR CITY MEMORIES

After the filming, Fred wanted to drive around Detroit and show me some of his old haunts. As always I had his old Nikon F2 camera and lenses along and was able to capture photos of him at two of his three Bear Archery locations in Detroit. The third location had burned down in the 1960s, shortly after I had started working for him.

BEAR ARCHERY TACKLE
DETROIT

Fred was given free booth space at sportsmen's shows in exchange for doing his archery exhibitions. Shown behind the counter in 1941 is a young Frank Scott shortly after he went to work for Fred. Scotty would become Fred's first field salesman and later the curator of The Fred Bear Museum in both Grayling and then Gainesville, Florida.

The first place we drove by was the first house that he had lived in during 1923 on Lothrop Avenue when he first went to Detroit and worked at Packard Motor Car Company. He regaled me with the story about the friend of his who had come to Detroit with him from their home area in Pennsylvania. It seems this fellow had been courting the sheriff's sister back home and got her in a family way before he left town, without knowing that he had done so. One day the sheriff showed up at the house in Detroit. When Fred's friend answered the door, the sheriff simply asked, "How'd you like to be my brother-in-law?"

"Well, I think that would be a fine idea," the embarrassed fellow quickly answered, and the two left town that day for the long drive back home. Fred hunched up his shoulders and laughed when he told me that story.

After Fred shot this world record Alaska brown bear in 1960 he knew he had a promotional winner and he took it all around to indoor and outdoor sportsmen's gatherings to promote the effectiveness of hunting with the bow and arrow. This photo shows Fred talking to people at a carp shoot in southeastern Michigan. The bear stood as the world record for more than 25 years. We also included it in all the Bear Archery trade show booths in those days. Everyone wanted their photo taken next to it with Papa Bear.

BEAR ARCHERY IS BORN

The first Bear Archery manufacturing location was an old commercial garage building on Tierman Avenue and Begole in Detroit. When the Jansen tire cover plant that Fred and his friend, Charles Piper, worked at burned down, putting them out of work, the two decided to pool their savings of $600 and go into business. They bought a couple of second-hand sewing machines and some other equipment and rented this small garage building on Tierman. When I left Bear Archery in 1989, not long after Fred died, one of those original sewing machines was still sitting in the back of the plant. Fred not only used it a great deal over the years, but he also kept it for sentimental reasons. Fred and Piper set up business as the Bear Products Company. Their main business was making silk screen advertising banners for the Chrysler Corporation. But off in a corner of the building Fred started making archery equipment. Bear Archery was born, although not yet officially.

I could only imagine the memories that were going through Fred's mind that morning we visited as he peered through the window of his old building. What a struggle that must have been, to start a company on a shoestring with all the unknowns that go with that sort of venture, and especially to do it in the depths of the Great Depression. Most small businesses fail, and it takes one heck of a lot of stubbornness and grit to make a go of it. And luck.

After a year or two, the business was moved into a larger building on Burlingame and Broad Street in Detroit. So on our sentimental trip that day, Fred guided me to that location, where I took a second photo of him. By the time of our visit, this second Bear Archery location had been turned into a Baptist church.

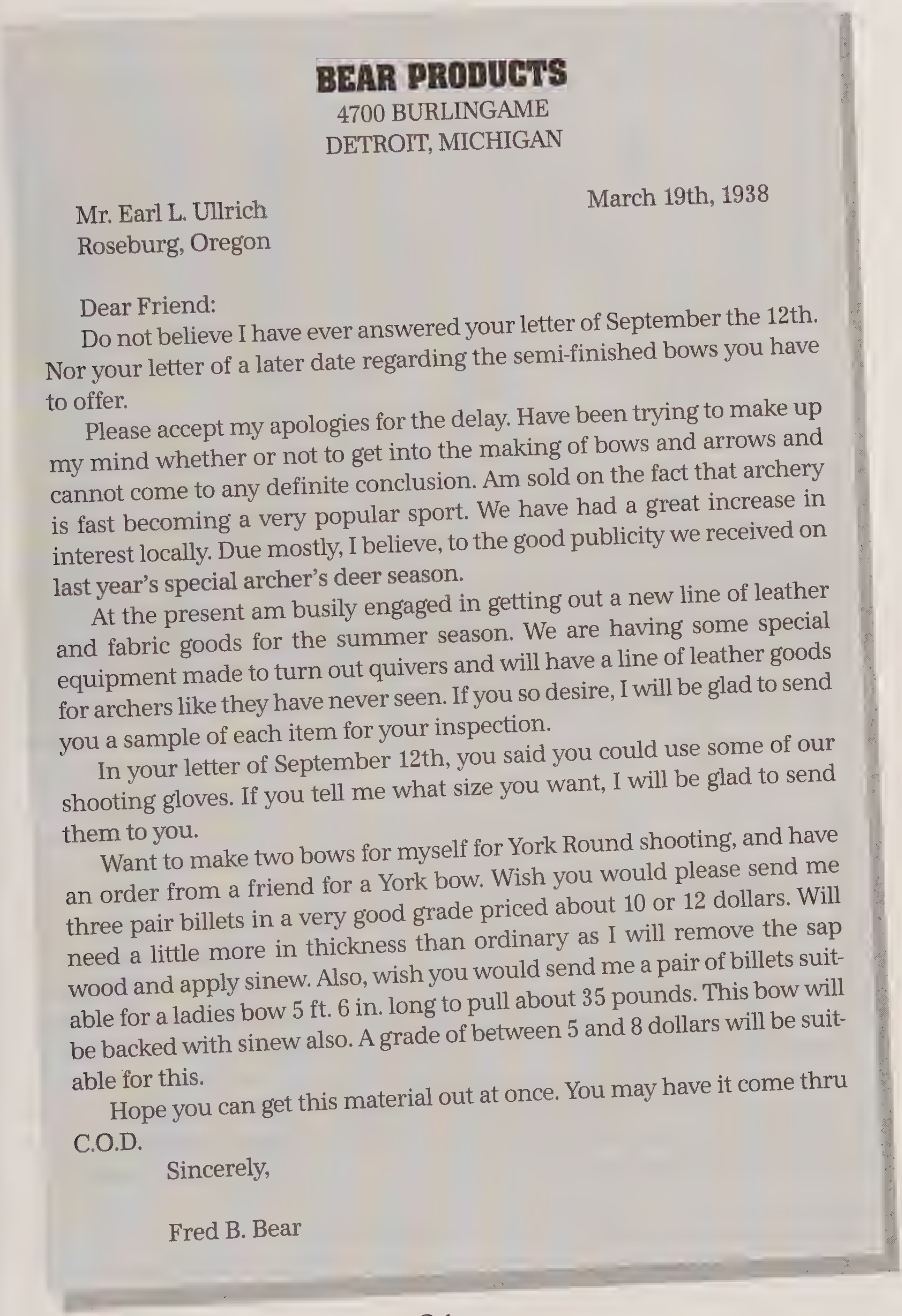
EMPLOYEE
P…ING
…IT

Fred peeking in the window of his first archery plant on Tierman Avenue in Detroit while he and I were in town doing some filming. It had been an old commercial garage before Fred and his friend, Charles Piper, rented it for the Bear Products Company. Their principal business was making silk-screened advertising banners for Chrysler. Fred made archery equipment off in a corner of this building.

Fred and his first bow and arrow moose, taken in Ontario in 1945. He would parlay this into much newspaper and magazine coverage, thereby getting free publicity to help build the sport of bowhunting. He would send the editors the photos, plus his field notes taken during the hunts.

As I mentioned, Fred couldn't show me his third plant in Detroit that they had moved to in 1939. It had been destroyed in the racial riots of the 1960s when much of Detroit was burned. However, it was an old Maxwell automobile garage and was located at 2611 Philadelphia Avenue and Linwood. It was 60 feet by 100 feet in size. From there Fred moved the business up to the tiny town of Grayling, Michigan in 1947.

But how did Fred get to the point in the development of Bear Archery that he eventually would see his annual sales reaching into the tens of millions of dollars? The following is a letter he wrote in the spring of 1938 from the Burlingame Avenue plant site in Detroit. He, of course, was making bows for himself and his friends prior to this, but now he was thinking of going into bow production as a business.



BEAR PRODUCTS
4700 BURLINGAME
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

March 19th, 1938

Mr. Earl L. Ullrich
Roseburg, Oregon

Dear Friend:

Do not believe I have ever answered your letter of September the 12th. Nor your letter of a later date regarding the semi-finished bows you have to offer.

Please accept my apologies for the delay. Have been trying to make up my mind whether or not to get into the making of bows and arrows and cannot come to any definite conclusion. Am sold on the fact that archery is fast becoming a very popular sport. We have had a great increase in interest locally. Due mostly, I believe, to the good publicity we received on last year's special archer's deer season.

At the present am busily engaged in getting out a new line of leather and fabric goods for the summer season. We are having some special equipment made to turn out quivers and will have a line of leather goods for archers like they have never seen. If you so desire, I will be glad to send you a sample of each item for your inspection.

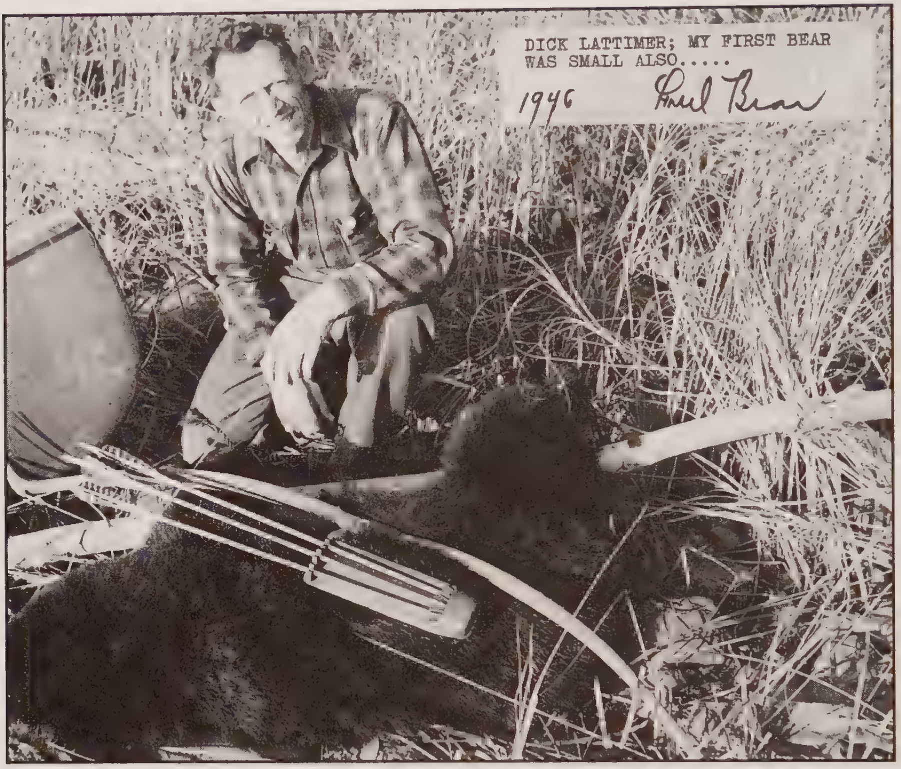
In your letter of September 12th, you said you could use some of our shooting gloves. If you tell me what size you want, I will be glad to send them to you.

Want to make two bows for myself for York Round shooting, and have an order from a friend for a York bow. Wish you would please send me three pair billets in a very good grade priced about 10 or 12 dollars. Will need a little more in thickness than ordinary as I will remove the sap wood and apply sinew. Also, wish you would send me a pair of billets suitable for a ladies bow 5 ft. 6 in. long to pull about 35 pounds. This bow will be backed with sinew also. A grade of between 5 and 8 dollars will be suitable for this.

Hope you can get this material out at once. You may have it come thru C.O.D.

Sincerely,

Fred B. Bear



Fred with his first bow and arrow bear, Ontario, 1946. When I shot my first bow and arrow bear while hunting with Fred in 1974, I was a bit embarrassed that he wasn't a much bigger bear. After all, I worked for a man who took world record bears. But Fred quietly told me that it was about the same size as his first bear, too, shown here. See the note he stuck on this photo that he laid on my desk after our return from Ontario.

BOWHUNTING GRABS HOLD

In 1937 Fred organized the first Michigan bowhunting season near his old stomping grounds in St. Helens, Michigan. He had an old log cabin and a sign for it that read "Pope Hall" in honor of Dr. Saxton Pope, who had inspired him to try bowhunting. Fred named the area Camp Sherwood in honor of Robin Hood's Sherwood Forest.

Fred had become active in promoting bowhunting and also had a hand in helping get the first Wisconsin bowhunting season established in 1934 and the first Michigan season started in 1936. Naturally, the primary person who made this happen in Wisconsin was Roy Case, who was the first white man to kill a deer in Wisconsin with the bow and arrow. He downed a buck in 1930 in Vilas County, Wisconsin, and our sport was off and running. Here is a record of those early years in Wisconsin. The following is from the Dec. 26, 1943 issue of the

Year	Deer Killed	Permits Issued
1930	1	****
1934	1	****
(first regulated season)		
1935	1	****
1936	1	****
1937	0	134
1938	1	330
1939	6	600
1940	5	1,200
1941	18	2,222
(World War II had started)		
1942	15	1,684
1943	73	2,279

Milwaukee Journal newspaper that Fred had clipped and put in his scrapbook of those early days:

In 1941 Wisconsin established a nonresident deer license for a fee of $5, and 182 out-of-state people bought such a license—eight of them harvesting a deer. Fred was one of those eight successful bowhunters and in that year he also joined the fledgling Wisconsin Bowhunters. Incidentally, Fred's deer was a nice 7-point buck. Membership at that time in the WBA was $1 a year. Among the Wisconsin Bowhunters board of governors at that time were Larry Whiffen of Milwaukee and Roy Case of Racine.

Larry and Fred had become friends, and, as a matter of fact, in 1939 Fred, his first wife, Marie, and Larry made a cross-country automobile trip out to San Francisco to shoot in the NAA Tournament at Golden State Park. And when the archery manufacturers first set up their trade association in 1953, Larry was our first volunteer president. The organization was actually founded in Wisconsin at the Three Rivers Archery Tournament, and Fred was one of its charter founders. The archery manufacturers and dealers had originally conceived the idea in 1947 at the National Archery Tournament in Salt Lake City, Utah. When it was founded, the organization was known as the Archery Manufacturers and Dealers Association (AMADA).

I had the honor of becoming the first full-time president/CEO of the same organization (by then called AMO and now ATA) in 1991 after Fred died and I had retired from Bear Archery. I served in that capacity until I retired near the end of 2000. And during that 10-year period I always tried to do things the way Fred and Bob Kelly had drilled into my being. Always trying to think of the good of the sport first and trying to bring as many people around the table as possible so that all opinions and sides of an issue could be heard. My old sidekick, Pat Wiseman-Snider helped me run the organization during that time, and about halfway through our service to AMO, Doug Engh joined our staff. But back to Fred's story.

TARGET ARCHERY GAINS POPULARITY

Fred had also made a name for himself as a target archer in Michigan and knew most of the archers in the state. Here is a list of the ribbons he won, taken from his old scrapbook. Although it is Fred's printing in his scrapbook, I would bet that his first wife, Marie, was the one who originally started it. It would have been out of character for Fred to have done so. Here, then, are Fred's target archery accomplishments:

Date	Place	Division	Event Location
Oct. 1, 1933	1st/ClassB	MAA District	Eaton Rapids, Michigan
April 8, 1934	5th/Class A	MAA District	Ann Arbor, Michigan
July 1, 1934	2nd/Class A	MAA District	Saginaw, Michigan
Aug. 26, 1934	1st/Class A	MAA State	Birmingham, Michigan
April 7, 1935	1st/Team	MAA District	Ann Arbor, Michigan
July 21, 1935	4th/Class A	MAA District	Flint, Michigan
Aug. 18, 1935	1st/Hndcp. Score	MAA State	Saginaw, Michigan
July 12, 1936	2nd/Class A	MAA District	West Branch, Michigan
Sept. 6, 1936	1st/Flight shoot	MAA State	East Lansing, Michigan
July 11, 1937	1st/Team	MAA District	Detroit, Michigan
Aug. 15, 1937	1st/Team	MAA District	Flint, Michigan
Oct. 3, 1937	1st/Men's	MAA State	Flint, Michigan
May 22, 1938	2nd/Men's York	MAA District	Battle Creek, Michigan
June 12, 1938	2nd/Men's York	MAA District	Midland, Michigan
July 10, 1938	3rd/Men's York	MAA District	Detroit, Michigan
Sept. 25, 1938	5th/Men's	MAA District	Frankfort, Michigan
1939	1st/Class A	MAA Indoor	Ann Arbor, Michigan
1939	1st/Team	MAA Indoor	Ann Arbor, Michigan
May 14, 1939	2nd/Men's Red	Detroit Archers	Palmer Park, Michigan
1939	1st/Class A York	MAA District	Flint, Michigan
1939	1st/Class A York	MAA District	Battle Creek, Michigan
1939	2nd/Class A York	MAA District	Detroit, Michigan
Sept. 3-4, 1939	2nd/Men's High Av.	MAA State	East Lansing, Michigan
Sept. 3-4, 1939	2nd/Class A York	MAA State	East Lansing, Michigan
1939	1st/Men's Team	MAA District	Flint, Michigan
1939	1st/Men's Team	MAA District	Midland, Michigan
1939	1st/Men's Team	MAA District	Detroit, Michigan
Sept. 3-4, 1939	1st/Men's Team	MAA State	East Lansing, Michigan
May 14, 1939	2nd/Men Gold	Detroit Archers	Palmer Park, Michigan
1939	3rd/Class A York	MAA District	Midland, Michigan
Aug. 19, 1939	1st/Team R.G.Harris	Greater Detroit Dist	Birmingham, MI
Aug. 19, 1939	High Ind. Score/R.G.Harris	Greater Detroit Dist.	Birmingham, MI
July, 1945	1st/Class A	Detroit Archers	Field Shoot
1945	Field Archery Award	Hunting & Field Archers of Ontario	

Fred in a classic Canadian photo. Knowing that it would get attention, he would hand his camera to a friend, usually K.K. Knickerbocker, who would then take the photo that Fred could later use in his publicity to whet the appetites of America's firearms hunters to try the bow and arrow. I used this particular photo on the cover of our 1975 Bear Archery catalog.

You'll notice in Fred's target archery records that there is a gap between 1939 and 1945. At that time Fred became deeply involved in building bows and arrows and his leather products, as well as doing war production work. As a result, he did not take time to participate in organized target archery as such. However, he did continue to go bowhunting so that he could gain publicity for his small archery company in Detroit. Toward the end of the war he did do a small amount of target archery, but his avid days as a target archer were over.

SHOW ON THE ROAD

Fred also became very active in the 1930s and 40s shooting archery exhibitions on the sportsmen's show circuit in the Midwest. These were generally weeklong events, or even longer, and took time out of his work schedule at his small plant in Detroit. But he justified the time away since he not only shot the archery exhibitions in front of packed audiences to help build an interest in archery, but he also traded his shooting exhibitions for free booth space. There he could display his archery equipment and provide attendees with the opportunity to try shooting the bow and arrow. Here is a list of the sportsmen's shows he took part in during 1942, as well as a list of some of the other acts. Fred was billed as the "World's Greatest Archer!" They generally did two performances a day, one at 3:30 p.m., another at 9:30 p.m.

February 21 to March 1, 1942
International Sportsmen's Show
International Amphitheater
Chicago, Illinois

March 7 to 15, 1942
Southwest Sportsmen's Show
Municipal Auditorium
St. Louis, Missouri

March 21 to 29, 1942
American/Canadian
Sportsmen's Show
Public Auditorium
Cleveland, Ohio

April 4 to 12, 1942
Northwest Sportsmen's Show
Municipal Auditorium
Minneapolis, Minnesota

The List of Acts

1. Hal Totten - NBC Ace Sports Announcer, Ray Dean - Dean of Sports Show Announcers
2. Sons of Legionnaires - Square Post No. 232, Squadron National Champions
3. Chief Chibiaboos - Chippewa Indian from Minnesota-Indian Songs
4. Chief Evergreen Tree - Pueblo Indian from Mexico City - Bird and Animal Imitator
5. Log Rolling - Watson Peck, Bear River, Nova Scotia; Willard Jack, Bear River, Nova Scotia; Leo Wagner, Barss Corner, Nova Scotia; Warren Rhodenizer, Barss Corner, Nova Scotia.
6. "Playboy" - Diamond D. Dewey and the only trained Buffalo drive.
7. World's Champion Professional Caster - Tony Accetta, Kalamazoo, Michigan
8. Lan Tech, Crack Drill Team - Cadet 1st Lt. Leonard Stelk, Chicago; Cadet 1st Lt. Walter Miller, Chicago
9. Tub Racing and Log Sawing - Watson Peck, Willard Jack, Leo Wagner, Warren Rhodenizer
10. Dog Retrieving Exhibition - Nelson Rodelius and George Brown, Chicago. Exhibition of Amateur Dog Handling.
11. Northwest Mounties - Glenn Morning, Warren Foster and Carl Sandberg-Canada
12. Exhibition Table Tennis - Bill Holzrichter, Illinois, Missouri and Ohio Champion, Bob Anderson, Chicago
13. **World's Greatest Archer - Fred Bear, Detroit, Michigan**
14. Parachute Jump -Carl Rupert, Wheeling, Ill. The only free-fall indoor parachute jump in the world.

Fred's act consisted of shooting aerial targets thrown up by an assistant, shooting blunts through wood to show the hitting power of an arrow, and shots at targets while leaning over backward. Not an easy feat! He also did long distance shots at targets high above the audience, as well as skip shots off the floor into targets.

In his archery booth he and his first wife, Marie, blew up balloons and invited people to shoot at them with bow and arrow. That's how he met Frank Scott in 1939. Scotty, as those of us close to him always called him, was also working the show circuit with his family, "The Shooting Mansfields." They were a touring Vaudeville act skilled in rifle-shooting and knife-throwing. Fred met Scotty, asked his father if he could hire him to work in his booth blowing up balloons, and permission was granted. The two hit it off so well that at the end of the show season Fred went to Scotty's father again and said that he'd like to take the lad back to Detroit with him to work in his small archery operation. Again, permission was given, and the remainder of Frank Scott's life in archery was set.

His last 25 years or so were spent as curator of The Fred Bear Museum, first in Grayling when he retired as a field sales manager and later in Florida after we moved the museum down there. During that move Scotty coordinated things in Grayling packing up everything, and I coordinated their arrival and storage in Ocala, Florida. We later moved the things into a display area in Gainesville at our plant. As I mentioned earlier, the Fred Bear Museum was sold to Bass Pro Shops and has become part of their incredible complex in Springfield, Missouri.

Scotty's earlier years were out on the road selling archery equipment to sporting goods dealers and "mom and pop" archery shops and doing all of those things an archery salesman does to help build his sport and territory. These hard-working fellows put in thousands of hours each year at not only their Monday-Friday jobs calling on archery dealers, but then on weekends they work archery tournaments, sportsmen's outings and just about anywhere that there are groups of people who might be talked into shooting a bow and arrow. I have always had the greatest admiration and respect for our cadre of professional archery salesmen and their wives who put up with this craziness in their marriages.

TAPPING THE MEDIA MACHINE

During this same time, along with working the show circuit, shooting in archery tournaments and working hard back in Detroit to build his small archery business, Fred sharpened his skills at getting free publicity. He could not afford to pay for traditional advertising in those early days, but he knew that a deer taken with a bow and arrow could usually get him some ink on the sports pages of the area newspapers, and, eventually, even in national publica-

WYOMING 1953

Fred with his pronghorn in Wyoming, 1953. He could now expand his hunting to the Western states, giving him new still photo and movie footage to use in promoting bowhunting.

tions. Especially since doing so was so very unique in those early days of bowhunting here in the states.

He made friends with the Detroit sportswriters, and one in particular, Jack Van Coevering, of the *Detroit Free Press*, played a huge part in Fred's start in this quiet self-promotion business. Van Coevering took his movie camera up to Blaney Park in November of 1942 and followed Fred around as he hunted. Fred finally took a deer with his bow on November 13th, resulting in the first of Fred's films and the first of a bowhunter in Michigan harvesting a deer.

In October 1944, Albert Stoll, Jr., conservation editor of *The Detroit News*, also gave bowhunting and Fred a real boost with a two-page spread in its pictorial section. Photos of Nels Grumley (Fred's first bowyer), Daisy Olsen, and other Detroit area archers, were shown on a field archery range. Grumley was shown with a rabbit taken with bow and arrow, and Fred was shown at full draw with his unusual snakeskin-backed osage orange 70-pound bow. He at that time was president of the Detroit Archers Club and the three-time state champion.

The article pointed out that 2,000 of the state's 15,000 archers also hunted

Fred and his Badlands mule deer, taken in North Dakota in 1956.

small and big game with their bows. And that in 1943 the state's 807 licensed bowhunters had taken 31 deer. In 1944 the bowhunting season was to be from November 1-14 in every county of southern Michigan and all of the Upper Peninsula. The article pointed out that, "This was authorized to reduce the deer population in our southern counties where the animals have become established and are proving a nuisance over farm lands where it would be highly dangerous to use rifles." This positive spin on the short-range sport of bowhunting still is used today to justify the culling of deer herds in urban areas of this country.

Fred also was able to work in some publicity for his Detroit Archers in this article by feeding the writer the information that the Detroit Archers had an archery range at Telegraph Road and Ten and One-Half Mile Road—70 acres with 28 targets in a roving range. In other words, "Dear Reader, come out and shoot bows and arrows with us."

A year later in 1945, Mr. Stoll again gave Fred a ton of pictorial coverage when he carried photos and a short article on Fred's first successful hunt for moose in Ontario. And the key to Fred's entire effort to "sell" the idea of hunting with the bow and arrow, thereby creating a market for his new products, was set in the very first paragraph:

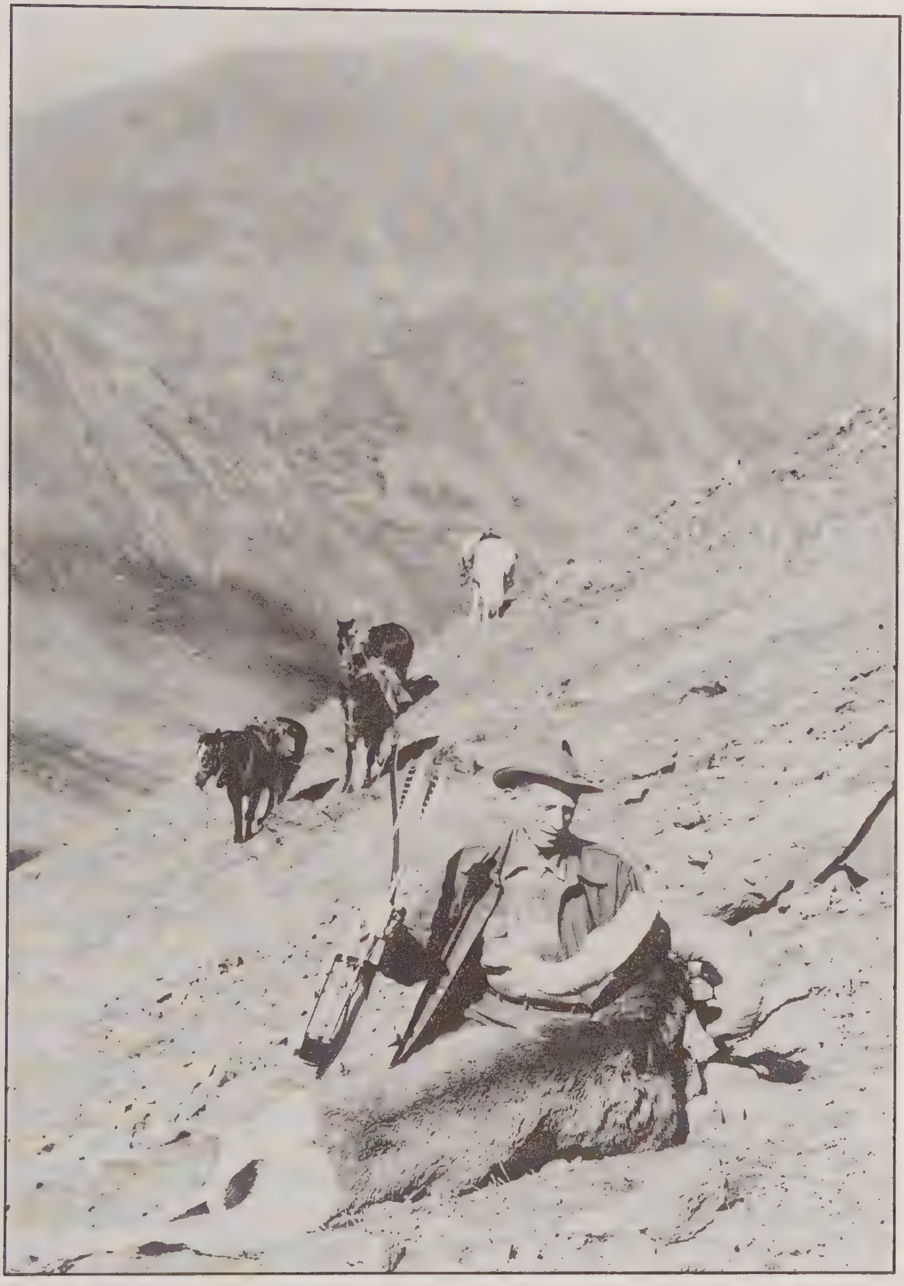
"'One Arrow Bear,' they call Fred B. Bear, president of the Detroit Archers Club since he returned from the northern Ontario wilderness with a 1,500-pound bull moose. Bear's feat clearly demonstrated the effectiveness of hunting big game with the bow and arrow, a sport that is rapidly expanding throughout the nation."

In 1946 it was another 14-photo pictorial spread covering Fred's successful hunt for his first bear. This one appeared in the *Detroit Free Press* in November of that year. What outdoors-person could resist the photos of the Ontario hunting camp with Fred's Native American guide, Johnny Negonapinee? Bowhunting really began picking up momentum.

More promotional material, this time bringing in a mule deer in Wyoming in 1957. Fresh material for Fred's subsequent talks to sportsmen's groups promoting bowhunting.

Also about that time an article about bowhunting appeared in *Goodyear's Magazine for Men* featuring Fred. Titled "Modern Bow Hunters Revive The Old Indian Game," the article showed Fred with a bow and arrow deer as well as shooting at an aerial target thrown up by an assistant. After explaining the sport to its readers, *Goodyear* magazine had this to say about Fred:

Curly-haired, 44-year-old Fred Bear of Detroit is, perhaps, as accomplished an archery hunter as you'll find without combing out the record books. He's been bending a bow for 20 years–and he came to the bow only after a childhood and early manhood spent on the shooting end of a huntsman's rifle. He's an ardent archer today, and in fact, his love of archery has colored his entire career..." Archery is growing fast today as a sport, as well as a sporting method of hunting game, big and small," he says. "The manufacture of archery tackle passed tennis four years ago, on a basis of dollar volume, and it's still on the rise. The states are recognizing the sport's growth and are providing for it in revisions of their game laws. Many states have special archery seasons on deer. Michigan typifies the growth in popularity of bow and arrow hunting. In 1937, the first year of an archery deer season



Fred, and what he would later tell me was his favorite trophy, his world record Stone sheep taken in British Columbia in 1957. It was a difficult hunt, as can be seen by the side of the mountain on which this photo was taken. And it was a difficult bow shot.

in Michigan, 194 licenses were issued. In 1941 this had increased to a total of 1,016. After a slump during the war, owing to transportation difficulties, and the workings of other war restrictions, archers roared back stronger than ever in 1945–and Michigan issued a total of 1,950 licenses.

"Sure we play the Indian's game," Fred Bear will tell you, "but we don't 'play Indian,' as many people seem to think. We stalk, track game and shoot much as the Indians did. But we wear no feathered headdresses, no fanciful buckskin costumes, and we never smear our faces with war paint. We're just an ever-growing association of huntsmen who believe there's more fun in hunting with the handicap of the bow than there is in hunting with the sureness of the gun."

Our Grayling weekly newspaper, the *Crawford County Avalanche*, announced the start of Bear Archery production in Grayling in its May 1, 1947 issue. After going into the details of the size and cost of the modest new plant, the article revealed a bit more about how Fred helped build the sport of bowhunting in Michigan, and, thus, the market for his products. Here is just a portion of that article:

Bow and arrow hunting is growing in popularity by leaps and bounds, as witnessed by the bow and arrow hunting bill recently passed by the Michigan House. The bill is now in the hands of the Senate, and would open Montcalm, Ionia, Alpena, Benzie, Iosco, Leelanau, Newaygo, Gogebic, Roscommon, Montmorency, Oscoda and Crawford counties from October 1 until November 5 for the hunting of either buck or doe with bow and arrow. The vote in the House was 82 to 1 in favor of the bill.

Mr. Bear and the company have been active in promoting the sport, and he and Mr. Grumley are well-known for their hunting exploits with these weapons. Mr. Bear has both a moose and bear to his credit in hunting with bow and arrow.

The company normally employs about 20 or 30 men and women when in full production.

Fred continued his one-man publicity campaign to reach the hunters in Michigan by convincing the *Detroit News* to carry a full-page pictorial in its Sept. 5, 1948 issue showing bow production in his new archery plant in Grayling where it had moved the previous year. Here's some of that article:

Manufacture of hunting and field archery equipment remains for the most part an enterprise calling for skill and patience as it did in ancient times when bows and arrows were in common use. More, according to Fred Bear, of Bear Archery, Grayling, Michigan, who says that modern materials have made it possible to produce more accurate equipment than was the case previously. Wood for use in bows is seasoned for five or six years and then matched into sections, each section repre-

Now it was on to Alaska to further build the romance of bowhunting in his films and still photos. This is Fred and his Dall ram taken in the Little Delta area of interior Alaska in 1959.

senting a half of the bow. The sections are formed individually and then joined into a bow by cutting a 'fish tail joint' in each section, joining them to form a complete bow.

When the bow has been formed, the task of reducing it to size begins. Excess wood is removed by hand and there are frequent testings to determine its accuracy and power. "Tillering," removal of wood from each half of the bow, makes it flex evenly on each side of the handle. After finishing, each bow is mechanically tested by being flexed thousands of times...three varieties of wood–osage, yew and hickory–go into the making of a hunting bow.

A PROMOTER IN BUSINESS, TOO

Naturally, Fred designed most of the equipment and techniques used in the manufacture of this early archery equipment as he did for the industry during most of his years during the 40s, 50s and 60s! Fred permitted everyone in the industry to use his inventions for the good of the sport. No royalties were ever charged on his patents in those days. Can you imagine anyone doing that in

Fred always found time during each day to write down his notes of that day's hunt, including weather, animals seen and his adventures of the day. Upon his return, he would write these field notes into stories for the nation's outdoor press. In the 1970s I convinced him to put many of these notes into a book that he, Mrs. B and I worked on together and that was published by Doubleday—"Fred Bear's Field Notes." This photo was taken in Africa in the 1960s.

today's dog-eat-dog business climate? But that's just the kind of person Fred was.

It was this magnanimous philosophy that permitted our competitors to use the methods and machinery he invented to help turn our small industry's manufacturing into mass production to reach more potential bowhunters from among the pool of firearms hunters from which we had to draw.

Fred had seen Henry Ford do the same kind of thing when he worked in the early automobile business in Detroit. He even ran into Mr. Ford occasionally as he made his rounds of the various offices selling advertising banners in those days. Fred did for the archery business what Henry Ford had done for automobiles: cut the cost of the product by smart mass production, thereby enabling more Americans to purchase his products.

This permitted bow production to go from being a "one-at-a-time" handcrafted product that had been done pretty much the same way since bows had been invented more than 10,000 years before, to one that could be mass-produced using bow presses and modern technology. Incidentally, Fred patented this breakthrough technology in 1951, the first year he used the process in Bear bows. Fred had pioneered the use of continuous filament fiberglass for bow backing and facing. This was a perfect material for use on bows since it recovered completely from the stresses of compression when drawing the bow and subsequent extension as the arrow was released.

WINNING OVER GUN HUNTERS

Fred was very much aware that there was resistance to bowhunting among the firearms hunters of the day. They spread all kinds of rumors about "porcupine deer" running around with arrows in them. Truth be known, many were jealous of the bowhunters' ability and at getting the extra time out in the woods. Of course, many of the bowhunters didn't help the situation any, some of whom had an elitist attitude. Some of this still exists today and probably always will. Some people just like to think that they are superior. Fred abhorred this attitude.

He quickly realized that if archery hunting was to grow, and his company along with it, he needed to jump right in and start selling the gun hunters. He had a huge advantage in this in that he could draw on his own long years as a firearms hunter himself to really relate to them. Over my years with him, I saw him many times directly confront a situation in a positive manner, rather than trying to fight it or go around it.

John Mitchell, writing for *Audubon* magazine, came to interview Fred, skeptical about our sport and about Fred Bear. Yet, he ended up convinced of the appropriateness of hunting with the bow and arrow, and of Fred Bear's part in its history and development. John, Fred, Les Line (then the editor of *Audubon*, and a dedicated bowhunter) and I spent many hours around the dinner table at Grousehaven talking about bowhunting. Fred's gentle manner won John over. Here is a part of what John said in Fred's biography:

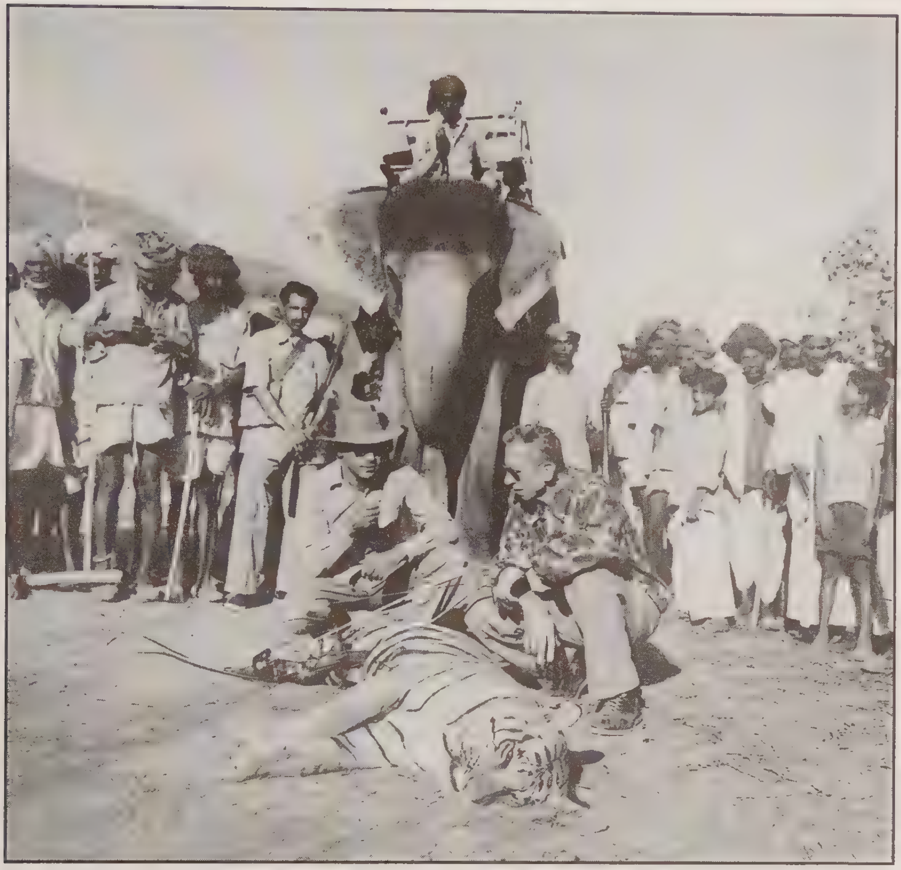
> *... I suspect I had come to Grayling looking to bury Caesar, not to praise him. At the time, I was one month into a yearlong assignment, a series of articles (and later a book) exploring all aspects of hunting in America. The question being: Was it an honorable tradition or a dishonorable shame? I think I went into it leaning toward the latter. I had hunted a bit as a youngster, had drawn away from it more by circumstance than by disfavor, drifted gradually into a circle of acquaintances who by and large regarded hunting as an activity falling somewhere on the far side of abomination. And I had just come down from Michigan's Upper Peninsula, having observed there a shabby no-show bear hunt replete with CB radios and jack pine savages in Cadillac sedans. Now to the lair of this man whom Cleveland Amory had*

dubbed the 'Grand Dragon' of the bowhunt. I was loaded for Bear. Or so I thought.

We talked for more than three hours, Bear and I. About what I was up to and how he perceived the motivations of anti-hunters, why one could learn more about deer in one week with a bow than in a lifetime with a rifle, and where he had traveled to film his classic hunts, and what he had shot; and whether, indeed, there would be any hunting left over when the corporate farmers got finished plowing their field to the borrow pits of the county roads, and all the Earth's wild places had gone down the drain of development, or been shot up to hell by the lawbreakers. I was loaded for Bear, all right–and totally disarmed by him. It was not so much what he said, but how he said it; openly, undefensively, sometimes humorously (and then, at his own expense), often with perception and sensitivity; and always, it seemed to me, with such a large measure of humility for a man so tightly hitched to the practical business necessities of self-promotion. Disarmed, outflanked and won over, and then Bear saying that the whitetails were running down in Ogemaw County, and why didn't I join him there at Grousehaven for a bowhunt in October. I told him I didn't hunt, much less with a bow. No matter, he said. There'd be time to continue the conversation. And we did that.

We did that four years in a row–three in the bow season and one in rifle (when I did go armed, if only to put an ambiguous punctuation mark at the end of my story). Mostly, I just moseyed over the acorns with the old hunter, sponged up his yarns and savvy, watched him spend his time making sure, as Joe Engle would testify, that everyone else was having a good hunt. I had never before been in the wood with such a lucid observer of the ways of nature. And I don't just mean his knowing where the deer might run. I mean his sense of place, his appreciation of light and color and where the wind was blowing and what a certain cloud might bring. "The finest natural hunter I've ever known,"the pro from Alaska had said. "A practicing ecologist," Merrill Petoskey would say of him in Gainesville. "A catalyst ... toward helping the American citizen better understand the outdoor life as we believe it should be understood–wonderful, awesome, sometimes cruel, but always dynamic and revealing of truth to those who do understand."

After the first two seasons at Grousehaven, my official chores as questing scrivener of the hunt were finished. I had covered the beat from Texas to Alaska, from Montana to Michigan, and had met and talked along the way with scores of hunters and anti-hunters, game biologists, public officials, and professors of this-and-that. So where, an occasional critic wanted to know, where had the moment of truth come to me? Who, of all the respondents along the way had touched me with the stoutest staff of wisdom and turned my perceptions about hunting into a better understanding of the outdoor life? And always, without hesitation, I would have to make reference to this lanky archer, and that rainy day in Grayling, and the days with him that would follow, afoot in the acorn woods of Ogemaw County. It was as if the Bear had loosed a razorhead at my prejudice–and skewered it clean.



Fred bagged his Bengal tiger while hunting with the Maharajah of Bundi in 1963 in the northwestern state of Rajasthan in India. Three tigers in the area were traveling together, eating the livestock and had to be hunted to keep their numbers under control. This was long before hunting them was prohibited. Tigers in that area became man-eaters when they got old and found hunting their natural prey too difficult. The Maharajah would later visit us in Grayling in 1977, and I had the privilege of spending an afternoon alone with him in the Bear home when Fred and Mrs. Bear had to be away and they asked me to keep him company. He died one month after leaving Grayling while planting a tree with his old friend, Lord Mountbatten, in England.

Requiescat in pace. I buried that gizzard at Grousehaven. For that alone, all praise to the Bear in the famous Borsalino hat.

Early on, Fred had begun speaking to sportsmen's groups wherever and whenever he could, selling bowhunting. A good example of this was the Rogers City, Michigan Sportsmen's Annual Banquet. Here's how the local paper reported on the coming event in an article dated Dec. 2, 1948:

Fred had met radio and television personality Arthur Godfrey at our Grousehaven hunting camp near Rose City, Michigan. He taught Godfrey how to shoot the bow and arrow. And in 1964 the two men traveled to Africa together. Godfrey taped his daily radio show around the campfire, and the tapes were flown back to the U.S. and broadcast. Fred downed this African bull elephant during the trip. Fred is shown here with his guides, Wally Johnson, left, and Amandeu Peixe, whose name meant "Fish" in Portuguese. So "Fish" became his name during the hunt.

Annual Banquet of Sportsmen Dec. 12
Noted Archer Heads Fine Program

Something new in the line of entertainment is in store for those attending the 11th annual banquet of the Presque Isle County Sportsmen's Club Sunday, December 12th, in Rogers City.

Fred Bear, one of the outstanding archers in the country, has accepted the club's invitation to speak. He will also show colored movies of bow and arrow hunting and stage a demonstration. Mr. Bear has hunted with the bow in all parts of the country and has bagged deer, bear and moose as well as many other smaller animals, etc.

And so the article went. It also featured a photo of Fred and his Canada moose taken with the bow. Fred's purpose, of course, was to whet the appetite of these firearms hunters for trying his sport of archery. And was he ever successful! One way he convinced them of the striking power of the bow and arrow was to shoot a broadhead through a large sandbag with a pane of glass behind the sandbag. A .30-caliber rifle bullet shot by Frank Scott would be

Fred demonstrated the stopping power of an arrow often at sportsmen's groups. A bullet would not penetrate this sand bag, but an arrow would go right through it and break a piece of glass behind it for a very loud, dramatic effect.

stopped by the sand, but the broadhead shot by Fred would pass right through and shatter the glass behind in a very noisy and effective demonstration of the arrow's penetrating power. I still have the wooden frame on which he sat the sandbag and piece of glass in this dramatic demonstration.

Another small article appeared in the Carlisle, Pennsylvania newspaper during the late 40s as well. This one concerned Fred's dad, Harry.

This is the same hunting area where Fred first hunted with his father. And the fact that Fred had pasted it in his early scrapbook says how proud he was that his dad had taken up the bow and arrow as he had done:

Local Hunter Bags
Deer With Arrow

Harry L. Bear, 73, of 407 West South Street, a retired machinist, felled a 95-pound doe on Saturday in the one-day season with a bow and arrow in the South Mountain near Huntsdale.

Hunting with Raymond Porter, who was armed with a rifle, Bear bagged the deer with a shot through the neck. He brought the animal down at a range of 25 yards with a 28-inch broadhead arrow. His bow has a 30-pound draw.

Joking with Bear as the two started on the hunt, Porter declared, "If you shoot a deer with an arrow, I'll drag it to the automobile with my teeth." Porter, who returned home empty-handed, made his boast good by dragging the animal 500 yards.

Bear was using equipment made by his son, Fred, of Grayling, Mich., who specializes in the manufacture of bow and arrows and accessories. Fred hunts only with archery equipment and has killed three moose and a bear with bow and arrow.

Bear is a member of the Carlisle Archery Club and was one of the outstanding marksmen before the War in competing with members of the Club and in inter-club matches.

Fred was a big believer that potential archers and bowhunters could be found anywhere and so he sought out publicity for his products and sport wherever he thought he could get some "ink" as those of us in the public relations business call editorial coverage. Here is a portion of an article that Fred stimulated by a letter to Cyanamid in its "Plastics Newsfront" publication in March 1947. This was part of a series the magazine did on "Why we chose a Cyanamid plastic."

THE TOUGHEST TEST FOR URAC

When most people think of going hunting for bear, moose, deer and similar big game, they usually take along a high-powered rifle and side arms, as well. However, increasing numbers of American sportsmen scorn the use of firearms and get their game with bow and arrow.

Fred Bear, president of the Bear Archery Company, Detroit, Michigan, not only is one of the finest bowmen in the country, but he has established a thriving business in the production of exceptionally fine hunting bows. His products are laminated from the woods which, over a period of years, have been proven best for such purposes, and the two billets which make up the complete assembly are glued with a fishtail joint.

Recently, we received a letter from Mr. Bear in which he told us that he is using Cyanamid's resin adhesive, Urac 185, in his production. Mr. Bear contends that

Also during the 1965 hunt, Fred downed a male African lion with his bow. He and his guide, Wally Johnson, left, and their trackers spent most of a harrowing night in a blind with a lion roaring near them before they could escape in their open hunting car and come back later to claim the other lion Fred had shot before sundown. The lion weighed 460 pounds and was 10 feet long.

there is no better way to test the strength and bonding qualities of an adhesive than to use it in the construction of a hunting bow. After struggling and straining to string and then bend one of his 70-pound bows, we are convinced that he is right. Excerpts from Mr. Bear's letter follow:

"As you know, we use Urac 185 both in the laminating job and in the fishtail where the billets are joined. We find this type of glue best for the splice because the nature of the glue does not require contact at all points. In other words, it's a difficult job to prepare, and glue fills up the spaces that are bound to occur.

"The laminating operation is really a test for adhesives. I know of no other application wherein a glued joint is subjected to such stresses as an archery bow. In its function, these glue lines are required to stretch and compress, depending on their position in the finished bow. We find that we can control the elasticity of your product by the proportion of hardener used."

Naturally, Fred's letter was accompanied by a photo of him with his bow and his bear taken in Ontario, along with a progression photo of his bows in production. As an old PR man myself, with more than 50 years in the advertising/public relations business, let me tell you that the only reason Fred had to hire a professional advertising/public relations company later in his career was that he got too busy to handle it all himself. This 1947 "seed" letter and subsequent article and photo coverage in the Cyanamid company publication proves that he had a natural talent for getting free publicity for his small company and his fledgling sport of bowhunting.

Even a personal trip with his second wife, Henrietta, to her home area in Wisconsin would result in some free publicity for Fred, his company and his sport. In the Sept. 2, 1950 issue of the *Oshkosh Daily Northwestern* there was this article:

Noted Archer Prefers Using Bow Instead of Rifle While on Hunt
Fred Bear, Visitor to Oshkosh From Grayling, Mich., Says Interest in Archery Increasing

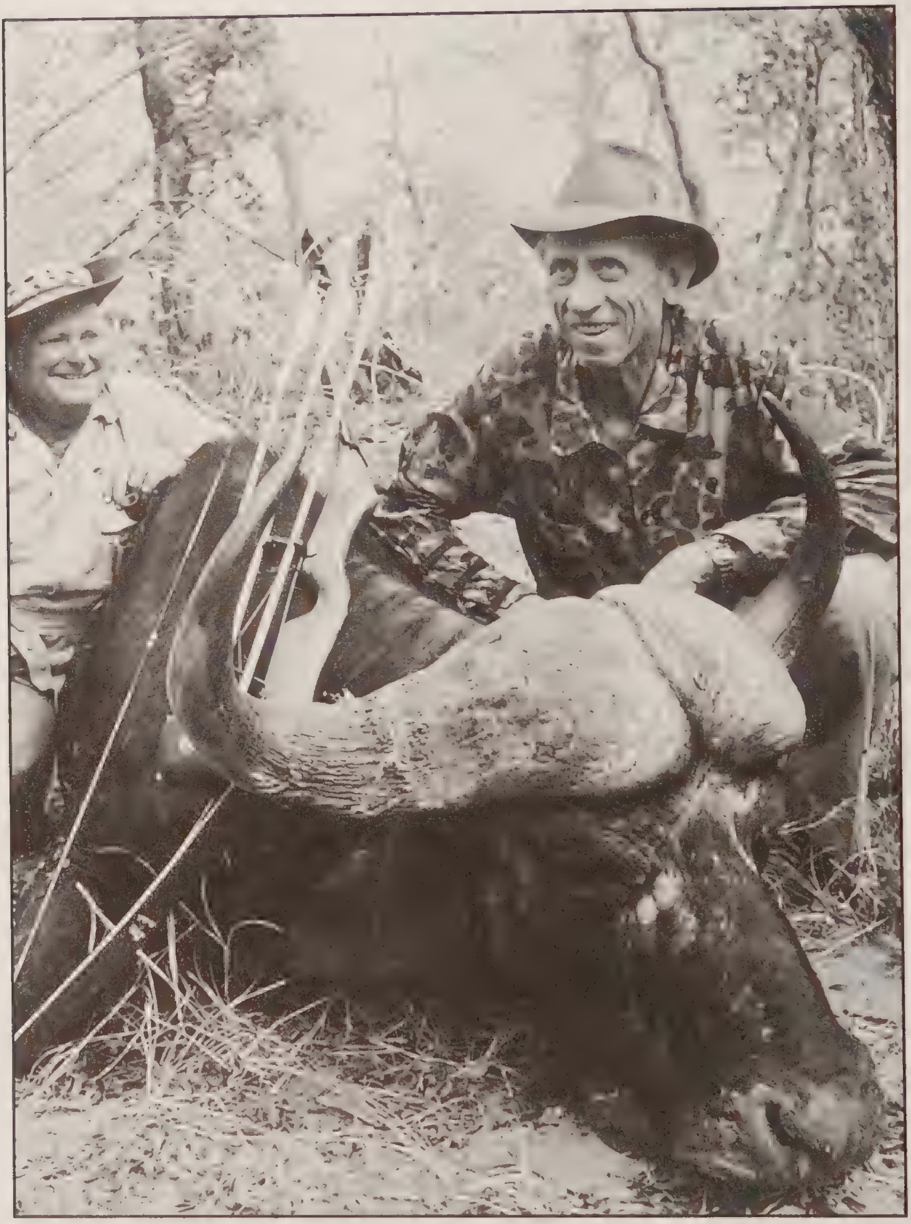
The ratio of deer killed by archers is eight times smaller than that by the rifle method, Fred Bear, Grayling, Mich., one of the country's most noted archers stated here Friday.

In an interview with an Oshkosh Daily Northwestern *reporter, Bear asserted that only one deer is killed by each 25 or 30 archers, while each three or four riflemen shoot a deer.*

Bear, who has done game hunting with the bow and arrow on a large scale and who held the Michigan state archery title for three years, usually gets his prize. He hasn't missed it in this state yet.

The Michigan huntsman has hunted deer in Wisconsin three times, and each

A classic photo of a very serious Fred Bear looking down the arrow just before the moment of release. I would not have wanted him looking at me like this with his bow at full draw.



During a 1965 hunt in Mozambique, Africa, Fred downed this Cape buffalo. He later told me that this was one of the meanest critters he ever hunted. His outfitter, Wally Johnson, is on the left. Many years later, just a short time before he died, Fred and I were in Las Vegas for a trade show and stayed around for the Safari Club Convention. It was there that he introduced me to Wally Johnson. What a fascinating afternoon hearing all of their old stories!

year killed a deer. He came here in 1941 for the first time and returned in 1947 and 1948 to capture his second and third deer ... in addition to the 17 deer he has shot, the Michigan "William Tell" landed a bear, a moose and all types of small game ...

In running down a recent history on the sport, Bear stated that archery ceased to be popular when gun power came into existence. However, about 30 years ago the sport "came into its own again."

One of the reasons why the sport returned again was the belief of some huntsmen that the skill of hunting was in the perfected rifle and not so much in the hunter himself, Bear asserted...

Bear designed many of his own products. Many of the Bear Company products were pioneered by Fred and through his skill and experience these products later became standard equipment used by bow enthusiasts over the world.

PROFESSIONAL PUBLIC RELATIONS

As I've mentioned, Fred did not have a publicity agent in those days, nor an advertising agency. He did it all himself! Finally, the day would come in the early 1950s when he could hire the Paxton Advertising Agency in St. Joseph, Michigan, and they handled his account until we at Bonsib Advertising in Ft. Wayne, Indiana took it over in the early 60s.

In the 1950s Fred did his hunting in the provinces of Canada, the American West, Alaska and his first exploratory hunt in Africa. Then, after we at Bonsib entered the picture, he returned twice more to Africa, to India, the arctic and South America. We helped him publicize those later hunts and helped him get more mass media exposure on national network television on such shows as "To Tell The Truth," "The American Sportsman," the "Tonight Show," the "Mike Douglas Show," and many more such exposures. These reached millions of people each time he appeared. At one point we asked America's outdoorsmen and women to write to "The American Sportsman" to tell them how much they enjoyed seeing Fred Bear on their national television program. They were so overwhelmed with mail that they contacted us and told us to call off the dogs. They got the message!

Fred was a very saleable "product" in those days, and our public relations department at Bonsib Advertising, under the direction of Budd Arthur, did a fantastic job of placing Fred in the public eye. Obviously, much of this exposure had been started before Bonsib came on the scene in 1961 by both Fred and Paxton Advertising; however, Budd Arthur and his staff took it to new heights. Here's a partial list of the national magazine articles about Fred.

TIME FOR JAVELINA–*Outdoor Life,* by Byron W. Dalrymple, February 1950
ARROW FOR A GRIZZLY–*Outdoor Life*, October 1957
BONANZA IN BUCKS AND BOWS –*True Magazine*, January 1958.

YOU GO, I STAY–*Outdoor Life*, by Fred Bear as told to Ben East, March 1961
MOST DANGEROUS BEAR? I SAY POLAR–*Outdoor Life*, by Fred Bear as told to Ben East, December 1962
AN ARCHER STALKS THE MIGHTY GRIZZLY–*Life Magazine*, by Don Moser, November 1963
MY GREATEST TROPHY–*Outdoor Life*, by Fred Bear as told to Ben East, October 1964
AFRICA'S MEANEST GAME–*Outdoor Life*, by Fred Bear, February 1966
GIVING TEMBO THE SHAFT–*True Magazine*, by Peter Barrett, March 1966
MY GREATEST TROPHY–*Outdoor Life*, by Fred Bear, April 1966
BEAR THAT BROKE A JINX–*Outdoor Life*, by Fred Bear, December 1966

Much of getting "ink" or "air time" for one's client involves shoe leather, phone calls and lunches, quietly "working" people to get them interested in covering one's clients. In the case of Fred Bear there was very little sales effort required, his reputation and daring preceded our visits and calls and it was more a case of when they could schedule the coverage.

Friends like Tom Opre, outdoor editor of the *Detroit Free Press*, Mort Neff, a Michigan television syndicator, and Jerry Chiapetta helped a great deal in helping Fred promote his sport, his company and his persona in the state of Michigan. They were wonderful, and I shall always remember the kindness they showed to this greenhorn in my earlier years of helping Fred's efforts.

Many editors of archery and outdoor magazines deserve credit for helping provide Fred with free "ink" by running stories in their publications covering his many bowhunts. There are far too many to try to go back and construct a list. However, two stand out in my mind as being extremely important to Fred's success.

The first is Roy Hoff, publisher of *Archery Magazine*. Roy and Fred were friends, and he quickly understood what Fred was trying to do in building the sport by hunting and then writing articles about his hunts. Roy began featuring Fred on the cover of his publication at every opportunity and in carrying word of his exploits in his editorial coverage.

The second person that comes to mind is Clare Conley of *Outdoor Life*. And the fact that Clare became an advocate of bowhunting, even accompanying Fred to Alaska on a bowhunting trip with astronaut Joe Engle is tribute to the way Fred operated and the effect he could have upon people with his gentle manner.

Clare had written an article slamming bowhunting in *Outdoor Life* titled "Butchers with Bows & Arrows." It was quite an attack on bowhunting. Rather than fire off an angry letter to Clare about it, as many of us might have done, Fred quietly called him and explained the facts about bowhunting and invited

Here a 38-year-old Fred Bear sits at his improvised desk in the Bear Archery plant on Philadelphia and Linwood in Detroit. Fred told me that this photo would have been taken in 1940 and that the white knobs (left) were on an old spool cabinet in which he kept his photographs. In those days he did all his own photography and wrote all of his own advertising and press releases.

him to try it with him. The rest is editorial history, as they say, and Clare became a close friend of us all, even flying to Gainesville the night we all celebrated Fred's 80th birthday.

Throughout this I've mentioned Fred's many hunts to help publicize bowhunting and to build his company and persona. You may wonder, as I once did, exactly how many animals he took with bow and arrow in all those years. One day in 1970 I asked him. This was close to the end of his really intense hunting career. So the white-tailed deer and wild turkey tally would be a smidgen higher than shown here in the 1970 list he gave me. He also took another moose on his hunt with Joe Engle and others in Alaska in 1971.

Also, remember that Fred hunted with a rifle for many years before he first hunted with bow and arrow in 1929. He began hunting deer with his dad at the age of 13. As I've mentioned earlier, he took his first deer with the bow and arrow in 1935.

FRED BEAR BOWHUNTING TROPHIES

Other than white-tailed deer and bear that he loved to hunt, you'll notice that Fred did not take a lot of the other species, usually just one or two. Fred did

FRED BEAR'S BOWHUNTING TROPHIES

Off-Continent

1 Elephant
1 Asiatic Buffalo
1 Greater Kudu
1 Lion
2 Waterbucks
3 Wart Hogs
1 Reed Buck
1 Topi
1 Spotted Deer
1 Sambar
1 Asiatic Buffalo
1 Tiger
1 Nyala
3 Impala
2 Oribi
1 Python
1 Hartebeest
1 Iguana
1 Blue Bull
1 Alligator

North America

3 Alaska Brown Bears
7 Black Bears
4 Caribou
2 Sheep
1 Elk
1 Sea Lion
5 Antelope
1 Wildcat
38 White-tailed Deer
7 Grizzly Bears
1 Polar Bear
9 Moose
2 Goats
1 Javelina
1 Seal
1 Turkey
1 Fallow Deer
5 Mule Deer

In 1941 Wisconsin established a nonresident deer license for a fee of $5, and 182 out-of-state people bought a license. Eight harvested a deer. Fred was one of those successful bowhunters. That year he also joined the fledgling Wisconsin Bowhunters.

FRED'S WORLD RECORD BOWHUNTING TROPHIES

Canada Moose - 1945 - Wabiskang, Ontario - Score: 170-4/8

Yellowstone Elk - 1952 - Jackson Hole, Wyoming - Score: 311

Stone Sheep - 1957 - Coldfish Lake, British Columbia - Score: 158-1/8
(Fred often said that this was his favorite trophy since it was such a challenge.)

Mountain Caribou - 1957 - Coldfish Lake, British Columbia - Score: 278-3/8

Barren Ground Caribou - 1959 - Little Delta River, Alaska - Score: 417

Alaska Brown Bear - 1960 - Wide Bay, Alaska - Score: 28

not hunt to kill something, he hunted to prove the worth of the bow and arrow and to publicize our sport. Not a bad way to approach hunting. Included in the above list are Fred's world record bowhunting trophies as recognized by Pope & Young scoring at the time.

Please keep in mind, for those of you who are familiar with scoring bowhunting big game animals, that at the time Fred took these world records, few people were hunting them with bow & arrow. He set the standard that millions of bowhunters have gone out and tried to best, often successfully.

In closing this chapter about how Fred built Bear Archery, I thought you might like to read a memo he wrote to the employees and had posted on the company bulletin boards and sent out to the field salesmen on Aug. 4, 1970. Henry Fulmer, one of our old Bear salesmen, shared this with me.

TO ALL BEAR EMPLOYEES:

$1,000,000

Twenty-three years ago the Bear Archery company moved from Detroit to Grayling and resumed operations with twenty employees and annual sales of $100,000. It was my hope that a sales volume of $250,000 might be reached and that there would be time for some fishing, at least in the evenings.

Twenty-three years later we employ more than 350 and have just finished our best month in sales. Shipments for July were $1,080,000, the first time that we have passed the million mark for one month.

Even though I have missed some fishing, I am delighted, and take this opportunity to thank you for your part in making this success possible. The spirit of cooperation and your eagerness to pass the million mark tells me that we have a fine group working together. A combination like this can't be beat.

Orders are coming in at a rapid rate. August could be bigger than July, and September will depend on how well we are able to fill orders in August. August is the big retail selling month. If we can get the equipment to dealers now, they will sell it and re-order for September. We can make a good profit in months when sales and shipments are good. We lose money in poor months.

Thank you again. There is satisfaction in a job well done.

Anybody know where I might catch a fish some evening?

FRED

CHAPTER TWO

MY BEAR BEGINNINGS; MEETING A LEGEND

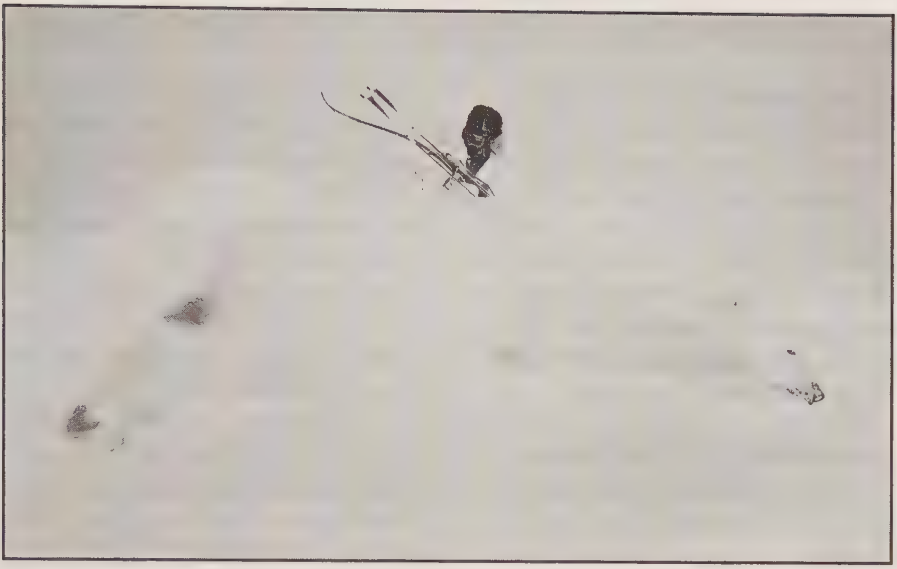
It is a five-hour drive from Ft. Wayne, Indiana up the spine of Michigan's lower peninsula to Grayling. But it can seem like a year to a nervous 30-year-old advertising agency account executive on his way up to meet a hunting legend.

It was the summer of 1966, and I had just joined the Bonsib Advertising Agency in Ft. Wayne, hired to take over the accounts of Tom Blee. Tom, the bright, young Phi Beta Kappa vice president had just been promoted to president of the agency—one of the largest in Indiana at the time. Tom's accounts included Bear Archery in Grayling, Michigan and Franklin Electric of Bluffton, Indiana.

I had graduated from Indiana University in 1957 with a bachelor's degree in marketing and a major in advertising. My wife, Alice, whom I had met in college, still had two years to go to earn her elementary education degree when we married. So, I worked for the university handling advertising and sales promotion for their student union and all the facilities it contained. At the same time I also pursued post-graduate work toward a master's degree in counseling and guidance.

Following Alice's graduation and the birth of our first son, Mike, we left Bloomington to begin our real life together. Our first stop was in Indianapolis where I worked for a number of months for a one-man, one secretary advertising agency. We were tasked with selling the Handy Flame® cartoon character to natural gas companies around the country. Handy Flame was the gas industry's equivalent of Reddy Kilowatt®, spokesman for the electric utilities in those days. Bill Rohr, Jr., its creator, was a wonderful person who took me under his wing. One of our other accounts was the Super Duper Pooper Scooper® for dog owners. My outdoor career could only go up from there.

After a hot summer in Indianapolis in an old walk-up apartment with a crying baby, very little furniture, sleeping on a mattress on the floor, and realizing



Just a month or so before my first trip to Grayling in 1966 to meet Fred, he had finally taken his polar bear with bow and arrow. He had also arrowed bears in 1960 and 1962, but they had to be stopped with a firearm when they charged, discounting them as a bow and arrow trophy. Fred and his party spent 25 days searching on the polar ice cap before downing this bear 150 miles east of Point Barrow, Alaska.

I did not really want to spend the rest of my career calling on natural gas companies, it was time for a change. Alice and I loaded up our young son and all our belongings in our used 1953 Chevy and headed up U.S. 31 home to South Bend, Indiana where I was born and raised.

HOME TO SOUTH BEND

Mom and Dad took us in for a couple of months while I searched for a job, and it was not easy. It was during a recession in the late '50s, and jobs were very difficult to find. Advertising, especially, is a difficult profession in which to secure a foothold. Fortunately, there was an employment agency in The Lafayette Building in downtown South Bend where I had worked during high school and college at my Uncle Bill's commercial photography studio, The Lattimer Studios. The owner put me onto a job interview at The Studebaker-Packard Corporation a few blocks south. I spent three years there working in the market research department as a market analyst (basically I was a statistics gatherer), first for Dick Detzler, later for Larry Windecker. Both taught me a great deal about life, marketing and how to interview people. Much of the secret, as you may know, is listening more than one talks. Which, as it turned out, was also one of Fred's secrets of communicating with people.

While at Studebaker's I was one of the contacts with the other automotive companies exchanging sales data every 10 days. General Motors, Ford, American Motors and Studebaker would all call one another at the end of each 10-day period and report on model shipments during the time. It provided all of us with a yardstick with which to measure our share of market. I understand they all later ended this 10-day reporting tradition.

One of my other tasks each 10 days was going up to the top floor in the Studebaker administration building and updating the sales charts in the board of directors room, just off the president's office. Heady stuff for a young kid just out of college. But it also allowed me to see the continued downward sales trend, and I knew that the company couldn't survive. I began looking for an escape route.

CLIMBING THE LADDER

My father was a journeyman photo engraver in South Bend, and I had worked as an errand boy for him many years before, while in junior high school, delivering zinc and copper advertising printing plates to the many advertising agencies around town. I got to know many of the account executives at the agencies. This was bolstered when I later worked for my uncle at his photography studio and would often deliver photographic prints to them for use in advertising layouts. It was, thus, due to my family's reputation in the advertising field that Paul Fergus gave me an opportunity at his small, four-person agency. There I worked on accounts for pole barns, a regional gasoline distributor and Frolic® travel trailers.

After a while at the Fergus agency, I had an opportunity to join the much larger Juhl Advertising Agency in nearby Elkhart, Indiana. My uncle Bill had a branch photography studio there to service the many mobile home, travel trailer and musical instrument companies in the area. Juhl was one of Indiana's hottest agencies at the time and was founded by Leif Juhl, a former sales executive at Selmer Band Instrument Company.

While at Juhl, I worked on the Skyline Mobile Home account and Travel Equipment Corporation's (TEC) camping conversion for Ford Econoline and Dodge vans in addition to the NIBCO account. I really enjoyed my three years at Juhl and found Leif Juhl to be a wonderful mentor. A "prince of a gentleman" as we would say in those days.

One poignant situation comes to mind that had a lot to do with molding my character and way of relating to people. Magazine space salesmen regularly call on advertising agencies and attempt to convince their media directors and account executives to advertise in their publications. One day a new media space salesman pulled up in front of the old Juhl mansion on Harrison Street in Elkhart to introduce himself and to make his pitch. When he got to the door there was an old man crouched down working on the threshold, obviously a janitor of some kind, dressed in casual old work clothes. The new space salesman very rudely pushed his way past the old man saying that he had an appointment with the president of the agency and couldn't be late. The old man moved aside, interrupted at an inopportune moment in his repairs.

You can guess the rest of the story. When the space salesman was finally ushered into the president's office 10 or 15 minutes later, there sat the old man in his janitor's work clothes behind the desk. It was Leif Juhl, the founder of the agency. That ad sales guy learned an important lesson that morning, but so did the rest of us at the agency once the word had spread. And the fact that I mention it now 40 years later is evidence of the fact that it taught me a valuable lesson about how to treat everyone equally and with respect. That, too, is something that was solidified by Fred Bear. Fred treated everyone with the same amount of respect, whether you were a janitor sweeping floors out in the plant, an international celebrity, a Maharajah, a movie star, or politician that he met along the way.

THE YEAR FROM HELL

A Juhl client in Canton, Ohio was looking for an advertising manager, and the job paid $10,000 a year. I was ready to get out from under my family's reputation in my home area and strike out on my own. While I didn't work on the Ohio account at the time, I was extremely impressed when I went over to Canton with the account supervisor and met Woody Simpson, the president of Kennetrack Bi-Fold Doors and Washington Cabinet Hardware, both subsidiaries of Ekco Home Products. Woody was a 30-something Harvard MBA. He was a devout Mormon with a quiet, gentle, no-nonsense manner, and I liked him immediately along with the other folks I met on that trip. When offered the position, I immediately accepted it.

Our year in Canton turned out to be a year from hell. Not long after we moved into a beautiful split-level rental home in a suburb of North Canton the rains came and our bottom level flooded, ruining many of our personal items. Then the well went bad. And our oldest son, Mike, started hemorrhaging from a tonsillectomy, the same thing that had killed my wife's brother. Bless her, Alice, did the best she could with three small children at that time, ages 6, 4 and 2. Our daughter, Beth, and son, Scott, had been born while we were living in South Bend and they, in addition to Mike, our oldest, gave her a handful.

Then American Home Products, a giant conglomerate that owned many brand name companies, decided it would acquire Ekco Home Products Company, our parent company. The head honcho came to town, had lunch with us in our small company lunch room, and promptly chopped off the two top levels of management, including Woody Simpson. I was absolutely devastated. While I could undoubtedly have stayed with the company and worked there for many years, the challenge and opportunity of learning so much that I saw in Woody Simpson was gone.

One day, not long after the American Home Products acquisition of our company, I noticed a display ad in the employment section of *Advertising Age* newspaper. It seemed that an advertising agency in Ft. Wayne, Indiana was looking for an account executive to work on several of its accounts. The layout looked familiar, and I remembered that Bob Schumaker, an artist I had worked with at Juhl in Elkhart had subsequently gone to Ft. Wayne to work at Bonsib Advertising. Bob had a wonderfully clean style and he and I had worked closely together during my time at Juhl. I called Bob to tell him I had seen his ad, really with no thought of applying for the job, just reaching out to an old friend while I was depressed and lonely in Ohio.

Bob told me that what Bonsib was looking for was right down my alley in the outdoor field. He knew of my background in camping and hunting, instilled in me by my father and my Uncle Jack Ream, with whom I went on my first deer hunting trip at about the age of 14. Uncle Jack was an electrician at Studebaker's and he and my Dad converted the old Studebaker mail truck into a camper that we took up into northern lower Michigan on hunting trips. Bob and I had often fished together when I worked at Juhl, and he convinced me to come over to Ft. Wayne and interview for the Bonsib opening. After a good interview with Tom Blee and Jack Kerley, I was offered the job. I accepted and went to work in June 1966, on the account of an archery company in northern lower Michigan headed up by a man named Fred Bear.

BONSIB AND FRED BEAR

Fred had hunted polar bears twice before, in 1960 and 1962. One bear plunged through the ice after being arrowed and was lost. Another charged, and Fred's Inuit guide had to stop it with his rifle. It dropped just nine yards from Fred and could no longer be considered a bow and arrow kill. Finally, in April 1966, Fred headed north again, this time with a film crew from the ABC-TV "American Sportsman" television program. Film star, Cliff Robertson, who had just portrayed John F. Kennedy in the movie, "PT-109," also went along on the trip.

Fred and the group arrived in Alaska on April 19. They camped out in tents on the polar ice, sometimes with temperatures of minus 30 degrees and windstorms of about 30 knots for almost a month and never saw a polar bear. Cliff Robertson had to leave for another engagement on April 28, but Fred, his hunting buddy, Bob Munger, and the film crew stayed at it. Finally on May 11, after 25 days on the polar ice, Fred was able to down a polar bear with his bow. This time the bear neither fell through the ice nor charged the hunters. It counted as a bona fide bow and arrow kill.

It was evening, just a month or so after Fred got his polar bear, when Tom Blee and I pulled up in front of the Bear Archery plant on my first visit. I was

Fred and Mrs. Bear meet at the Bonsib offices in Ft. Wayne to go over the proposed brochure for the new Fred Bear Museum. Left to right: Mrs. B, Fred, Dick Lattimer, John Bonsib, Mike Haller (back to camera).

almost physically sick I was so nervous. I knew that if Fred and his sales director, Bob Kelly, did not like me, I would not be asked to work on the account. Then what would happen? I had heard from Tom on the drive up about Bob Kelly, a fiery Irishman, who was a stern task-master. So in addition to meeting a legend, I was about to meet a marketing dynamo. Both scared me half-to-death. Was I up to the challenge?

Fred, Kelly and Charlie Kroll, Bear's advertising manager at the time, who was also Fred's son-in-law, had come back after supper to meet with us. I was introduced first to Charlie, then to Kelly and finally taken in to meet Mr. Bear. His huge paw swallowed mine when I shook his hand, and his clear blue eyes looked deeply right into mine as we were introduced. After Tom and Kelly got us settled, they left the room to talk about some of the advertising plans we had driven up to talk about, including inserting a photo of Fred's recent polar bear trophy into the back cover of the 1967 Bear Archery catalog already in production. It really looked out-of-place on our back cover, but it was shorthand to America's bowhunters that Fred had finally downed a polar bear with his bow. In 1966 Fred was also inducted into the Sporting Goods Hall of Fame and was a guest on the "Tonight Show."

When Tom and Kelly walked out of Fred's office I was left to squirm in my chair. Fred asked me to tell him something about myself. And I briefly did, including the fact that while I loved the outdoors, fishing, camping and the like, I was more of a fisherman than a hunter. Other than the couple of deer hunts I had gone on earlier with my dad and Uncle Jack, I really was too busy working and getting started in my career in advertising and public relations to go off hunting on my own. Fred seemed to like my honestness, and we discussed a couple of things we'd be working on together. After mentioning these things, Fred realized that I had not written anything down and he pulled a small spiral notebook out of his shirt pocket and told me that he wanted me to start carrying one. He said there was no way I could possibly remember everything that we'd talk about in the future and that he had found that carrying such a pocket notebook had always been a good thing to do. Almost four decades later I still carry one every day, even though I am now retired and almost 70 years old. Fred then said that he didn't really know if I'd work out, but that he would give me a chance to work on his account. I said that was fair enough. We shook hands on it and that was that!

GETTING DOWN TO BUSINESS

Little did I know that before it was over both Fred Bear and Bob Kelly would end up treating me like the son they had never fathered. Kelly had an adopted boy, Mike, and an adopted daughter, but neither man had any natural children of their own. Mrs. Bear raised a nephew, Mike Steger, whom she considered a son. Fred liked Mike, who taught at the Air Force Academy and later worked in the space program, but neither Kelly nor Fred really had someone they were around everyday at that stage in their lives that they looked upon as a son. Kelly had recently gone through a divorce and remarriage prior to my first visit to Grayling. He and his adopted son never really seemed to relate too well to one another.

But all that relationship with the two men was off in the future. Fred took Tom and me out to see the foundation being laid for the new Fred Bear Museum while we were in town. I left Grayling the next day with Tom, after those first meetings, pumped up and excited about what lay ahead of me with Bear Archery and in the archery industry.

The Fred Bear Museum was a very successful Grayling venture for many years, logging about 150,000 visitors each year. It was a beautiful facility with a huge trophy and artifact room at one end with a cathedral ceiling, a fully stocked archery pro shop and gift shop at the other end, and a good-sized theatre upstairs in an A-frame design. Fred also had a small hideaway on the second floor. Just outside the pro shop doors there was an outdoor archery shooting lane for people to try out Bear Archery products. The museum opened to the public in September 1967, with two huge fiberglass bear replicas guarding the entrance. Alaskan totem poles framed each side of the entry.

Bonsib's Mike Haller and I, along with photographer, Dale Stedman, of Ft. Wayne, went back to Grayling and photographed the museum and its contents shortly after it opened for a well-received Fred Bear Museum booklet. Fred and Mrs. Bear journeyed to the Bonsib Advertising Agency offices in Ft. Wayne, Indiana to approve the final copy and design. The copy had been written by the agency's Bill Aurelius, who wrote much of the Bear Archery advertising in those days prior to my move to Grayling in late 1971 to open the "in-house" advertising agency for the company. Aurelius was a very talented writer and a super guy. Frankly, I learned a great deal about copywriting from Bill that I later applied when I opened the in-house agency for Fred and later wrote all the advertising myself. I had taken a course in copywriting in college, but nothing beats doing it out in the real world with real products that one is responsible for promoting.

One adventure probably better not told involved what happened to Mike Haller and I the night prior to the photography shoot at the new Fred Bear Museum in Grayling. We were staying at the old Au Sable Motel. Mike and I were sharing a six-pack in the motel room when I asked him if he'd like to see where I had been out bowhunting with the guys from Bear Archery.

We piled into the old, heavy, Bonsib Buick and headed west toward Camp Grayling, the permanent National Guard Camp just outside town and west of the Fred Bear Museum. We drove in the dark west of the camp roads toward Sharon Trail and then along it until we reached the area where I had been bowhunting. Wanting to show Mike where the deer had been crossing, I decided to just drive a bit farther down the sandy road that was all torn up by training tanks. As I said, the Buick was heavy, and the sand was deep, and before we knew it we were stuck. No amount of rocking the car back and forth would work, and we knew that we had to abandon it and head to the Camp Grayling headquarters area many miles to the east over the rolling hills in the dark of the night. We did not even have a flashlight. And there were black bears in the area.

Mike Haller had served in Vietnam as a Navy medic, so I knew I was in good hands. Still, I really started to worry. I was exhausted, more than a bit spooked in the dark, walking along a rolling road I could hardly see, and it was getting later and later. And I had to be up fresh in the morning to supervise the important photo shoot, or my butt would be grass, and Tom Blee would be the lawnmower.

Mike and I walked for what seemed like hours and finally reached the Camp. We were both totally breathless as we staggered into the office of the officer on duty in the only lit-up building that we could find. When we told him that we were stranded out on Sharon Trail many miles from his office and needed a tow, he informed us that the Camp telephone could only be used for government business. Needless to say, we were irate. We faced another three- or four-mile walk in the pitch-black dark back to the small Grayling community before we could stumble into a Shell station and tell them our woes. In the morning they drove out, picked up our vehicle on a hook, and we proceeded with our photo shoot.

That's one night I'd just as soon forget!

CHAPTER THREE

"SECRETS OF HUNTING" RECORD

During my first few months with Fred, I simply managed the advertising plan that Bonsib Advertising and Tom Blee had set out prior to my joining the agency. But for 1967 I wanted to do something unique that would be a traffic builder for our Bear Archery dealers. I also wanted to make my mark with Fred, Bob Kelly and my new employers at Bonsib.

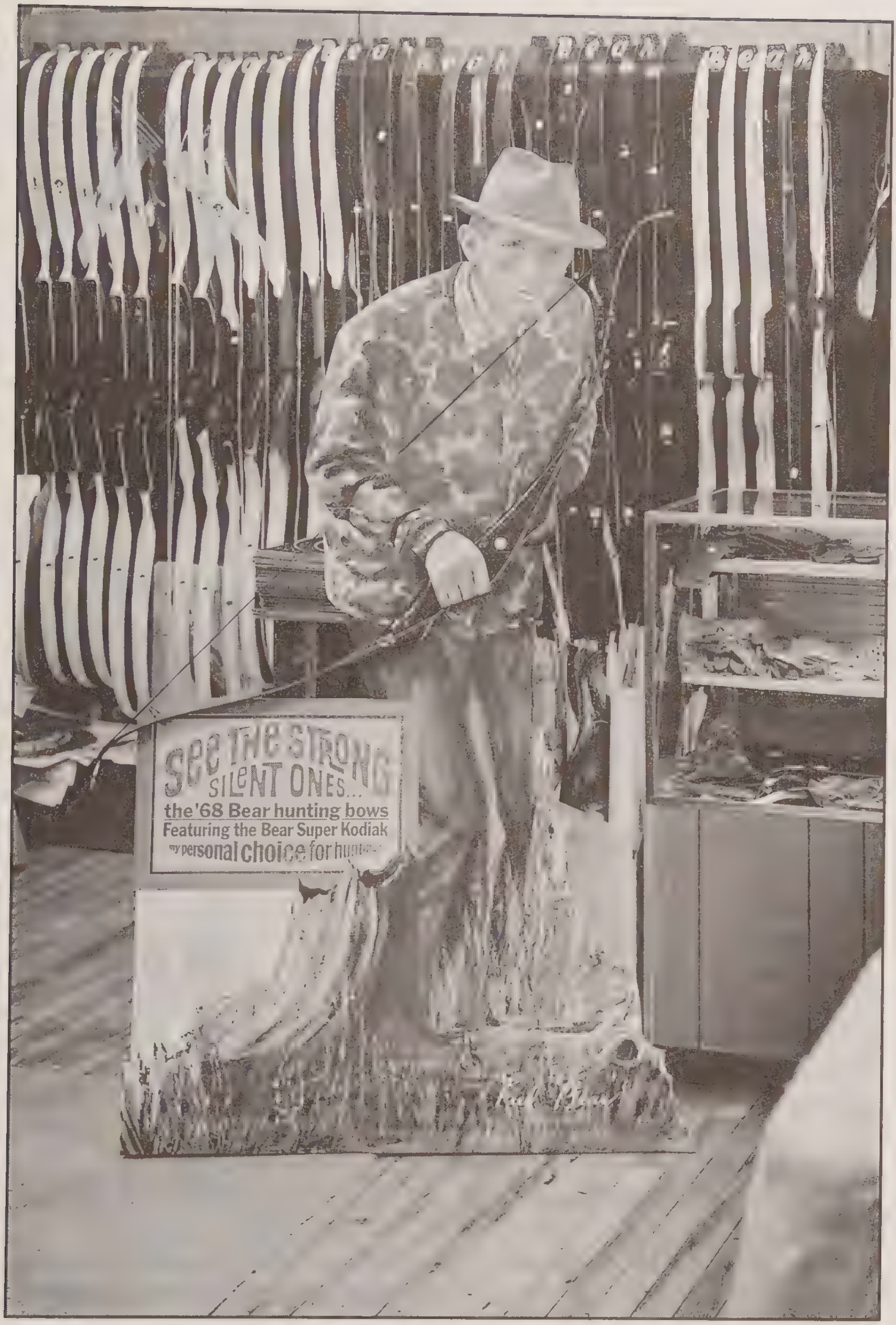
Having deer hunted a bit with my dad and uncle Jack Ream as a teenager, I knew that there were certain things that people were supposed to do and not do in the woods when hunting. And as I thought of that, it occurred to me that I could build an entire promotion around all of the knowledge that Fred had accumulated over his many decades of hunting, especially his 30 years or so of bowhunting up to that point.

While Bear Archery distributed all of Fred's exciting bowhunting films through the Grayling Film Service that later came under my wing, and while there were articles about Fred running in many of the archery and general outdoor magazines, Fred didn't directly share his knowledge within those films. What made him the most successful and most visible hunter in the world? I figured that people would want the inside scoop directly from Fred.

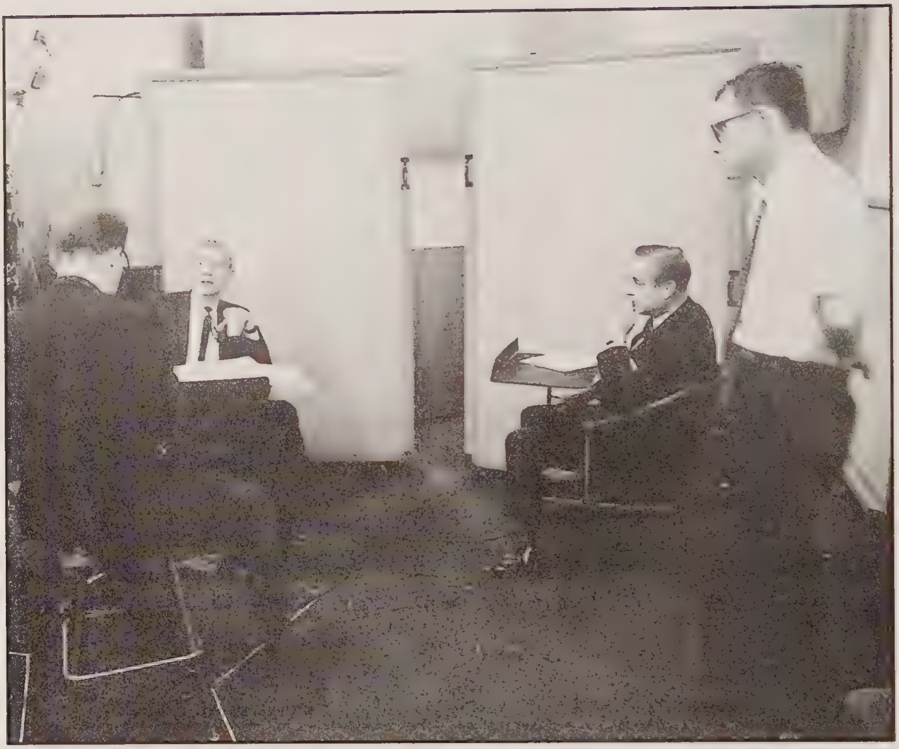
In addition to this, filmed hunts are totally different than a hunt done quietly in the woods by a solitary hunter who knows what he's doing. When Fred had a film crew along, he was at a huge disadvantage. He really could not move the way he wanted to, nor do any of those other things that are so necessary to a successful stalk and shot. All bets are off on a bowhunt when you have a cameraman, soundman and a producer tailing you and calling the shots.

In addition, Fred always had to look like Fred Bear in his films. He had to wear his trademark Borsalino hunting hat. He couldn't wear camo face make-up, and shots had to be set up and taken with certain camera angles. These are all great handicaps for a bowhunter, but are necessary when one was making a film in those days or a video in today's era.

We also needed something that the hunter could hold in his hands and lis-


See the STRONG
SILENT ONES...
the '68 Bear hunting bows
Featuring the Bear Super Kodiak
my personal choice for hunt

The life-sized Fred Bear that was the main point-of-sale piece in the dealer shops during the "Fred Bear Secrets of Hunting" record promotion. It was all tied to the introduction of Fred's new Super Kodiak Bow.



Left to right, Gene Dennis, our radio/television director at Bonsib Advertising, Fred, Curt Gowdy and Dick Lattimer, the creator and producer of the "Secrets" record in Hollywood, California in 1968.

ten to at his leisure, over and over if he so desired. You must remember, this was before the days of videotapes, audio cassettes, VCR's, DVD, etc. The only recordings were bulky reel-to-reel quarter-inch tapes that were not within the price range of the average hunter. Only long-playing records offered us an opportunity to get Fred's secrets across. In those days most homes still had record players as part of their living or family-room sound systems.

THE RECORD BUSINESS

Thus, when I wrote up our suggested advertising plan for Bear Archery for 1967 I proposed the production of a couple of long-playing records to cover Fred talking about several topics. Believe it or not, I still have a copy of that original memo that I wrote on Aug. 19, 1966, to Tom Blee and our public relations director, Budd Arthur, about the idea. And I specifically noted that these records would tie into our "Become a Two-Season Hunter" theme. My proposal actually covered the production of two records, with two sides each.

One record was to cover Fred's tracking secrets, the other record was to cover his secrets of bowhunting on side one, and his tips for successful stalking on side two.

Like so many ideas, when we actually sat down and talked about it some more, including the economics of it all, it evolved into the production of just one record for our promotion. By mid-October we'd given it the name of "Fred Bear's Secrets of Hunting," and I'd fleshed out the idea more for a more structured presentation to Fred and Kelly. You'll note that the title was not "Fred Bear's Secrets of Bowhunting," but rather, "Secrets of Hunting." This broadened the appeal and market to include all hunters, not just bowhunters.

I kept thinking of something else we could do to tie-in with the forthcoming "Secrets" record. I wished that Fred could visit every dealer archery shop to promote the record, and, suddenly, I thought of doing a life-sized Fred Bear cutout. Now, 36 years later, there have been many life-sized cutouts used in promotions; however, back in the '60s the idea was fresh, and not too many of them had ever been done.

When Tom Blee and I presented the ideas to Fred and Kelly, they immediately liked them. Kelly expanded upon the idea by suggesting that we tie the life-sized Fred Bear and the record promotion into the introduction of their new Super Kodiak bow along with the rest of their 1968 bow line. "Nothing can stop the force of an idea once its time has come," as an old philosopher once said. The idea then evolved further at both our advertising agency's creative department in Ft. Wayne, as well as up in Grayling among the folks at Bear.

Kelly and his sales staff in Grayling designed a new products package that a dealer would have to order, including the new bow model. The dealer would receive the life-sized Fred Bear free with the order of a Super Kodiak bow or 100 "Secrets of Hunting" records.

By doing so, the dealer would receive a listing in our national regional edition advertising to be run in the major outdoor magazines--*Outdoor Life*, *Sports Afield* and *Field & Stream*. Bear began signing up dealers, and we began writing the ads in Ft. Wayne and developing additional point-of-purchase material to go along with the ads and the life-sized Fred Bear. These national outdoor magazines were selected since firearms hunters, not just bowhunters, read them.

HIRING AN 'AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'

Meantime, Fred pondered what all he should cover in the record. As the idea progressed, we realized that just having Fred talk would be pretty boring, so we decided on the interview technique. Then came the problem of who to have doing the interviewing. A name personality would help sell the record and give it greater authenticity. Our radio/television director at Bonsib, Gene

Dennis, suggested that, since Fred had been on ABC's "The American Sportsman" a number of times, perhaps we could get the show's host, Curt Gowdy, to do the interviewing. Curt at that time was the hottest sportscaster in America. He was being touted as the lead announcer for the coming 1968 Olympic Games for ABC, the official voice of AFL professional football on NBC, and had been named Sportscaster of the Year. Curt had become an icon as the host of "American Sportsman" during a time when television networks weren't intimidated by anti-hunters.

We bounced the idea off Fred and Kelly, and they liked it. Gene and Fred approached Curt and his people at the network. Gene was a known personality in the broadcast business, having gotten his start in Kansas City where he lived in the same apartment building as another young broadcaster by the name of Walter Cronkite.

The result of all of this pre-planning was that one day Fred and I climbed aboard a TWA flight to Los Angeles where we met Curt Gowdy and Gene Dennis at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel on a Sunday evening. As I recall, that day Curt had been broadcasting a San Diego Chargers football game, and Gene had been elsewhere on Bonsib business. Our old friend, photographer Jim Pond, also flew in from Dallas to take the record jacket cover photo for us.

After going over our approach at dinner, we all journeyed out to the Henry Russell Recording Studio in Hollywood the next morning and spent a full day cutting the record. Both Fred and, of course, Curt were very experienced at this kind of thing. Fred had been the guest on many television and radio shows by that time, and Curt, the "Old Wyoming Cowboy," was a seasoned professional. The session went very well.

I really just stood around in the recording studio along with Gene Dennis off to one side as Curt and Fred followed a script that had been roughed out ahead of time, offering a few minor suggestions as we went along. Later, after the recording session, we drove over to Fess Parker's Hollywood sound stage where his "Davy Crockett" television program was in production. Fred and Fess had hunted together in British Columbia on one of the "American Sportsman" segments, and Fess had agreed to let us use part of his set for still photography. We watched them film part of a "Davy Crockett" episode, and then when they shut down for the day, we went to a corner of the sound stage set and shot the photo for the record jacket cover in a woodland setting.

We spent the next day in the recording studio editing the tapes into a final cut for the long-playing record. Then the master tapes were sent to the record company to be pressed. Believe it or not, after almost 40 years I still have those original tapes at home where I put them for safekeeping so many years before.

As part of our follow-up promotional package, I came up with the idea of a full-sized newspaper format broadside to be sent out after the introductory

Fred and Curt Gowdy, America's top sports broadcaster at the time, taping the "Fred Bear's Secrets of Hunting" record in a recording studio in Hollywood, California. We used this photo for publicity purposes at the time in 1968. The record sold more than 60,000 copies, a very successful sales promotion tool at the time.

phase of the “Secrets of Hunting” promotion. I wrote and formatted the piece on my dining room table at home on Salge Drive in Ft. Wayne. I called the broadside “The Buck Bellows.” It contained news about the promotion for dealers who were not yet participating. It also detailed the Super Kodiak bow's features. And it pointed out that our life-sized Fred Bear was so real-looking that one night a German shepherd guard dog in a sporting goods store came around a corner of the hallway face-to-face with the cut-out Fred Bear and immediately attacked the intruder and tore it to shreds!

And in Oklahoma City an elderly near-sighted lady became very indignant when one of Andy Anderson's “clerks” failed to answer her second query about where something was in the store. She had been talking to Andy's life-sized Fred Bear display.

Budd Arthur and I made one trip together to New York City upon the completion of the "Secrets of Hunting" record. We took copies of the record to the producer of "The Tonight Show" for he and Johnny Carson and then sat in the producers' seats for the show. We also called on the media in New York on that trip promoting the record and the sports of archery and bowhunting. Archery has been featured on "The Tonight Show" numerous times since then.

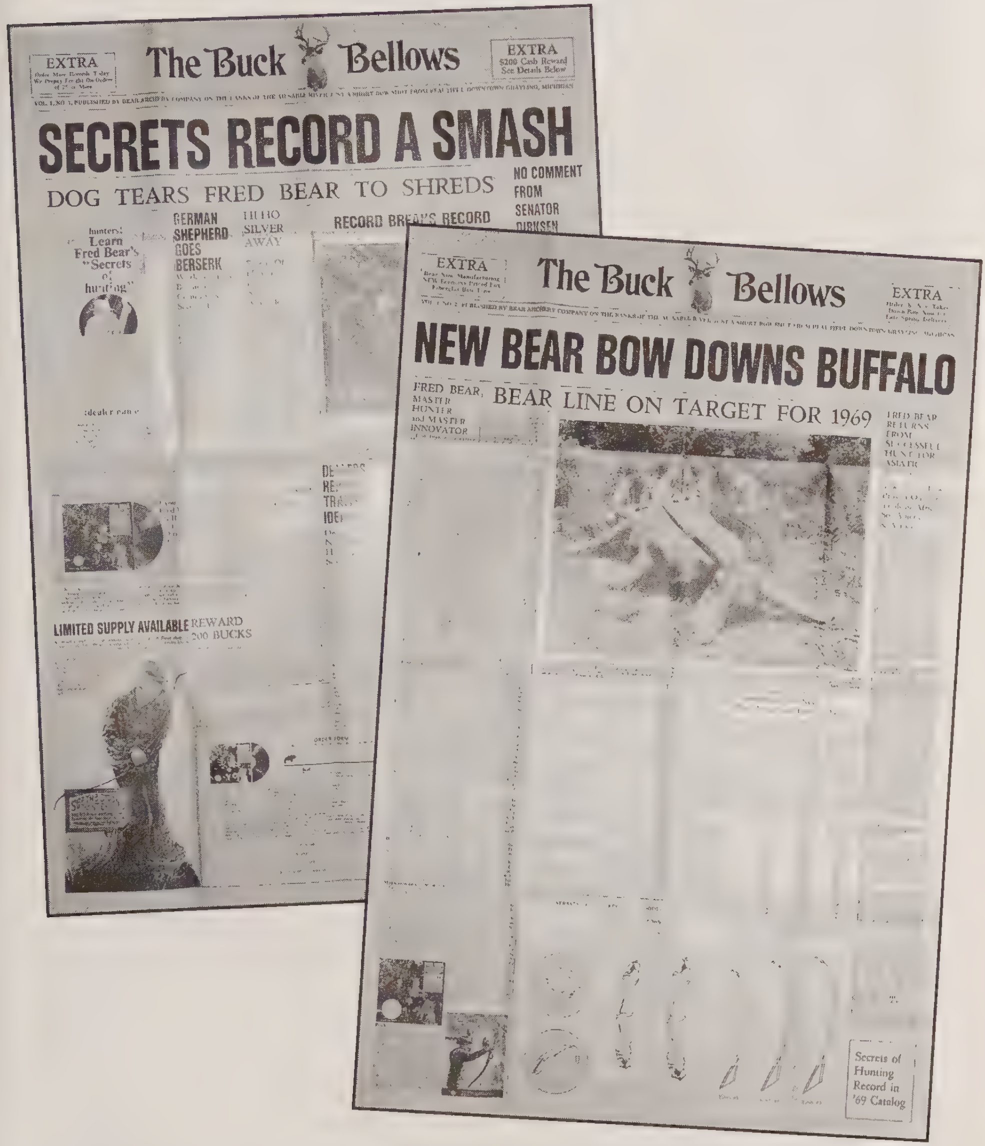
A SMASH HIT

In all, our Bear Archery dealer network moved 60,000 copies of that unique "Fred Bear Secrets of Hunting" record aimed at two-season hunters. Many years later we converted it to a tape cassette and sold it through the Bear Archery catalog. If you ever have a chance to listen to Fred's advice on the tape, I'm sure you'll appreciate a few of the master's hunting tips. One in particular that made a lot of sense to me is that while still-hunting a deer it is important to crouch down often with your eyes below the foliage line and search for parts of the deer. Don't look for the whole deer. Just a pawing foot, a snout, an antler. The same when scanning the cover when you're standing up or walking, just look for an off-color patch in the woods, look for just a part of a deer. And stand still and watch more than you walk. That's the way most deer watch for predators.

On Dec. 6, 1968, Fred and his hunting companion, Bob Munger, left for Marajo Island in the 200-mile-wide mouth of the Amazon River to hunt jaguars. The day marked my 33rd birthday, and I was busy at my job at the Bonsib Advertising Agency in Ft. Wayne working on Bear Archery business. Unfortunately, one of the rainiest seasons in years wiped out any hope to hunt one of those elusive cats, and Fred and Bob instead shifted their focus to the wild transplanted Asiatic buffalo that roamed the jungle. The horns on these buffalo would spread to 5 feet wide, and after a week of hunting, Fred was finally able to down one with his bow. It weighed about 1,800 pounds, and its horns spread more than 5 feet.

Also in 1968, Fred's first book, "The Archer's Bible," was published by Doubleday as part of its outdoor series. Over the next 15 years this book sold more than 400,000 copies. I updated and revised the subsequent editions of that book for Fred and Doubleday. Matter of fact, my photograph taken at Grousehaven of Fred with my son, Scott, and Scott Fling, son of our Bear Archery sales manager, was used on the cover of the last edition of that book.

Fred's forays afield had launched his archery business to new heights and had paved the way for books, records, television shows and more. By 1968, Bear Archery and Fred Bear seemed unstoppable.



EXTRA

The Buck Bellows

EXTRA
$200 Cash Reward
See Details Below

SECRETS RECORD A SMASH

DOG TEARS FRED BEAR TO SHREDS

NO COMMENT FROM SENATOR DIRKSEN

GERMAN SHEPHERD GOES BERSERK

HI HO SILVER AWAY

RECORD BREAKS RECORD

Hunters! Learn Fred Bear's "Secrets of hunting"

LIMITED SUPPLY AVAILABLE

REWARD 200 BUCKS

EXTRA

The Buck Bellows

EXTRA

NEW BEAR BOW DOWNS BUFFALO

FRED BEAR, MASTER HUNTER and MASTER INNOVATOR

BEAR LINE ON TARGET FOR 1969

FRED BEAR RETURNS FROM SUCCESSFUL HUNT FOR ASIATIC

Secrets of Hunting Record in '69 Catalog

The broadside, "The Buck Bellows," that was sent out to all Bear Archery dealers following the introduction of the "Fred Bear Secrets of Hunting" record. It showed all of the dealer elements of the promotion and announced the Doubleday publication of Fred's book, "The Archers Bible." The second edition of "The Buck Bellows" followed up the "Fred Bear Secrets of Hunting" promotion and introduced the new Fred Bear take-down bow and our other new products for 1969. I did both issues of "The Buck Bellows" at home on my dining room table where I had plenty of room to spread out and do the layout and write the copy.

CHAPTER FOUR

FRED BEAR SHOWED ME HOW

My first foray into exploring Fred's mind to get him to write down and share his bowhunting tips, many of which also apply to gun hunting, came in 1966 when I was working on ideas for the 1967 Bear Archery advertising/sales promotion program. It occurred to me that most hunters would love to know how Fred had been so successful as a hunter over the years. And by promoting the idea that these tips could apply to both bows and firearms, we were helping to support our "Become a Two-Season Hunter" marketing strategy. That idea led to our eventual "Fred Bear's Secrets of Hunting" record that I helped produce out in Hollywood with Fred and Curt Gowdy.

Shortly after we completed that dealer-loader record promotion, some of the guys at Bear came up with a "Fred Bear Showed Me How" decal that they took along with them down to one of the trade shows we all attended. It was done in two colors to save money. This was in 1969. People got such a kick out of the decal, including the commercial airline pilot that they flew with to Houston, that we later reproduced the small sticker in four colors and gave them away by the gazillions over the years. That's where the title for this chapter came from.

As I searched for a theme to use in our 1975 catalog, I remembered the interest in the "Secrets of Hunting" record and suggested to Fred that we do something similar, but strictly around white-tailed deer. Whitetails were then, and remain today, the species most hunted by America's bowhunters and firearms hunters. Fred and Bob Kelly both liked the idea. So Fred and I got to work.

Naturally, I couldn't write these tips for Fred, since I was far from an expert on deer hunting; but he agreed to work on them with me. Fred also wrote a great deal of the theme copy himself for the 1975 catalog, including the lead-ins to many of the bows. In many cases I sketched out the copy for him, as we normally worked, and he'd go over it and change it into his style of talking and writing. It worked out pretty well that way over the years.

Here, then, are Fred's tips on hunting the white-tailed deer. These appeared as stand-alone copy blocks with a line drawing of Fred paddling a canoe on 17 dif-

Fred is shown here at home in Grayling as he greased the insides and outside of his hunting boots leading up to hunting season. This makes them as waterproof as possible.

ferent pages in the catalog that year. I've combined them all here. Incidentally, as always, Mrs. Bear was our editor on these tips and corrected spelling and punctuation for us, as she did with everything I wrote for some 20 years. I'd write the copy, give it to Fred, and he'd take it home where he'd go over it for content and common sense, and she'd tackle the sentence structure and punctuation.

I should point out that these tips were intended primarily for people new to bowhunting; however, I'm sure experienced bowhunters picked up a good tip or two from Fred in these short paragraphs. Remember that he was 72 years old when he wrote these tips in 1974 and he had been hunting deer since the age of 13 when his dad first took him deer hunting on South Mountain near their home in Pennsylvania. And when he wrote these he had been bowhunting deer for 45 years, since he first did it with bow and arrow in 1929. If there's a young up-and-coming bowhunter in your family, he or she should especially enjoy these practical tips in Fred's own words ...

FRED ON WHITE-TAILED DEER

➢ There are more deer in some areas than others. Find these areas and hunt there. Ask questions of the natives; scout the country by car or afoot looking for tracks crossing the road, or trails. Drive around at night to determine where most eyes are seen.

➢ Areas that were good last year might not be the "hot" places this season. Deer habits are governed by their stomachs. They will be found where the food is best. Old, well-established trails may be misleading. They do not pinpoint good hunting unless there are fresh tracks.

➢ Deer do not lie down during the whole day nor are they up feeding all night. Their movement is determined by their appetite. Daytime feeding is usually in the area of their daytime bedding spots. Good hunting can be had by still-hunting bedding areas through the middle of the day. Blind hunting through midday can produce results also, but usually in thick cover.

➢ For the beginner, hunting from a blind will produce the best results. The blind should be 20 to 25 yards from a good runway or trail. It is a good idea to have two blinds, one on either side of the trail. You can then use the one that is downwind from where you expect the deer to come. If an intersection of two trails can be found, your chances are doubled.

➢ Blinds should be large enough for free movement, with space enough to swing your bow in any direction. Some sort of seat is required, and you will be more comfortable if there is a tree to lean against. Blinds should not be more than head height, so you can see through the scant top cover. Shots are made by rising slowly when the animal is not looking and shooting over the top. Do not make a high blind with holes to shoot through. Your bow, with an arrow nocked, should be supported horizontally on forked sticks. It can then be picked up quietly in a ready position.

➢ Never walk runways to or from your blind. In spite of a thorough bath that morning, you will leave human scent and alarm the deer in that area.

➢ Hunting from a blind will be most productive mornings and evenings.

➢ Sometimes white-tailed deer will not leave their heavy daytime cover until late in the evening and will go back in to bed early in the morning. In such cases, and it is a good rule at all times, build your blinds close to this cover to intercept them while there is still daylight.

➢ The inside of the blind must be cleared of leaves and twigs. Not a sound can be made; clothing must not creak or rasp when you move. Blinds should blend well with the local area. You must sit still and be constantly watching. Sweep the area by slowly turning your head.

➢ Tree blinds are becoming very popular in states where they are legal. They all but eliminate the wind direction problem, and deer seldom look above eye level. Be sure that your tree blind is a sturdy one, well anchored to the tree and that precautions are taken to prevent falling from it. Never carry your bow up with you. Pull it up with a cord later.

(Author's note: Of course, you should wear a safety belt or harness at all times when you are in a treestand.)

FRED ON STILL-HUNTING

➢ When hunting from a blind or still-hunting, you must see game before it sees you. Still-hunting is the method of traveling through hunting country looking for game. Stalking means to try to approach to bow range after game has been sighted.

➢ In still-hunting, do not assume a crouched, sneaking attitude. Walk erect. Do not carry your arrow nocked on the string. This is too dangerous with the sharp broadhead exposed.

➢ Walk woods trails or game trails when other means of travel are too noisy. Do not walk with eyes glued to the path, or you will not see game. Concentrate on a half-dozen steps ahead and spend most of your time looking for game. Do not step on anything that you can step over. What you have to do is train your eye to pick out three or four steps ahead, and after some practice, your feet will automatically be put in these places where they won't strike objects where they will make a lot of noise. Travel slowly, stopping often for long looks, especially in areas where there are tracks and other signs. If there are low branches, kneel down for a look under them.

➢ Rarely is the whole deer seen. Look for white streaks that could be the inside of the legs. A white "V" shape might be the white outline of the tail. Another "V" could be the one formed by the ears. Pay special attention to horizontal lines not long enough to be a log. It could be the back of an animal. Deer can be spotted sometimes by reflections from their glossy hair.

➢ When a deer is sighted, look carefully to see if there is more than one. This means that there are more than two eyes to watch you as you make your stalk. This is the time when caution is required. You may want to nock your arrow now. But no move must be made when the deer's head is up. Take advantage of all available cover. This could be the time when each step or movement could mark the difference between success and failure. This may also be time when a noiseless stalk is impossible. In this case be patient, if the wind direction will allow you to be. Study the situation. If the deer are feeding, make a circle to place yourself in a position where they will pass by you. If they are traveling, you might have to hurry or even run. Many times I have had to do this on the double to cover a runway or crossing that I knew was ahead.

➢ Deer are color blind, but light-colored clothing will show up in a dark woods and will be seen when you move. They will ignore bright red or orange if you do not move. They can recognize the human silhouette, however, even while you are standing still. Blend yourself in with the surroundings.

➢ When still-hunting, avoid open spaces. If you have to pass through them, do it quickly and get it over with. Do not silhouette yourself on ridges. Come up over a hill or ridge slowly and survey everything in sight before passing. After a few days, your eyes will become accustomed to what is natural and will quickly pick out the things that require closer attention.

➢ There will be times when still-hunting is impossible–when there are very dry leaves or crusted, crunchy snow. Times like these are better spent in a blind or in camp practicing or out scouting new hunting territory. In a new area it is not unusual to spend several days looking for the best places to hunt.

➢ Some of the best hunting occurs in the worst weather. Bad weather, snow or rain, is a great aid to the still-hunter. Damp leaves and twigs are quiet underfoot. Do not attempt to hunt either afoot or from a blind with plastic or other conventional rain suits. Wool works well. It is quiet and will keep you warm even when wet.

MORE TIPS FROM FRED

➢ The beginner will often be seized with a spasm of buck fever the first few times he finds himself within bow range of large game. And he may always have problems in this respect. There is no known cure for buck fever. The only advice I can offer is to concentrate so completely on the one tiny spot you must try to hit, that it leaves no room in your mind for other thinking. This concentration must be so complete from the time you first see the game until the shot is made, that nothing else can enter your thoughts.

➢ The rutting season, in the Northern states, begins about the middle of November and lasts about a month. First signs are pawings in the ground, invariably under an overhanging branch, about a month before the rut begins. Some two weeks later, trees and bushes show the effect of being rubbed by antlers. It is generally believed that the bucks are rubbing the velvet from their hardening antlers, but this is not so. It is rather a sort of shadow boxing; a strengthening of the neck muscles in preparation for the forthcoming struggles with other bucks for the attention of does. Where these signs are seen, good hunting in these areas can be expected during the pre-rut time, but not necessarily during the rutting season.

➢ When a young buck leaves his mother to strike off on his own, he becomes a very shy, retiring animal. He will develop habits of not leaving heavy cover until very late evening and returning in very early morning. When the rutting season is on, however, no rules apply. He may be seen at any time during the day. The urge of the chase has robbed him of all caution. He seldom eats and travels constantly. The reticent buck now becomes a relentless prowler.

➢ Deer tracks are interesting. To the experienced eye they tell many things. A single track signifies no more than the size of the animal or how recently it was made. It is nearly impossible to determine if it was a young buck or a doe. As deer get older, the tip of the hooves become more rounded on bucks, more pointed on does.

➢ Deer, when running, will usually leave a splayed track on hard surfaces. Toes spread wide and dew claws showing. To the uninitiated, a small deer is often mistaken for a big buck.

➢ Does do most of the snorting. It is rare to hear a buck snort. The doe, as a mother, has the responsibility of rearing her offspring safely. The does are smarter than the bucks.

➢ When game is within range there is one best time to shoot. No hard rules can be established as a guide to tell just when. Wind direction must be considered. If it is not right, a shot might have to be hurried, which is never an ideal situation. Take a little time. A better opportunity might present itself. You might be able to approach closer. If the animal shows no sign of alarm and the wind direction is favorable, a pause might allow time for your heartbeat to return to normal.

➢ The arrow must be directed to the proper spot. This is in the rib area at or below the horizontal center of the animal's body, close up to behind the front leg. Do not aim at the whole deer. Pick the spot and give it complete concentration. Come to a full draw. Tighten back muscles. Keep applying pulling pressure and let the string escape your fingers rather than to unhook from it. This will assure a good release, and your arrow will streak to that spot.

➢ No serious hunter goes into the field without a homemade or professionally prepared map of the area in which he is hunting. The location of game seen can be penciled in for future reference as can streams, hills, odd-shaped trees, vegetation and other points of reference. The value of such a map is beyond question if the hunter becomes disoriented while tracking game or is otherwise lost.

➢ Consider your right to hunt a privilege and do not abuse it. A kill is the anticlimax. If you hunt only for this reward with a bow, you will have many disappointments. Find pleasure in the woods and streams. Enjoy the animals large and small. The flowers, birds and the sweet odor of wet leaves. Be alert to the sounds of nature and rejoice and thank God that you live in a free country where these pleasures are available to everyone.

FRED ON BOW-SHOOTING

Lots of folks would like to know more about how Fred shot archery and the equipment that he used. Here is a portion of an interview that Fred did long-distance to some questions sent to him on tape by archery writer Bob Learn. Fred gave me his original typewritten answers that he later put on tape. He made the tape Feb. 10, 1970. Keep in mind that this was before the widespread popularity of compound bows, and Fred's remarks about bows relate to recurves. Again, what follows here are Fred's own words ...

➢ You ask if I am right- or left-handed. I am left-handed. I don't quite know why. I shoot a bow left-handed. I throw a ball left-handed. I bat left-handed. I play golf left-handed. But I do everything else right-handed, including the shooting of a gun. And one of the interesting things in this connection is that my right eye is my master eye, although I do shoot a bow with the left hand.

(Author's note: I have a theory about this right- vs. left-handed thing with Fred, although I don't remember ever talking to him about it. When he was a young boy, Fred and his sister, Aileen, were preparing feed for their livestock on the farm. Here are a couple of paragraphs from the Fred Bear biography that Charlie Kroll and I put together to explain what happened:

"Their father had mounted a shear at the small end of a wedge-shaped trough, and it was Fred's job to feed bunches of hay into it, compressing it in the wedge and shoving it under the shear wielded by his sister. The resulting short lengths of hay were then mixed with bran, water and molasses for the horse and cow.

"One morning, more consumed than usual by the boredom of his task, Fred started to tease his sister by jerking the hay back just as she came down with the shear. Aileen, keen on getting the chore finished, was not at all humored by her brother's behavior. Inevitably, Fred shoved a clump of hay a bit farther than he should have, and the shear came down quickly on one of his fingers along with the hay. The blade was extremely sharp, as were all of Harry's tools, and it cleanly clipped off a small section of the third finger of his right hand."

I think that Fred probably compensated for the loss of this part of his finger on his right hand by starting to do a lot of things left-handed, including shooting a bow when he got started in the 1920s. That would have been one of the fingers that an archer would normally use in drawing the bowstring. Incidentally, Aileen died in 1918 of the flu when Fred was just 16 years old. My own maternal grandfather also died that year of the same thing. Now, back to Fred's interview.)

FRED'S GEAR

➢ My hunting bow is 60 inches. It has been 60 inches for about 30 years; just why I am not sure that I know, although I do know one reason. For more than 20 years, I've used a bow quiver and I prefer to have the bow a couple of inches longer than the arrows. That way I can sit the bow up against a tree without the nocks filling with dirt.

➢ On the shorter bows, I think they are fine. I think they are a little bit harder to shoot accurately, but under hunting conditions the weight of the hunting bow would usually minimize those restrictions or requirements that I place on it. I think that it's a matter of personal choice. Although, I think that a bow much longer than 60 inches is difficult to maneuver in the delicate situations you get into in the woods a great many times.

➢ My bow weight is 65 pounds. I've used this weight for a great many years ... on the maximum weight, I haven't any suggestions to make. I think the archer should shoot whatever weight bow he might want to shoot, or might feel capable of shooting. The thing to remember about that, however, is that maximum efficiency and energy are not attained by merely jumping your bow weight. It's like having a boat with a 100-horsepower engine in it that goes 30 miles per hour. It doesn't mean that if you put 200 horsepower in it that you'll go 60 miles per hour; maybe you'll get 5 miles per hour, maybe 10, if you're lucky.

➢ Same is true with bows. You cash in on the efficiency of the heavy bow only by increasing arrow weights. And in all hunting activities, I like to use a factor "nine;" nine times your bow weight for your arrow weight in grains. For instance, my arrows, 28 inches in length for my 65-pound bow, will run between 575 and 600 grains. My arrow shafts are aluminum–Bear Magnum #320. The inside diameter is .280 inches, the outside is .320 inches.

➢ On bowstrings, I really don't know how many strands or what type of material is in it. I take strings out-of-stock, and I like strings 15 or 20 pounds heavier than the bow. And the reason for that is two-fold. One, is that the heavier string, while it does cut arrow velocity somewhat, also deadens the sing of the string as the arrow is shot. It also adds a little safety margin when you're hunting if you tear a few strands on a sharp rock or against a rough tree. You still have a margin of safety and can at least continue to hunt for that day.

➢ On the nocking point, I use one nocking point above the arrow. It is either wound on with thread and cemented, or one of the clinched-type affairs which are available on the market today. The arrow is about 1/8 of an inch higher (above 90 degrees) to the string. The reason for one nocking point is that in not wanting to take your eye off game, you can always nock an arrow on the string below and then move it up until it hits the nock and you're ready to shoot again.

➢ I carry one spare string at all times when I am hunting. This is not a new string; this is a string that I've had on my bow, and the nocking point is placed at the correct place, and I've tried it out. The brace height of the string–I go by the manufacturer's recommendations on that.

➢ An arrow rest is covered with whatever material will deaden the sound of the arrow. I cut the arrow rest down below my knuckle. The arrow passes over my knuckle.

(Author's note: Fred's arrows sat on his knuckle while he drew and shot, not on an arrow rest).

FRED'S SHOOTING STYLE

➢ I shoot entirely instinctively and I'm not concerned with the distance to the target in terms of yards. I'm only concerned with the distance to the target in "feel." My bow is canted at 15 or 20 degrees at whatever angle is required to get my eye directly above the arrow. I use a shooting glove with heavy, soft tips, and a three-finger release, the arrow between the first and second fingers.

(Author's note: Fred invented the shooting glove and filed for his patent May 18, 1936. Prior to that, archers simply wore leather "stalls" on their fingertips, which could easily be lost or flipped off. The modern shooting glove is covered by his patent #107,294 granted Nov. 30, 1937.)

➢ My anchor point is always the same, and I have never since its invention, used anything but a bow quiver.

(Author's note: The bow quiver was another Fred Bear invention and was filed Jan. 16, 1946 and granted March 8, 1949. Patent #2,464,068. It originally held just three arrows, but he later improved upon this design to hold eight arrows. You'll note that in mentioning both the shooting glove and the bow quiver Fred never mentions that he was the one who invented them. A real insight into his modest and unassuming character.)

➢ When you are standing erect pulling back to anchor alongside your face (and my anchor is the second finger on the corner of my mouth), your eye will be beside the arrow from a vertical point-of-view. I have to stoop. I stoop from the waist, sort of a bending of the shoulders, I should say, until my eye is right above the arrow. And now I have to usually build out on the side of the bow until the arrow is going in the direction it is pointed. I do this temporarily when I'm testing a new bow just by taping pieces of leather or wood until I find the right distance that the arrow should pass the bow, and then I make a piece of leather that thickness and cement it permanently to the arrow plate.

➢ You mentioned in your tape that I am a snap-shooter. That is true, except that I want to point out that there are two kinds of snap-shooters. Snap-shooting, as a general rule, develops from an attack of what is called "freezing," and freezing is a triggering of the release hand by the eye. It is an involuntary triggering of these muscles that releases the arrow before you want to. The difference between the snap-shooter who has this affliction and one who does not is that if a full draw is not reached, no accuracy can result.

➢ In my own case, I always come to a full draw. There is no pause when I get there; the arrow is gone. If I try to hold, I cannot hit the target. I have suffered from this business of freezing. I went through three years of agony with it. A tournament shooter can use a clicker and in most cases eliminate the problem. But for the instinctive shooter, it is a problem. It took me three years to lick mine. But I differ from most snap-shooters in that I always come to a full draw.

And I have to, at almost every shot, discipline myself to do this.

➢ I seem to have a system that on a long shot, I will draw the bow just a little bit farther back. And, also, when I am shooting at a really large animal, I seem to have a tendency to pull it back farther, which I guess is understandable.

FRED ON ARROWS

➢ Your next heading here is "arrows and broadheads." I draw 28 inches, and my arrows are 29 inches with either the blunt field point or the broadhead attached to it, so in the case of the broadhead, I have an inch to the back of the head at my full draw length.

➢ I am not concerned about whether my feathers are left- or right-handed, but I do like a helical fletch and I like a very large feather. I've never shot other than three-fletch arrows. I'm sure four-fletch has advantages. I think that they can be cut lower and stand up under wet weather probably better than three-fletch, although I've never used them. My fletching is 5 inches long and begins 1 1/4 inches from the very end of the nock. They are spirally fletched so that the shaft revolves in flight. Never use straight fletching on hunting arrows.

➢ I have no particular color preference on fletching, except that I'm often making a film in which it is very important in having the camera follow the flight of the arrow. For this reason I have used rather bright-colored feathers—white and yellows, maybe with a black cock feather for a contrast, and, for some reason, my arrows are never camouflaged. The last three years I've been using Converta-Point Magnum® arrows, of course, and they are aluminum. This is a handicap in the woods, there's no question about it, but it's one of the things you have to put up with when you are in the filming business.

(Author's note: These were the "new" arrows we had introduced in our 1968 Bear Archery catalog. A special insert was designed for use with broadheads, and there were blunt, field and target points as a part of this new system, so that the archer could use the same arrow shaft and simply interchange the points for practice, hunting or field use. The shafts were especially made for us by Easton. Fred came up with this system and filed for the patent on Nov. 2, 1966, and the patent #3,401,938 was granted on Sept. 17, 1968.)

➢ I do not use any preparation on the feathers to keep them dry. I use a plastic bag pulled over the arrows when they are in the bow quiver and held in place with a rubber band. This, of course, sometimes is a handicap, also, because if you are surprised by game it's pretty difficult to pull this bag off without making a little rattling sound, but I've never found a waterproof fletching material that stood up under very much rain.

(Author's note: This was written before we introduced our Weathers®, all-weather plastic fletching material, but Fred continued to use real feathers even after we had done so.)

➢ Naturally, I don't fletch my own arrows, and I use the Razorhead® (the Bear Razorhead, if you'll permit me), and I always use the insert even in shooting an elephant ... and there's a reason for this. The insert opens up an "X" hole and gives better penetration because it relieves pinching on the shaft and leaves a better blood trail. I use a Razorhead® with the insert for all kinds of game. Makes no difference the weight of the bow or the size of the game.

➢ As I said before, I like an arrow that is nine times my bow weight in grains. Penetration is a matter of kinetic energy, and it is a well-known fact that a heavy object moving at the same speed is much harder to stop than a lighter one.

➢ There's another factor in the case of an arrow. A given bow has a certain, I'll call it "quickness," of return to the string from a full-draw position. A heavy bow can handle a heavier arrow with a great deal more striking energy.

FRED ON PRACTICE

➢ Now to your next question about how much I practice. Normally I don't shoot too much during the winter and summer. But about six weeks to two months before the beginning of a hunting trip, I pick up the bow and start working on it.

➢ I have in the woods near my home here, a little shooting range that's made up of seven targets, each one set up against a mound of dirt either natural or pushed up by a bulldozer. These targets are deer silhouettes cut out of three thicknesses of corrugated cardboard that has been glued together and tacked to stakes representing legs at a deer's distance off the ground. This corrugated is held to these stakes by large-sized roofing nails, the kind that have the metal washer on them.

➢ I shoot at these things at various distances. When I first begin shooting before a hunt, the bow seems real heavy, and I can only shoot a dozen or 18 arrows in that evening. But I'll only shoot until I'm tired because you build up muscles by breaking them down. Like a weightlifter, one lifts a weight a certain number of times, then a couple of days later he can lift either a heavier weight, or the same weight more times. I build myself up to my physical condition to the point where the bow doesn't seem heavy anymore, and then I continue with my practice.

➢ But one thing. I did experiment in the last two years. I wanted to see how much I had lost by not practicing. Two years ago, after not having shot an arrow for six months, I went out and the first shot was as good a shot as I had ever made. It went right through the rib section of my corrugated targets, at about 35 yards, and last year I approached the problem with the same thought in mind. I hit the target also. Now those two instances don't prove anything, but it is an indication that the "instinctive feel" is something like swimming. Once you have learned it, you don't get away from it. I think practice is needed to loosen you up and to maybe correct some faults that have to be brushed up each year. But I think, basically, the problems of instinctive shooting don't have to be learned over and over again. I practice with broadheads at my home range on the corrugated targets and when I'm in the woods I practice with blunts.

➢ Now, I want to give some good advice to hunters ... most hunters do not shoot enough during the hunting season. Also, when they do shoot, I've heard it said, "Well, let's warm up, let's shoot a few arrows." Well, you don't "warm up" when you're shooting at a deer. It's that very first arrow that counts. I'm cautioning whoever might be listening to me, whoever might read this, that in your practice, try to make that first shot count because almost every time in hunting that's the only shot you're going to get.

I don't mean that you shoot one arrow and if you hit the target you say, "Well, OK, I don't need any more practice, I'm in good shape." You need to loosen up during hunting. The way I do it, I use our Converta-Point® arrows, as I said, and I usually carry just five arrows in my quiver. Sometimes, if I'm going to be a long way from the car, or from more arrows, I will take eight. But normally, I have five arrows.

I have three or four of the screw-in blunt points in my pocket, so I can, any time I want to shoot a few practice shots, simply unscrew the broadheads and screw in the blunt points.

Many times in the woods, if it is rocky, or if the ground is covered with moss, or if the ground is covered with thick leaves, there aren't any targets to shoot at except the trees. And this Converta-Point® thing was designed so with the blunt point, you can shoot at any tree, no matter how hard it is, and it won't hurt your arrow unless you slap it or skid it off the side.

FRED ON HUNTING CLOTHES

➢ I use a camouflage jacket, the standard archer's camo jacket. For years, I've worn a dull felt hat. The reason I prefer a hat is to keep the snow and water from running down the back of my neck.

(Author's note: What Fred left unsaid here is that his Borsalino hunting hat was his trademark, and that everyone could recognize who the bowhunter was in films, still photos or on television when they saw his trademark hunting hat. One day in the mid-70s he called me down to his office and asked me what size hat I wore. I told him, and he asked me what color hat I liked, if I was ever to use one for hunting. I said I thought a green one would be nice to wear in the woods, really not knowing what he had in mind, of course. He later made a call to Henry the Hatter in Detroit where he got his Borsalino's, and the next thing I knew there was a hat box on my desk with my own Borsalino in it. What a nice surprise. Before he died, he also gave me his own Borsalino for "safekeeping," as he put it, knowing full well that he'd never use it again. A bittersweet moment for us both. He had worn out a number of Borsalinos over the years, so mine isn't the only one in existence. There was another one in the house when I helped clean it out after Mrs. B

These are the three styles of footwear in which Fred used to hunt—tennis shoes (bottom), leather gym shoes (center), and leather hunting boots (top). He said that all had their advantages, depending upon the type of hunting one did and the weather and terrain.

died, and I turned that one over to Frank Scott for possible future use.)

➢ I wear grey wool pants, camouflage pants in warmer weather. I use no camouflage on my hands and face unless I'm real hungry and, here again, I suffer from the business of being in the archery business and usually have a cameraman with me. And I think it's important to look like a human being when you are facing the camera. I know it's a handicap for hunting deer because white faces loom up in the forest like a moon, and deer can very quickly pick you out. And I'd like to point out also that an animal is very alert to the human silhouette, so try not to expose yourself too much, I mean your body, head and shoulders. They can recognize it.

(Author's note: I'd like to interrupt Fred again, just for a moment here. When I first started bowhunting with him back in 1966 one of the first things he told me was that the glasses I wear all the time are a big disadvantage for me when

bowhunting. Not only can the lenses reflect light toward the deer, but the frames can easily be seen in the woods. To combat that, my daughter, Beth, cut up some camo material that I took home, and she made me sleeves to put over the side frames that fit over the ears, and I punched out the glass from an old pair of clip-on sunglasses that I had and she sewed camo around that frame to hide it, too. Then when I slipped the sunglasses onto my eyeglasses you couldn't see the frames at all. And since I usually used camo paint on my face when in a blind that seems to have done the trick for me over the years. Now, back to Papa Bear.)

➢ For footwear, your next question, when wet weather or cold isn't a factor, I wear a dark tennis shoe. I recently got myself a pair of leather gym shoes that I like very much.

For colder weather hunting, I use a rubber-soled leather boot. As a matter of fact, I mention these rubber soles, I should have said they are part cork combination. It's a lace-up boot, it's 10 inches high and it has a regular heel and counters. These are made from medium-weight leather and are lined with a thin calfskin leather. I do not use the heavily cleated rubber soles. They are noisy.

➢ In spite of all the new fabrics, the rainproof and the water-repellent materials, in my opinion, none of them have done the job of replacing wool. I still like wool. Wool will shed water for a long time and even when wet it will still keep the warmth. And it has the advantage, and this is important, of being quiet in the woods. A branch can brush your arm or any part of your body and it will not give off the rasping sound that most other materials will.

➢ I never cover my hands, regardless of how cold it is, unless I am riding a horse, or unless I'm hunting polar bears. I have pockets in my camouflage jacket, slash pockets. These are filled with wool cloth, and I cradle my bow and quiver under my right arm and go along with my hands in my pockets. I cannot shoot accurately with any kind of glove on my bow hand.

FRED ON GUIDES, GUNS

➢ I recommend guides when hunting for game larger than deer. And you have to have some kind of outfitter in Canada and many areas in Alaska, if only to get into the hunting territory. And in Alaska, for hunting some types of game, it's a requirement of law.

➢ Your next question has to do with hunting dangerous game, and you mention bears and back-up rifles. Yes, it would be very foolish to tackle the grizzly bear or the Alaska brown bear without some kind of back-up gun. I've never purposely done it, although I have on a couple of occasions, well, I shot a grizzly without any back-up. I thought that it was a black bear until I got close because he had a very dark coat. And I went snooping around for a wounded brown bear with a .44 Rem. Mag. revolver, if you could call that unarmed. But, in all cases I have a backer with me and would recommend that to everybody.

Now for a black bear it's not necessary to have a backer or to carry a handgun. As a matter of fact, on two occasions, I have run black bears up a tree by running, barking and yelling at them. But I don't recommend that you do that, you might just pick the wrong bear to try it with.

Most of the time when I was hunting for grizzlies, Alaska brown bears and polar bears in earlier years, I carried a .44 Rem. Mag. I've never had occasion to use it. I only had occasion one time to pull it from its holster, and that was on an Alaska brown bear that I put an arrow through. He came running right at me. I was just about ready to start a burst of double-action shooting, when five feet away from me, he saw me and veered off. Fortunately, I had a good hit and did not have to put any bullets into him. That would have denied me the bow and arrow trophy.

I think that it was Townsend Whelen who said one time that he considered the same weight in bacon carried on your person would save your life more times than a pistol or a revolver.

➢ Yes, I liked guns, as a matter of fact, my father was a good rifleman and quite a hunter. I learned to hunt from him and I did a lot of rifle and shotgun hunting until 1935 when I swung over to the bow. I still have a house full of guns. I get them out and clean them and sometimes I shoot the things. I like to hunt birds with a shotgun and I shoot trap.

FRED ON DANGER, TROPHIES

➢ The most dangerous game, without question, is the polar bear. I had to make three different trips to get a polar bear without a bullet hole in it. The first two that I shot with arrows, wanted to eat me immediately, and my Native guide had to gun the bear down both times.

I have a friend who is the director of the Detroit Zoo, and he tells me that the polar bear is the most unpredictable animal that they have ever had in the zoo.

I've had some trouble with other animals. I spent a night in a tree up in British Columbia with a sow grizzly down below. She stayed with me before darkness in the evening until 8:30 a.m. the next morning. I was charged by a grizzly one other time, but she was a sow with a cub, as usual, and didn't follow-through with the charge. She stopped short about 30 yards away.

I spent six hours in a blind in Africa, from dark until midnight, with a lion roaring at me just 20 or 30 yards out. That was certainly an experience.

➢ Then you asked about my greatest trophy. That's really pretty difficult to say. There are many trophies that provide moments for reflections that are pleasant. I guess that the Stone sheep from northern British Columbia was probably one of my most prized possessions. It was quite a chase and a real lucky shot that brought it down. It's a beautiful animal with nice horns, more than full-curled horns that are not broomed off.

➢ And I don't know how to answer your questions about the most desirable trophy to go after, one that I've not shot yet. I've done a lot of hunting and I've been a great many places and shot quite a few animals. Please rest assured that there are plenty of them left, and I doubt very much if I'll get around to hunt all of them in my career.

FRED ON HUNTING'S FUTURE

➢ You asked how archers can improve the bowhunting picture. Archers can do that first by remembering that there are people who like to hunt with a gun, just as many of us like to hunt with the bow. Each should have the same respect providing he is as good a sportsman as anyone else. Many archers look down on the gun hunter. That is not the proper attitude. This fellow is enjoying the same sport, only he's doing it with a different weapon of his choice.

➢ Many people get the sportsmen's fraternity against them by scowling at the business of hunting with a gun, thinking that bowhunting is the only way to hunt. That is wrong. You have to be a good sport. You have to try to shoot accurately and to kill cleanly and you don't go around telling people that you hit an animal just simply because you couldn't find your arrow.

Fred's 13 Basic Rules

1. Never step on anything you can step over.
2. Do not move continuously. Take a few steps, stop, look and listen. See your quarry before it sees you. Take short steps.
3. Train your eyes to see detail. Seldom will you see the whole animal at first, only part of it.
4. Hunt into or across the wind.
5. Avoid all unnecessary movements.
6. Whenever possible, time your shots to coincide with natural noises or when the animal's head is down. This will help prevent him from seeing your movements and jumping at the sound of your bowstring.
7. When working up on a feeding deer, move when it moves and watch its tail.
8. Keep cool and don't be in a hurry.
9. Scan the area close to you—a second deer might be watching you pass.
10. Check the wind direction carefully before beginning a stalk.
11. Avoid carrying a nocked arrow while on unsafe footing.
12. Know your capabilities. Stalk to within a good shooting distance.
13. In contrast to instructions to hunt slowly and deliberately, there are times to throw caution to the wind and run just as fast as possible to get to a place where a traveling animal might pass within bow.

FRED: WHY I HUNT

➢ I am often called upon to defend myself by answering the question—Why does man hunt? The answer could be that a mysterious psychological urge, inherited from early ancestors, takes him afield to meet nature on its own terms while matching wits with creatures of the wild. The meat, we avoid reminding ourselves, at a price at least 10 times that of the butcher shop's.

Then, again, I am confronted with the accusation, how can you shoot a deer? They have such beautiful eyes.

Perhaps only a vegetarian should challenge hunters, one who does not wear leather shoes or fur. Cows and other domestic animals have beautiful eyes, too, and I am sure that they do not appreciate their ignoble deaths in the slaughterhouse. Yet most people eat steak and lamb chops. To the housewife a piece of meat wrapped neatly in plastic has no more emotional effect than a bunch of carrots. But let someone say he is going hunting, and her heart bleeds with sympathy for the game.

Ask these critics: If you were an animal, and had a choice, would you prefer to be led into a slaughterhouse with no possible chance of escape, or would you choose an opportunity to try to out-guess the hunter in the forest where you knew every tree and bush and trail, had the advantage in speed, superior eyesight, an amazing nose and a pair of ears keyed to the slightest sound? Ask them also: Isn't the hunter's bullet or arrow more humane than death by fang or claw where feasting is often begun before the animal is dead? This is nature's cruel way with herd reduction by predators.

➢ It would behoove us to give more attention to our more serious problem—population control. Wildlife habitat is being destroyed at the rate of 3,500 acres a day to provide more room for humans. With this daily loss in habitat the hunter is called upon to reduce game species before nature moves in with her cropping tools of starvation and predation.

One hundred years ago our national purpose was to conquer the wilderness. The problem now is to restore it. Thinking people are alarmed at the rate the Corps of Engineers is channeling rivers and draining swamps to make more tillable soil of which there is already a surplus; adding additional acres to the soil bank to take more of our tax dollars. The time has come when there is no more room on our planet for wildlife.

Over-population is polluting our world at a dangerous clip and has become so serious a threat that it is fast moving to the top of priority lists. People living in overcrowded areas look to the great outdoors to give them relief from choking air and littered streets. Wildlife is a part of this fresh air haven they seek, and, conversely, anti-hunters think it should be allowed to roam, multiply and live forever in a sort of Garden of Eden world. Just a little thought would bring them to the realization that without game management the Garden of Eden would soon be without apples to keep its inhabitants alive!

Considering all this, and that not all non-hunters are anti-hunting, hunters have work to do policing their ranks, promoting the ideals of good sportsmanship, working closely with law enforcement agencies and respecting the laws of fair chase. Further, since hunting is a logical aid in controlling overpopulation of wildlife, those who hunt must strive for ever more humane methods of killing and strict adherence to game limits.

➢ Hunting is man's oldest occupation. It must have been as challenging to emerge from a murky cave with a knobbed club to wander through the maze of primeval forests in quest of food as it is for the man today who escapes office or factory walls to hunt in our forests and fields matching skills of chase with the game.

An Englishman named Sir Alfred Pease, put it this way in his "Book Of The Lion:" "The most and best is known to the man who quits his bed before sunrise ... who spends his days on mountain ranges, in forests and wilderness ... or over the sun-withered wastes of the earth, to visit the utmost refuges of beast or bird."

FRED'S THOUGHTS ABOUT BOWHUNTING

I still get the same thrill out of deer hunting that I did when I started at the age of 10. I think the reason I have always loved the sport so much lies in its inherent challenge, for the white-tailed deer is the smartest creature to walk this earth. It has eyes for anything that makes the slightest movement, it has a nose that can pick up just about any scent, and it has ears that act like radar, warning it of any sound that is out-of-place. To outwit a creature as well-tuned to its environment as the whitetail, takes some doing. They know where every tree, stump and twig is. We're definitely the ones at a disadvantage.

I hunt deer because I love the entire process: the preparations, the excitement, and sustained suspense of trying to match my woodlore against the finely honed instincts of these creatures. On most days spent in the woods, I come home with an honestly earned feeling that something good has taken place. It makes no difference whether I got anything, it has to do with how the day was spent.

Life in the open is one of my finest rewards. I enjoy and become completely immersed in the high challenge and increased opportunity to become, for a time, a part of nature. Deer hunting is a classical exercise in freedom. It is a return to the fundamentals that I instinctively feel are basic and right.

But a hunt based only on trophies taken falls short of what the ultimate goal should be. I have known many hunters who, returning empty-handed, have had nothing to say of the enjoyment of time spent in nature's outdoors.

I like to think that an expedition should be looked upon, whether it be an evening hunt nearby or a prolonged trip to some far-off place, as a venture into an unspoiled area. With time to commune with your inner soul as you share the outdoors with the birds, animals and fish that live there.

CHAPTER FIVE

FRED'S SECRET HUNTING CAMP

One fall day in 1976, after our strike by the UAW had been going on for a number of months, Bob Kelly called me. He asked me to come over to the Bear Archery main building. The walk from my office next door in the old house we called "The Swamp," where we had our in-house advertising agency, was one of the best walks I've ever taken.

When I entered Kelly's small office, Fred was already sitting there. They both had serious looks on their faces, and I thought, "What the hell did I do wrong now?" Kelly gave me his stern Irish look and said very brusquely "Sit down, Lattimer!" Neither man cracked a smile. I was petrified. This was like having your dad and grandpa call you in for a chewing out for wrecking the family's only car.

"We think you should go out to Bassett, Lattimer, and see some real cowboy country," Kelly finally said.

I still wasn't sure what he meant. "Was I being sent on a business trip of some kind?" I wondered. "What was in Bassett? And where was it?" At the time I didn't make the connection to Dick Mauch, one of the former owners of Bear Archery before the Victor buyout.

"You need to eat some steaks half the size of Dallas and do some bowhunting with us. How does that sound?" the Irishman asked with a small smile and a twinkle in his eye. I glanced at Fred, and he had a big grin on his face, too. Seeing that, I relaxed and asked, "What do you mean?"

The two then told me that they wanted me to go bowhunting with them out at Dick Mauch's place in Bassett, Nebraska. Fred had originally hunted there in December 1963 when he and Mrs. B were on their way back from California. Then he returned to hunt again with Dick in 1964 with Ed Bilderback (his Alaskan "Valiant Maid" guide), K.K. Knickerbocker, Bob Munger, Dr. Judd Grindell, Bob Kelly and Mike Steger (Mrs. Bear's foster son, who at that time

Fred had first hunted in Bassett, Nebraska in December 1963. He then returned again in 1964 (shown here) and hunted with Dick Mauch. The gang gathered for this photo just as Fred was about to leave town (explaining his street clothes) following the hunt with some of the fine deer they had taken. Left to right: Mike Steger (Mrs. Bear's foster son, who at that time was teaching at the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs), Fred, K.K. Knickerbocker (a major Bear Archery stockholder), and Ed Bilderback (his Alaskan hunting guide/boat captain). Fred told me that Ed Bilderback was the most natural hunter with whom he had ever been in the woods, using either bow and arrow or firearm.

was teaching at the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs). Then, in 1975 Fred and Kelly went back out to hunt turkeys with Dick.

This is where the two of them went when they wanted to bowhunt, but didn't want to have to do it with customers or staff, where they could just relax and let their hair down with their old friend, Dick Mauch. In Bassett they could quietly discuss problems and make clear-minded business decisions. In essence, I was being invited into this inner circle. But being as naive as I've always been, that didn't occur to me at the time. This was my first hint that my opinion on

Fred and Bob Kelly returned to Bassett in September 1975, to go wild turkey hunting, and Fred got his first turkey with the bow and arrow for an old-fashioned Thanksgiving. After that, I began in earnest to promote turkey hunting with the bow and arrow in our advertising, our annual catalog, "The Big Sky," and in our film work.

matters other than advertising, public relations and sales promotion would be listened to with interest by the three of them.

BOUND FOR BASSETT

Bassett is a town of approximately 1,000 people in the northern part of Nebraska, just south of the beautiful, wide and shallow Niobrara River that meanders along the northern edge of the state from its source in eastern Wyoming, finally joining the Missouri River to the east. Bassett is in Rock County and located at the intersections of U.S. Highway 20 and U.S. 183 at the northeastern edge of the Sandhills Country of the Cornhusker State.

Bassett is a quiet, gentle town where the big event of the week after Sunday church services is the midweek cattle auction at the Bassett Sale Barn. On a typical Wednesday auction day, thousands of head of cattle might move through its holding pens, inside to the auction ring, and back out onto the transfer trucks. Matter of fact, many times during the year during special cattle sales, they will have as many as 5,000 head of cattle auctioned, and during any given year they'll move more than 200,000 cattle. In the fall when Fred, Kelly and I were hunting near Bassett, they would run special sales offering weaned calves. On one of those sales in November it is not uncommon to sell as many as 5,000 calves. Then they also have a special sale in the spring for year-old calves when we would be out there turkey hunting with Dick. This is their "Back to Grass Sale" and provides ranchers who do not run cow/calf operations a chance to purchase yearlings for summer grazing.

It was great fun sitting in the cozy amphitheater-like Bassett Livestock Auction Barn, with its cow smells, watching all the noisy action with the ranchers and cattle buyers doing their silent bidding as the cattle swirl around the auction pen down below with the auctioneers doing their exciting pitch. Matter of fact, one of Bassett's regular auctioneers, Col. Mike Baxter, won the North American auctioneer's competition at Calgary, Alberta during the annual Stampede celebration and a couple of years after that he won the world title.

This is a land of big ranches, no-nonsense ranchers, range-toughened cowboys and astute cattle buyers. Average rainfall is less than 20 inches, however, this area sits atop an enormous lake of extremely pure and clean underground water, known as the Ogalalla aquifer. Tapping this abundant water reservoir are many center-pivot irrigation systems that dot the landscape and nourish the tens of thousands of acres of field corn and alfalfa grown there each year. Nebraska Corn Fed Beef and Omaha Steaks are brands known and served in the finest restaurants over the globe.

HOMETOWN HOST

Dick Mauch was born at home and raised in Bassett. His grandparents had lived in a prairie sod house 15 miles southeast of Bassett when they first migrated to the area. Grandfather Gottlieb Mauch was born in Basil, Switzerland and filed his homestead 15 miles from Bassett in 1887. Grandmother, Anna Hergesell, was born in Grossirdorff, Czechoslavakia, and arrived in this country in 1895 to live with an uncle. Gottlieb advertised for a wife, scarce in those days in that part of the country, and Anna shyly answered the advertisement. The two met, decided to marry, and eventually had 10 children, one of them being Dick's father, Walter.

In 1910, Gottlieb opened the Farmer's Lumber & Supply Company in Bassett after moving the family into town. Dick Mauch's father, Walter, bought the business from his father when he was 18 and still in high school. He later became the International Harvester farm equipment dealer for the area. He gained fame during the Great Depression by helping the local people through the tough times of the 1930s by providing them what they needed to survive, telling them that they could repay him when things got better. But, just four days after his 50th birthday, he suddenly died of a heart attack. And the small town lost one of its most beloved residents.

One of his two sons, Dick, became interested in archery while a Boy Scout, eventually opening up an archery tackle shop in the Farmer's Lumber & Supply Company, the family business that Dick and his brother, Emry, had purchased from their father. Dick eventually moved the archery tackle shop to his home in town after selling his interest in the lumber and hardware business to his brother. But Dick was no city boy, he was and is "country" through and through. Even today he controls more than 9,000 acres of hay and pasture land producing Salers (pronounced Sa-lair-is) registered cattle.

BUSINESS PARTNERS

Dick signed up Farmers Lumber Company as a Bear Archery dealer in 1957 and quickly became the largest volume Bear dealer in Nebraska. That gained the notice of people back at Bear headquarters, including Fred. So it was that in April 1961, Dick was introduced to Fred on a trip to Grayling with Gene Jones, his Bear Archery sales representative at the time. Also on that first trip was a friend of Gene's, Marv Miller. Dick had flown his Piper Commanche from Ainsworth, near Bassett, to Chicago's O'Hare Airport. There he picked up Jones and Miller for the two-hour flight to Grayling. The three men were interested in hunting sheep that fall in the Little Delta area of Alaska where Fred had bowhunted in 1958 and 1959. That hunt never developed after Gene's wife became pregnant, and they had to cancel the idea. Fred picked them up at the airport and invited them to his home to look at some of his hunting photos.

Fred then took them on a tour of the factory. Dick saw a new model 1961 grey glass, rosewood handle 60-inch Kodiak bow on one of the factory bow racks as they walked by. He mentioned to Fred how beautiful it was. The next morning

This is the log cabin that Dick Mauch built alongside Plum Creek on the old Keim Ranch south of the Niobrara River in Brown County, Nebraska. It sits at the bottom of Bill White Canyon and across the creek from Horsethief Canyons. Shown here are Fred and Dick inspecting the cabin when it is almost complete. Fred and I bowhunted out of it many times in later years with Dick and Carol. It was Fred's idea to build a log cabin here, and Dick followed up on it. Each time we hunted out of it, Fred and I, and the other guests, would always sign the curtains enclosing our bunks.

when Fred took the group to the airport for the flight home, Dick was already in his pilot's seat when Fred said, "Oh, I almost forgot, wait a minute." And he went to the trunk of his automobile and pulled out a Bear bow box and handed it to Dick. "A memento of your first trip to Grayling, Dick." It was the Kodiak bow that Dick had admired in the factory. The thoughtful gesture was typical Fred Bear.

In fact, back in those days, and for a long time thereafter, if you purchased a Bear bow and were unhappy with it for any reason, even if you accidentally ran over it with your pickup truck, we always replaced the bow free, no questions asked. That was Fred Bear's way of doing business.

Dick eventually became a shareholder in Bear Archery in September 1962. He flew to Michigan to attend a Nebraska-Michigan football game with Bob Munger. After the weekend, he and Munger drove up to Grayling to talk to Fred about purchasing stock in Bear Archery. The company had just suffered its largest annual loss, and two of the early stockholders told Fred they wanted to sell their shares. Fred agreed, but wanted to find the right kind of people to purchase the stock. He wanted people who could be an asset to the company; ideally people who shared an interest in bowhunting. Dick purchased 100 shares of stock from Jack Van Coervering.

Others who owned stock during my early years working for Fred were K.K. Knickerbocker of Barrington, Illinois, Bob Munger (another hardware store owner from Charlotte, Michigan), along with Fred, Charles Piper, and Mrs. Bear as the principal owners of Bear Archery. Knickerbocker owned Acme Visible Records Company, a nationally known business supply firm. Matter of fact, when I went to work for Fred and Kelly handling the advertising in 1966 these people were, in essence, my bosses. However, there were also some other smaller stockholders in those days after Dick bought his stock—Nels Grumley (Fred's old friend and former bowyer), Charlie Kroll (Fred's son-in-law), Don and Marian Sherwin, Al Mitchell, and stock in the names of some of the children of the Munger, Mauch and Bear children and grandchildren. In all there were 15,000 shares of stock, some of it held in reserve:

Fred and Mrs. Bear controlled 5,750 shares; K. K. Knickerbocker, 2,000 shares; Dick Mauch, 1,586 shares; Al Mitchell, 235 shares; Bob Munger, 250 shares; Nels Grumley, 170 shares; Charlie Kroll, 155 shares; Don & Marian Sherwin, 100 shares. Mitchell, Grumley, Kroll and Sherwin all worked for Bear Archery at one time or another. And some other people also invested in Bear Archery after January 1967, and before the sale to Victor Comptometer.

In June 1963, Dick's passion for archery and bowhunting led to a job covering North & South Dakota, western Nebraska, Wyoming and the eastern half of Montana as a Bear Archery district sales manager. He would later cover an 11-state territory, all by flying his own airplane around the territory. He covered states from the Canadian border to Mexico—an amazing feat. At the end of two years, Dick had built the sales volume and expanded the dealer base so that Kelly could then divide the area into three sales territories. He hired two new sales reps, and Dick kept the states of Nebraska, Kansas and Wyoming.

HUNTING PARTNERS

A few months after Dick's initial visit to Grayling where Fred gave him the Kodiak bow, Dick was hard at work in Bassett when he got a surprise phone call from Fred. Fred needed another bowhunter to fill a spot on a hunt to the Kispiox River area of British Columbia when Ken Knickerbocker had to cancel. Dick immediately told Fred that he'd love to go along, and Fred replied that he'd never gotten an answer so quickly. Dick told him that it was because he didn't have a wife he had to ask. Many years later, Dick married a wonderful woman, Carol, in Fred Bear's office!

The trip began in September, and it was on that hunt that Dick met Bob Kelly, Bob Munger, Charlie Kroll, Glenn and Margaret St. Charles, Dick Bolding, Dale Marcy, Mel Malinowski and Dick Green. Most of these names are now well-known in the history of our sport. Bob Kelly and Glenn St. Charles are members of our Archery Hall of Fame.

On a later hunt, Fred and I have breakfast inside the cabin with Dick and Carol Mauch alongside Plum Creek. No finer hosts and friends can be found than Dick and Carol. Carol is as dedicated a bowhunter as any of us and has taken some magnificent critters over the years.

Fred could read people quickly. And it is indicative of what we would all learn later; you couldn't find a finer friend or better person with whom to hunt than Dick Mauch. He has proven that over and over during the past 40 years to scores of bowhunters who have been lucky enough to hunt with him. Fred always told me, "Dick, if you want to find out what a person is really like, go on a hunting trip with him." The people who don't immediately pitch in and do whatever needs to be done, but sit around and wait for others to ask them to help, or worse yet, refuse to help, would seldom be invited back to a Fred Bear bowhunting camp. They weren't his kind of people.

Bob Kelly was hired in 1959 to go on the Little Delta hunt by Glenn St. Charles to be the roust-a-bout, camp cook and general "go-fer." He ended up doing such a great job, and with such a fantastic attitude, that Fred eventually hired him to be the sales manager of Bear Archery. At the time Fred hired Kelly, he was president of the American Indoor Archery Association. Kelly later became only the second president in the history of Bear Archery, second only to Fred. And due to his mostly quiet work behind the scenes over the years, he eventually was inducted into the Archery Hall of Fame. Without Bob Kelly's involvement there probably would never even have been an Archery Hall of Fame, and, certainly, his fingerprints were all over the industry trade association, the Archery Manufacturers Organization (AMO), at the time, as well as the American Archery Council (AAC).

Fred teasing Dick Mauch's dog, Mouton, in the cabin alongside Plum Creek. Dick has always had wonderful bird hunting dogs, and Mouton was a Hungarian visula. The fact that I'm half-Hungarian meant I was especially welcomed by Dick's hunting dogs.

Kelly could make his opinion known very bluntly in meetings if he had to, but he also did a ton of quiet work behind the scenes for the good of our sport.

BOWHUNTING BASSETT

One thing you need to know about Rock and Brown counties in the Sandhills of Nebraska is that trees are at a premium and are generally found only in draws going down into creeks and rivers, or in town. But you will find some huge "grandfather cottonwoods" out in the countryside that some wild turkey jakes like to fly up into when they're spooked, such as when a crafty bowhunter runs directly at them. And it's a gently rolling country where you can see all the way back to yesterday. For a time during 1965 Dick Mauch moved to Grayling, Michigan, to help Kelly and Fred out in the Bear Archery sales department. But he just couldn't stand the closed-in feeling of all the trees in northern Michigan. He soon went back out on the road working out of Bassett where he didn't feel so claustrophobic.

That day in Kelly's office when I learned about Bassett for the first time, Kelly and Fred told me that we'd fly into Omaha and be picked up there by a chartered plane for the 150-mile flight over to the small air strip at Bassett. Dick Mauch was a guiding force behind the Bassett airport. Kelly and Fred told me we'd be hunting wild turkeys, mule deer and white-tailed deer, all of which were plentiful in the area. It seems Dick had recently purchased an old, abandoned family ranch out along Plum Creek in Brown County to the west of Bassett and wanted us to see it and hunt on it. He was also going to invite some of his local bowhunter friends to join in the hunt with the legendary Fred Bear.

Fred's old bowhunting friend from Wisconsin, Dr. Judd Grindell, was also invited. Judd was a prince of a man. His story had been written up in *Outdoor Life*. He had been a gifted surgeon in Wisconsin until his career came to a sudden end one day during a hunting trip out West. He was in the wrong place at the wrong time and was bitten by a rattlesnake on the back of his leg. The subsequent permanent damage to his nervous system ended his career as a surgeon. He and I had a humorous moment on this shared bowhunt when we both unknowingly sneaked up on the same wild turkey. By chance I released an arrow first and screwed up Judd's shot. I was more than a little embarrassed, but he was a true gentleman about it all. The turkey was no doubt chuckling as it flew away since this gaff happened just yards away from Laughing Water Creek.

And so it was that I made what would become the first of many trips to Bassett with Fred and Kelly. Before Fred died in 1988 he and I made one final sentimental trip in the fall of 1982. Although we often hunted with some of the local bowhunters during the days, there was plenty of time to be alone with Dick in the evenings and to talk about Bear Archery, industry problems and opportunities. I've mentioned that Fred also treated Dick like a son, too, and at the time Bob Kelly was Fred's best friend and a person Fred looked up to a great deal. Kelly had one of the two purist marketing minds I encountered during my 45-year career. The other person was Tom Blee, whom I replaced on the Bear Archery account when I was hired at the Bonsib Advertising Agency in 1966 when Tom was promoted to president of the agency.

MAIDEN VOYAGE

That first year in Bassett we hunted out at Dick's new property at Plum Creek. There was an old homestead there alongside the creek, the Keim place, but it was falling down and beyond repair. It looked like it hadn't been lived in since the Depression. Fred commented at the time that the site would make a nice location for a log cabin. And Dick made sure that it became so. Fred and I later hunted out of the beautiful log cabin for many years with Dick and Carol.

The weather was blustery that first trip, and when we ate lunch at the top of Bill White Canyon on the old Keim property, we hunched alongside the 4-wheel-drive vehicles trying to stay out of the wind on the treeless hills. Dick gave us the history of the area as we ate venison sandwiches and drank coffee out of a battered L.L. Bean Thermos.

Our bowhunting group that first trip consisted of Fred, Kelly, Dick Mauch, Dr. Judd Grindell, Dr. David Strider (an orthopedic surgeon), Gordon Ford (K.K. Knickerbocker's son-in-law), Dr. Gene Snider (a dentist from Rushville, Nebraska), and myself. We had a great week, although we didn't score on any game, but had lots of shots at wild turkeys, and a few at deer. K.K. Knickerbocker would join us on subsequent years when we hunted out there. He was one of Fred's first investors and a fine gentleman. Everyone called him Knick, although his given name was Kenneth Kermit Knickerbocker. He was just a year younger than Fred, having been born on July 8, 1903.

Dick surprised us one morning by making sourdough pancakes for breakfast using "starter" from the old Little Delta hunting cabin, built by a trapper in the 1920s, on the Little Delta River up in Alaska. Dick had gotten the starter from the trapper's old cache from Dick McIntyre in Fairbanks who had kept the trapper's sourdough leavening alive. As I've mentioned, Fred hunted there in 1958 and 1959 with a group put together by Glenn St. Charles who had discovered the "game-infested valley" and later led Fred to it for the hunt. And it was one of Fred's most memorable hunting areas.

The last two or three days of my first hunt in Bassett, Fred didn't go hunting with us, saying he didn't feel too good, and that he was going to take it easy. It was only on our last night in Bassett that he admitted to us that he had broken a bridge in his mouth earlier in the week, but didn't want to spoil the hunt for us and didn't say anything about it. He had been nursing himself with painkillers ever since, and couldn't wait to get back to his dentist in Grayling. How's that for a good friend?

This part of Nebraska is on the migration route of the regal scarlet-headed Sandhill crane as it heads to its winter grounds in Texas. So, during almost every hunt there, we were treated to thousands of the huge birds coming in to roost out on the predator-safe sandbars of the Niobrara. In the mornings they'd depart in huge pinwheel flights high up to their cruising altitude where they would then get their bearings and head on down south. Once we even saw three rare whooping cranes flying with the Sandhill cranes and registered an official sighting with the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service.

DIGGIN' UP BONES

In order to get under Dick Mauch's skin with his caustic Irish sense of humor, Kelly would often tell him that the property was a "biological desert" where nothing lived. Of course, he was joshing, and there were lots of mule deer, whitetails and wild turkeys in the area. And they had been there for centuries, along with the herds of buffalo back when they also roamed the plains. Just upstream from the cabin there was a high cliff on the north side of the

Fred taking a snooze in a haystack after lunch alongside the Niobrara River. One of my favorite photos of Papa Bear! Note that he is not wearing his trademark Borsalino hunting hat. He is totally relaxed, with no need to "look like" Fred Bear.

creek, and it had been a place where Native Americans drove buffalo off the cliff to their deaths below. I have an old buffalo skull that Dick found buried in the bank of the creek, one of several that he found there. The Lakota Sioux who lived in the area would butcher the buffaloes where they fell. There is much evidence of old Indian camps on the property, and I have a bolo tie made of a small bird point that Dick's wife, Carol, and I found one day digging in a campsite at the top of Bill White Canyon.

Carol is a former art teacher and is noted for the beautiful jewelry that she makes. She put the arrowhead on a piece of antler for me and gave it to me as a surprise at the end of my visit. Truly a memorable keepsake from a fine friend. It was as valuable to me, and still is, as the wild turkey and whitetail that I brought home from that visit for our freezer. I wear that bolo tie still to church services and other events. And it always reminds me of Carol, Dick and the old Native American camp in Bill White Canyon at the old Keim place. What wonderful memories bowhunting can give us.

Other ancient creatures had also wandered along this northern Nebraska waterway. "About 20 million years ago, a vast savannah, not unlike today's

African plains, covered the upper Niobrara country," according to Jon Farrar. "The animals that grazed there were unlike any we know today, though some were surely their ancestors–a miniature rhino, no larger than a domestic pig, with a pair of horns side-by-side on its nose; piglike oreodonts, the most abundant of the larger animals, wallowed in the river's quiet pools; herds of Parahippus, the "Miocene horse," a type that would die out but leave fleet grass-eating descendants; many species of camels, some standing only 4 feet at the shoulder and without humps; and 6-foot-tall Dinohyus, the "terrible pig," no doubt a foul-tempered beast with tusks as thick as a man's wrist."

One day when Fred and I were hunting out at the cabin with Dick, I spent some time after lunch picking through a huge pile of dirt that had been dug up to make a drainage channel. The channel led from a spring above the cabin down to a small pond that he built next to it for the benefit of the wildlife in the area and for use as a fish pond. As I poked and dug, I found the occasional fragment of fossilized bone, which I later learned was from a camel. On this particular day I unearthed a heavy rock-like chunk that just had that certain look to it. I knew that it was old and I knew that it had come from something big. It was about 4 inches wide and 2 inches thick. I brought it into the cabin and showed it to both Fred and Dick. Dick said that he'd take it over later to a fellow named Morris Skinner in nearby Ainsworth and have him look at it. Following the hunt he did just that, and I learned later when he sent it on to me that it was an ankle bone from the front leg of a 3 to 5 million-year-old long-jawed elephant, Trilophodon Phippsi. What a find for an old bone scrounger like me! Dick later found a much larger piece there on his property from the leg of a long-jawed elephant, perhaps from the same critter, and he sent it to me.

Morris Skinner had seen and studied many "dinosaur" bones from the area around Dick Mauch's cabin. In 1927, shortly after high school, Morris and a friend from nearby Ainsworth, Jim Quinn, were exploring Horse Thief Canyon along Plum Creek on what is today Dick Mauch's property just west of the cabin. It's an area that Fred and I often hunted. Skinner and Quinn found a deposit of long-jawed elephant bones there that they eventually sold to the Museum of Natural History in Denver. The bones are still on display there. Morris used the $1,000 he received to enroll at the University of Nebraska where he earned a degree in 1932.

As a result of these finds, the boys also drew the attention of Childs Frick, a wealthy New Yorker, who was the son of Henry Clay Frick, the chairman of Carnegie Steel from 1889 to 1900. Childs Frick was also a fossil hunter and expert on the subject. Morris Skinner went to work for him during the summers while in college and after graduation Frick invited him to come to the American Museum of Natural History in New York where "he prepared and studied collections of fossil antelope, deer, peccaries, rhinoceroses, bison and horses." He worked for the museum for more than 50 years.

Michael Voorhies of the University of Nebraska State Museum said that

Morris Skinner was, "legendary among paleontologists and was the premier bone hunter of them all."

On one of our later bowhunts at Plum Creek, Fred, Glenn St. Charles, Dick Mauch and I drove over to Ainsworth to spend part of an afternoon with Morris Skinner. It was quite a thrill for the four of us who were all amateur bone hunters. Morris Skinner died in 1989 at the age of 83, the year after Fred died.

COLORFUL HISTORY

On this first trip to Bassett, Dr. Judd Grindell stayed at Dick's house in town with Fred. Bob Kelly and I got rooms at the old, two-story Bassett Lodge and Range Cafe just walking distance away. It was also across the street from Vawser's restaurant where they served up those delicious steaks that were "half the size of Dallas." You could cut them with a butter knife they were so tender. I could've eaten a pancake-high stack of them, if they would have let me.

Nearly every dawn before we'd head over to Dick's house to go out bowhunting, Kelly and I would go downstairs to the Range Cafe and eat breakfast with the ranchers who gathered there to renew friendships and exchange the news of the day. What a fine bunch of folks they were, and knowing that we were in town with Fred Bear, they went out of their way to make us feel right at home. Matter of fact, several of them let us hunt on their ranches, including Tony Arrowsmith, Joe Leonard and Ed Hall. Denny Arrowsmith, Tony's younger brother, was also a bowhunter and often hunted with us. We remain friends to this day.

As I said, we often hunted on Tony Arrowsmith's property—quite appropriate, don't you think, with his last name? This ranch actually consisted of many adjoining pieces of land—the old Walker place, Carns, the S.Y. Ranch, Hay Camp, the Dyer Place, Spring Box Canyon and some others, the names of which I've forgotten.

The most interesting part of the ranch to most of us, though, was on the old Walker place on a ridge just west of Walker Creek. There was a natural pocket nestled on this ridge known as Doc Middleton's corral. Doc Middleton was the owl-hoot trail name of an outlaw, whose real name was James Riley. Doc killed a soldier in a bar fight in 1877, and even though everyone there said it was self-defense, he fled, and a price was put on his head. He quickly became the "most colorful outlaw in Nebraska, with a Robin Hood reputation." As Harold Hutton's biography "DOC MIDDLETON, Life and Legends of the Notorious Plains Outlaw" says, "Middleton was wanted for murder, chased for horse thefts, loved by the people, betrayed, tracked by detectives, in and out of prison, on both sides of the law, and married three times. He lived under a dozen aliases."

All that remained of the old corral when Fred, Kelly and I hunted there with Dick and the gang were a few corner fence posts. Dick Mauch tells me that local legend has it that the gang usually just stretched a rope around the perimeter of the natural hollow and that made up the corral for their riding stock.

Right alongside the old corral were deep wagon ruts cut 100 years earlier by the homesteaders heading west in their covered wagons. Needless to say, when sitting in a natural ground blind up on that hillside above the draw, as I did several times, I could "see" the outlaws walking around, as well as "hear" the old covered wagons as they creaked by behind my blind at that magic hour all bowhunters know just before it gets too dark to loose an arrow. I could hear the snorting horses as they climbed the rise to the north pulling the pioneers' wagons, and Doc's horses as they whinnied in the old outlaw's corral.

SAVE THE NIOBRARA

I can't leave this chapter without recalling an event that happened one fall when Kelly, "Knick," Gordon Ford, Doc Strider, Dick Mauch and I were on our annual bowhunt together. Fred couldn't make it for some reason that year. It involved the beautiful and scenic Niobrara River we often bowhunted alongside, and where I shot my first bow and arrow turkey one day while hunting with Fred on an earlier hunt. I'll leave that story for another time, but my comic misadventures downing that turkey that day became one of Fred's favorite after-dinner stories the last couple of years of his life as he spoke at various bowhunting functions around the country. Needless to say, it was a memorable first wild turkey for both Fred and me.

There were plans afoot by the government to build a $385 million irrigation project along the Niobrara that would include the building of something called the Norden Dam. It would cost almost $1 million per farm to build, an average of $5,000 per acre! It would have included a 19-mile, 6,300-acre reservoir and 362 miles of canals and laterals just to irrigate 77,000 acres, only 12 percent that was Class 1 land. It would have taken 10 years to build this 180-foot-high dam.

Michigan State and Nebraska scientists studying the 14 million-year-old Niobrara River fossils said that it was one of the least polluted rivers in North America, and they were working right near the ghost town of Norden where the dam was to have been located. The president of the Sierra Club in Nebraska, originally a supporter of the dam until he found out what would happen to the environment if it were to have been built, later said, "It's a financial disaster to the taxpayers and environmental disaster for the river." It would have had devastating effects on all of the wildlife in the area, both resident and migratory. This included species that overlap in the area such as mule deer and whitetails. Dr. Keith Harmon, a wildlife biologist from Nebraska said, "The area constitutes a unique ecological area. Among plants, animals and birds, the habitat of a number of species overlap in this area and nowhere else! In other words, this is the western extreme of the range of certain species and the eastern extreme of the range of other species. Furthermore, the same condition exists with respect to north and south."

The Niobrara was Nebraska's last wild river and had just been made legendary in James Michener's bestseller "CENTENNIAL." Later, after this controversy was over, Mr. Michener serendipitously and kindly provided the Foreword for my book on the U.S. space program—"All We Did Was Fly To The Moon."

The minute Dick told us of the Niobrara battle, Fred immediately offered to help in any way we could. You've got to remember, Fred grew up as a boy in Pennsylvania trapping along its clean streams, and his favorite activity, other than bowhunting, was flyfishing in our pristine Au Sable and Manistee Rivers in the Grayling area and elsewhere on his travels. With Dick's help we gathered the information, and I wrote an entire issue of our Fred Bear Sports Club publication, "The Big Sky," on the subject with the headline: HELP SAVE THE NIOBRARA RIVER! Our circulation list nationally included all the members of U.S. Congress, members of the Outdoor Writers Association of America (of which both Fred and I were members at the time), all state and federal fish and wildlife agencies and many others. Many wrote letters of support for the effort to save the river from this unnecessary destruction. That was the positive side of our effort. Now to the comic and not-so-successful side.

One day I received a call from Knick's son-in-law, Gordon Ford. He and I were the "youngsters" of Fred's Bassett bowhunting gang in those years. Gordon said he had a great idea to help raise money for the "Save The Niobrara River" campaign. He said he could get hold of a 16mm copy of a well-known film, and we could invite the people of Bassett, where there was no movie theatre, to come see it and make a donation to the river fund in order to do so. That sounded great to Fred and me, so we told Gordon to go ahead and bring the film out with him. Dick Mauch offered us the use of the basement of the Cornhusker Archery bowstring plant for the showing. Work tables were cleared out, rows of folding chairs set up, and we were ready to go to town.

The basement filled up with youngsters and some adults, among them some of the church leaders of the community. It wasn't quite the adult male audience we had expected. The lights dimmed, Gordon turned on the projector, and the film that neither Fred nor I had ever seen started to play. It was "Blazing Saddles!" If you've ever seen it, you know there is a scene in the film when there is a great deal of loud passing of gas and other things church ladies bristle at in mixed company. Whew! Were we in trouble! A voice rang out in the darkness, "Please turn off the movie!" Gordon complied. One of the matrons of the church, a most beloved member of the community, and a prominent rancher's wife, stood up and primly informed the audience that this was not the kind of entertainment that she felt "the youngsters of our town should be seeing, and that everyone's money would be refunded."

The audience quietly filed out amidst much scraping of chairs, the only sound to be heard in the Cornhusker basement. When I looked over, Gordon had already disappeared and he spent the rest of that night and part of the next morning sequestered in his room at the Bassett Lodge. Talk about embarrassed! Luckily Fred never said a word to us about it when he later heard the story, but I know he laughed his belly off on the inside. It was his kind of moment. And he loved the fact that Gordon and I had been "had."

"At any rate," as Dick Mauch recently recalled, "The Fred Bear Sports Club was very helpful in the cause to 'Save the Niobrara River.' Fred gave us the 16mm film put out by Jeep on Scenic Rivers. It was turned over to the group for showings around the state. It was very beneficial in getting support for Scenic status. And the Niobrara River is now a part of the National Scenic River System."

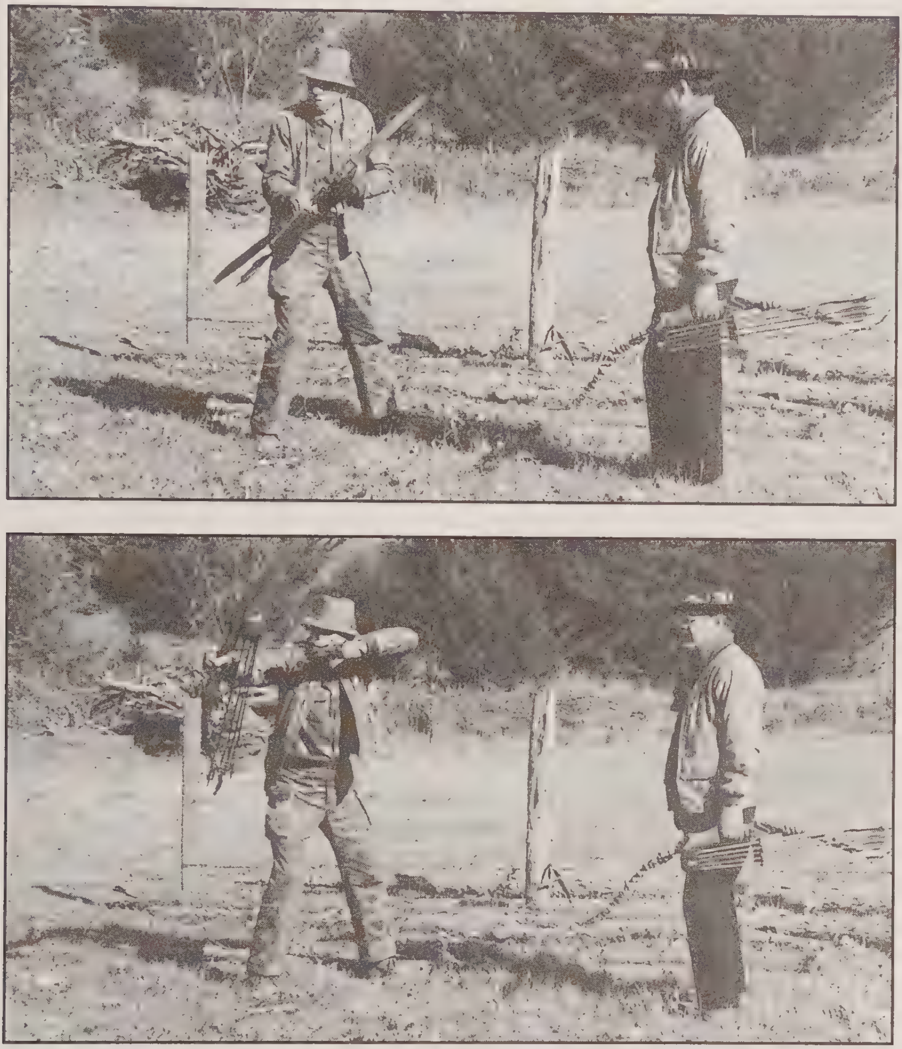
Carol Newmark, a local Bassett art teacher created a comic Western sculpture to help raise funds for the "Save the Niobrara River" campaign. Dick donated the costs of casting the sculpture, and the two started a friendship, fell in love and were later married in Fred Bear's office in Gainesville.

HOME AWAY FROM HOME

Not only was Bassett special to Fred, Kelly and me due to our friendship with Dick Mauch, but it also became the home of what had been our Bear Archery bowstring operation as I've just mentioned. When we decided to divest ourselves of both our leather and bowstring operations in the 1970s, Kelly and Fred turned to two people they trusted to carry them on the way they would have done. The leather line was sold to George Cavanaugh, who owns the Allen Company out in the Denver area, and the bowstring operation to Dick Mauch and some local investors from Bassett. George is a Notre Dame graduate and a fine fellow both Fred and Kelly immediately took a liking to. He, too, was their kind of people. The bowstring operation started up in Bassett in 1976.

On a later hunt out there, Kelly and I visited what by then was called Cornhusker Archery to see the fine bowstring operation Dick had set up with the help of some very nice local people in the Bassett area in his father's old International Harvester implement dealership building. The occasion was the production of Cornhusker's 1 millionth bowstring! Needless to say, we didn't worry about a shortage of bowstrings on our many trips to Bassett, Nebraska to hunt.

In 1989, the year after Fred died, I made a melancholy trip back out to the cabin to hunt with Dick, Glenn St. Charles, and some friends from Florida, Roger Hatfield and his son, Harold, Gene Hannah, Neil Rouse and a couple of others. Roger was Bob Kelly's son-in-law, Harold his step-grandson, and Neil his stepson. Unfortunately, Kelly's health was going downhill by then, and he couldn't make the hunt with us. Margaret St. Charles and Carol Mauch were also in camp with us.



Warming up before the afternoon's bowhunt at the cabin alongside Plum Creek. These photos really show Fred's shooting stance very well. Note how his knees are bent, his torso as well, as he cants his bow, and shoots down the arrow. At right, the author.

One quiet afternoon Dick, Glenn and I sat around the small kitchen table in the cabin and reminisced about Fred and all of our years with him. Fred's usual chair remained empty, and I'll swear 'til my dying day that I felt his presence in the room with us. It was eerie, but very comforting. I think our old friend had joined us that day at the cabin for one last bowhunting bull session with us until we all meet again in the happy hunting grounds.

CHAPTER SIX

THE FRED BEAR SPORTS CLUB

What could we do to follow up our successful "Fred Bear Secrets of Hunting" record promotion and our new Super Kodiak bow introduction of 1967? That sales promotion campaign had paid off big because it directly tied into our Bear Archery 6,000 dealer network and brought thousands of hunters into their archery and sporting goods shops to purchase the record and look at our new product line. We needed another similar idea for 1968.

During World War II my uncles in the service had sent me their Army unit patches. I was 9 when the War ended, and I still have those patches after all those years. They have always fascinated me.

Remembering those WWII patches, and the desire of all hunters to share their hunting experiences and the critters that they had harvested, naturally led to the idea of starting some sort of Bear Archery animal patch system. Then, too, there was the need for an organization of bowhunters to work on the national level to protect and promote bowhunting. The fine National Field Archery Association (NFAA) and National Archery Association (NAA) already existed at the time, but Fred, Kelly and I felt that they were pretty well tied up in their own organizational structure, programs and goals. We believed that no one was really representing archers and bowhunters in Washington D.C. and on the national stage with the professional wildlife community and other shooting sports organizations on a consistent basis. So the idea of setting up a Bear Archery-led group of bowhunters was three-fold–rewarding bowhunters for a successful hunt, thereby creating dealer store traffic, while at the same time representing them on the national level to ensure the health and future of the sport. Obviously, this not only would benefit all current and future archers and bowhunters, but also Bear Archery and the entire industry.

BANDING TOGETHER

In my original doodles on this 1968 campaign, I titled this new organization the Fred Bear Master Bowhunter Club. But both Fred and Kelly were afraid that

The original members of The Fred Bear Sports Club, as announced at the Bear-American Archery Tournament at Detroit's Cobo Hall in 1970. From left to right: BACK ROW: astronaut Joe Henry Engle, actor William Shatner (Captain Kirk of "Star Trek", Fred Bear, actor James Drury ("The Virginian"), Joe Garino (the astronaut's trainer), astronaut Walt Cunningham (Apollo 7), FRONT ROW: Team Bear members, Frank Gandy, Clarence Kozlowski, Vic Berger, Vince De Lorenzo, and John Kleman.

that moniker would send the wrong message and shut out the normal day-to-day bowhunter, archer and prospective customer. Hence, The Fred Bear Sports Club was suggested by the group in Grayling and adopted. However, due to budget cuts at Bear Archery at the time, there was no money available to start the Club in 1968 the way we all felt it should be done. So the entire project was shelved.

For many years, Fred had been an important supporter of national archery tournaments. Matter of fact, in 1958 and 1960 the NFAA tournament was held in Grayling, the first time in NFAA history that the event had been held twice in one location. In 1958 Fred had even put up a $5,000 purse for a money-shoot following the tournament, the first such shoot in archery. And in 1960 Doug Easton, the aluminum arrow manufacturer, added another $5,000 to the kitty to make that year's money-shoot following the NFAA championship worth $10,000 in prizes. That was a lot of money for our sport in those days. And, frankly, it still is!

So when it became a matter of someone stepping in to financially support the annual Cobo Hall Indoor Archery Tournament in Detroit when Ben

Pearson Archery could no longer do it, Fred and Kelly decided they would keep that mid-winter event going. Although tournament archery sales were only a small part of overall bow sales, they felt it extremely important to help preserve this opportunity for America's archers to compete.

As their advertising guy, still at the agency in Ft. Wayne, it was my job to try to come up with some ideas to perk up the tournament. At the same time, Doug Morgan and others in Grayling were doing the same from their end. Eventually, Fred invited astronauts Joe Henry Engle and Walter Cunningham, along with the astronauts' trainer, Joe Garino, Jr., to shoot in the tournament. Doug Morgan worked with Chuck Bowman, an archery enthusiast out in Hollywood to make sure that William Shatner ("Star Trek") and James Drury ("The Virginian") also attended and shot on the Bear Archery team.

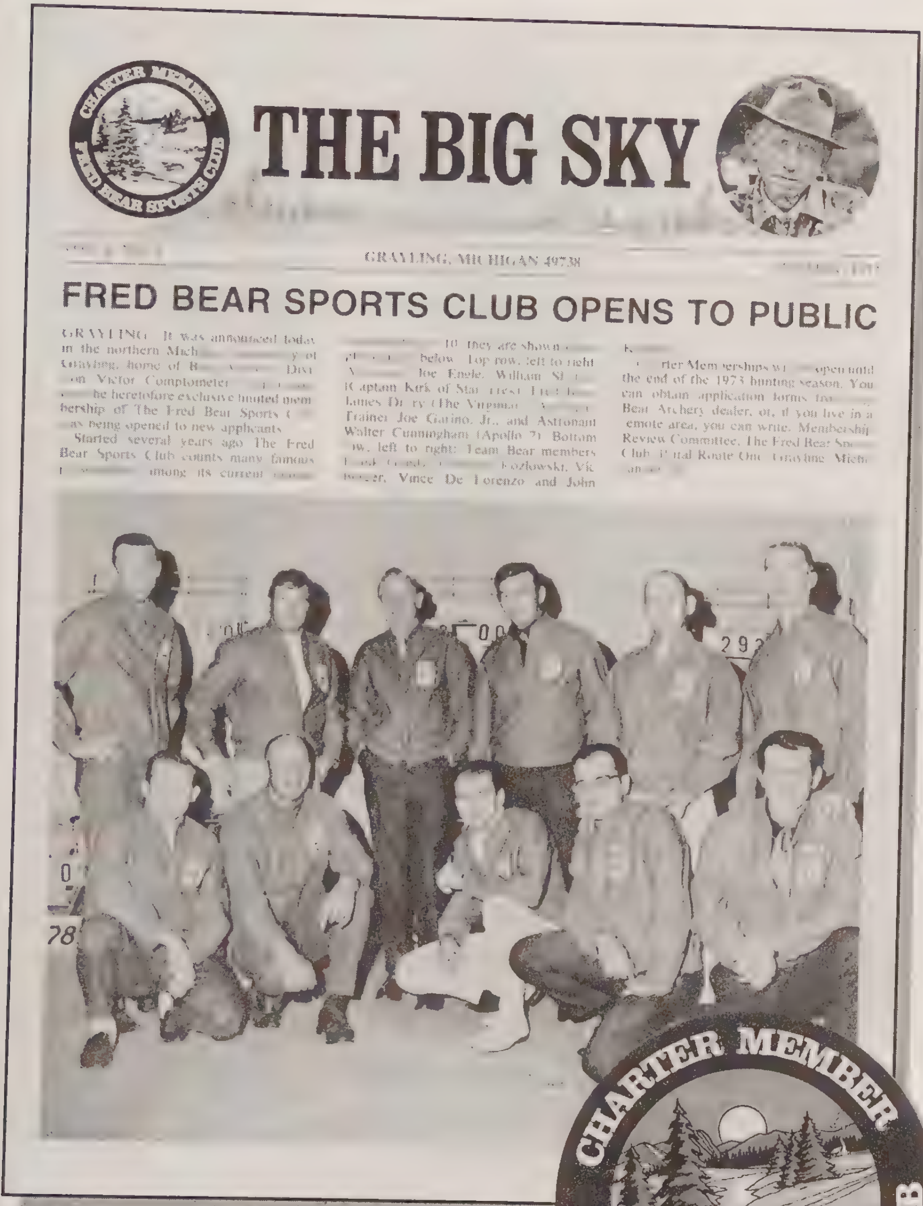
I tipped off *Sports Illustrated* about the event, hoping that they would do an article about it. However, all we ever got out of that effort was a small blurb in the publication showing a photo of astronaut Walt Cunningham shooting his bow. Archery has always had a difficult time getting a lot of coverage in the mainstream media. An exception to this, of course, was the wonderful five-page article written about Fred's grizzly hunt in British Columbia that appeared in the Nov. 8, 1963 issue of *Life* magazine. It was written by Don Moser and photographed by Robert Halmi (who would later go on to become a famous television producer).

Since Bear Archery was now the sponsor of the Cobo Hall Tournament, known as the Bear-American, I thought it would be fun to have a life-sized bear walking around the event, this was in the early days of mascots at sporting events. So I rented a huge bear "suit" from a costume supply firm in New York, and we enlisted one of the Bear Archery office staff, Tom Prill, from the computer room, to wear the thing. I'm sure Tom lost a lot of weight that weekend of the tournament. It was awfully warm inside that suit. But Tom was a magnificent "bear," and everyone had a lot of fun with the thing.

By then Fred and Kelly decided to give The Fred Bear Sports Club a kick-start. It was decided to announce The Fred Bear Sports Club at the Cobo Hall Tournament. Our group of celebrity archers: Joe Engle, Walt Cunningham, Joe Garino, Bill Shatner, and James Drury, would be included in the announcement of the membership. We could also capitalize on the fact that members of the Bear Archery advisory staff and some of America's top tournament archers would be there: John Klemen, Vic Berger, Frank Gandy, Vince DeLorenzo and Clarence Kozlowski. All competed with our "Tamerlane" bow. They were all photographed with Fred at Cobo Hall wearing special Fred Bear Sports Club jackets that had been ordered for the occasion.

FBSC GRABS HOLD

That was pretty much all there was to The Fred Bear Sports Club for the



THE BIG SKY

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN 49738

FRED BEAR SPORTS CLUB OPENS TO PUBLIC

GRAYLING [illegible] It was announced today in the northern Mich[illegible] y of Grayling, home of B[illegible] Divi[illegible]on Victor Comptometer [illegible] he heretofore exclusive limited membership of The Fred Bear Sports C[illegible] as being opened to new applicants.

Started several years ago The Fred Bear Sports Club counts many famous [illegible] among its current [illegible] 10 they are shown [illegible] below. Top row, left to right: [illegible] Joe Engle, William Sh[illegible] (Captain Kirk of Star [illegible]) [illegible] James Dr[illegible]ry (The Virginian) [illegible] Trainer Joe Garino, Jr., and Astronaut Walter Cunningham (Apollo 7). Bottom row, left to right: Team Bear members [illegible] [illegible] Kozlowski, Vic [illegible], Vince De Lorenzo and John K[illegible]

[illegible]rter Memberships w[illegible] open until the end of the 1973 hunting season. You can obtain application forms fro[illegible] Bear Archery dealer, or, if you live in a remote area, you can write: Membership Review Committee, The Fred Bear Sp[illegible] Club, Rural Route One, Grayling, Michi[illegible]

The first issue of "The Big Sky," official publication of The Fred Bear Sports Club, published in the summer of 1972 announcing that the club had opened to the public. I wrote this issue and would do so for the next 17 years.

next two years. Naturally, we sent our photos of this Cobo Hall event to all the outdoor and archery publications, but nothing more was really done to expand the organization.

Then in 1971, as I've mentioned elsewhere, our advertising agency in Ft. Wayne lost its largest account when North American Van Lines moved its corporate headquarters from Ft. Wayne out to Arizona. Naturally, they wanted an agency closer to their new location. The end result was a round of layoffs at the agency, starting with most of the vice presidents and higher-paid managers first. Eventually they also got down to my level, and I found myself "laid-off," a nice way to say "fired."

I ended up moving up to Grayling at Fred and Kelly's invitation late in 1971 to finally plan out in more detail, and then start The Fred Bear Sports Club, as well as work in other special promotional areas for the company. My wife was still teaching, and our three children were still in school, so for six months I lived alone in Grayling which gave me lots of day and evening time to plan out the organization. Alice and I took turns driving to see one another on the weekends so that we maintained our family dynamic.

Finally, by that summer, we issued our first Fred Bear Sports Club newsletter, "The Big Sky," announcing that the Club was now open to the public. Here are the objectives of the FBSC, as well as its creed that I wrote and published at the time. Also, the traditionally accepted rules of fair chase that we picked up from our fish and game folks.

FRED BEAR SPORTS CLUB OBJECTIVES

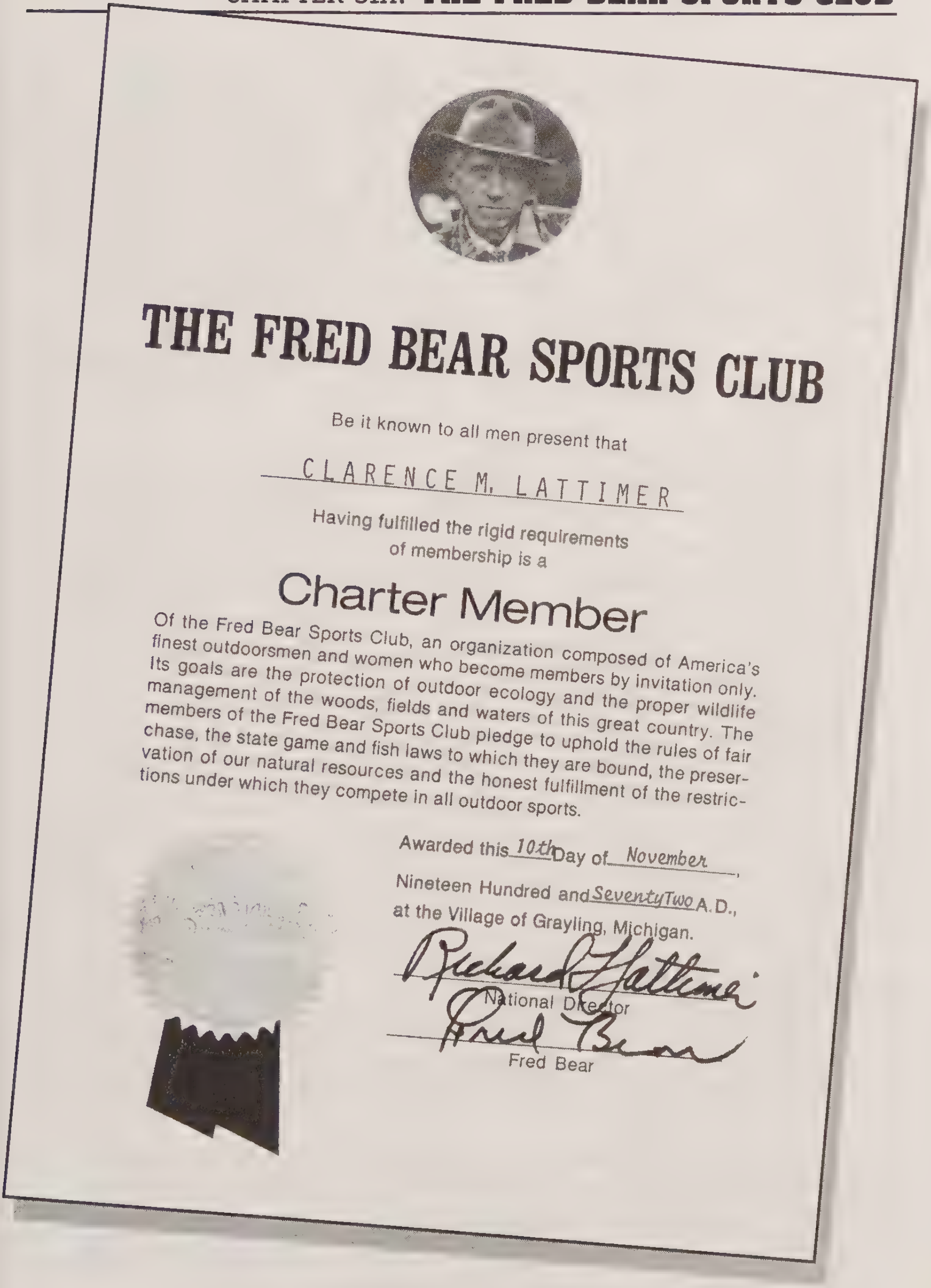
The Fred Bear Sports Club is an organization composed of North America's finest outdoorsmen. Its goals are the protection of outdoor ecology and the proper wildlife management of the woods, fields and waters of this great land. The members of The Fred Bear Sports Club pledge to uphold the rules of fair chase, the state fish and game laws to which they are bound, the preservation of our natural resources, and the honest fulfillment of the restrictions under which they compete in all outdoor sports.

THE FRED BEAR SPORTS CLUB CREED

We believe that man has a right to use our natural resources, but that he has a duty to use them wisely, carefully and with reverence.

We believe that wildlife of all sorts must be intelligently managed in a natural environment, and we will work to make it happen.

We believe that clean, pure water is essential to the well-being of all creatures, and we will not pollute it.



THE FRED BEAR SPORTS CLUB

Be it known to all men present that

CLARENCE M. LATTIMER

Having fulfilled the rigid requirements
of membership is a

Charter Member

Of the Fred Bear Sports Club, an organization composed of America's finest outdoorsmen and women who become members by invitation only. Its goals are the protection of outdoor ecology and the proper wildlife management of the woods, fields and waters of this great country. The members of the Fred Bear Sports Club pledge to uphold the rules of fair chase, the state game and fish laws to which they are bound, the preservation of our natural resources and the honest fulfillment of the restrictions under which they compete in all outdoor sports.

Awarded this 10th Day of November,
Nineteen Hundred and SeventyTwo A.D.,
at the Village of Grayling, Michigan.

Richard Lattimer
National Director

Fred Bear
Fred Bear

Each member of The Fred Bear Sports Club received an autographed membership certificate, signed by both Fred Bear and Dick Lattimer. This was the one Lattimer sent to his father before he died.

We believe that clean air is vital to the survival of all, and we will constantly be alert to those who would have it otherwise.

We believe that litter and waste are spoiling our heritage, and we will not tolerate it.

We dedicate ourselves to those goals for our own generation and for the generations to come. For we believe this to be the fulfillment of the American Dream.

RULES OF FAIR CHASE

Any animal taken under any of the following circumstances shall not be considered taken under the rules of fair chase:

A. Helpless in or because of deep snow.
B. Helpless in water.
C. Helpless on ice.
D. Helpless in trap.
E. While confined behind fences, as on game farms, etc.
F. In defiance of game laws or out-of-season.
G. By "jack lighting" or "shining" at night.
H. From power vehicle or power boat.
I. Any other method considered unsportsmanlike by the directors of The Fred Bear Sports Club.

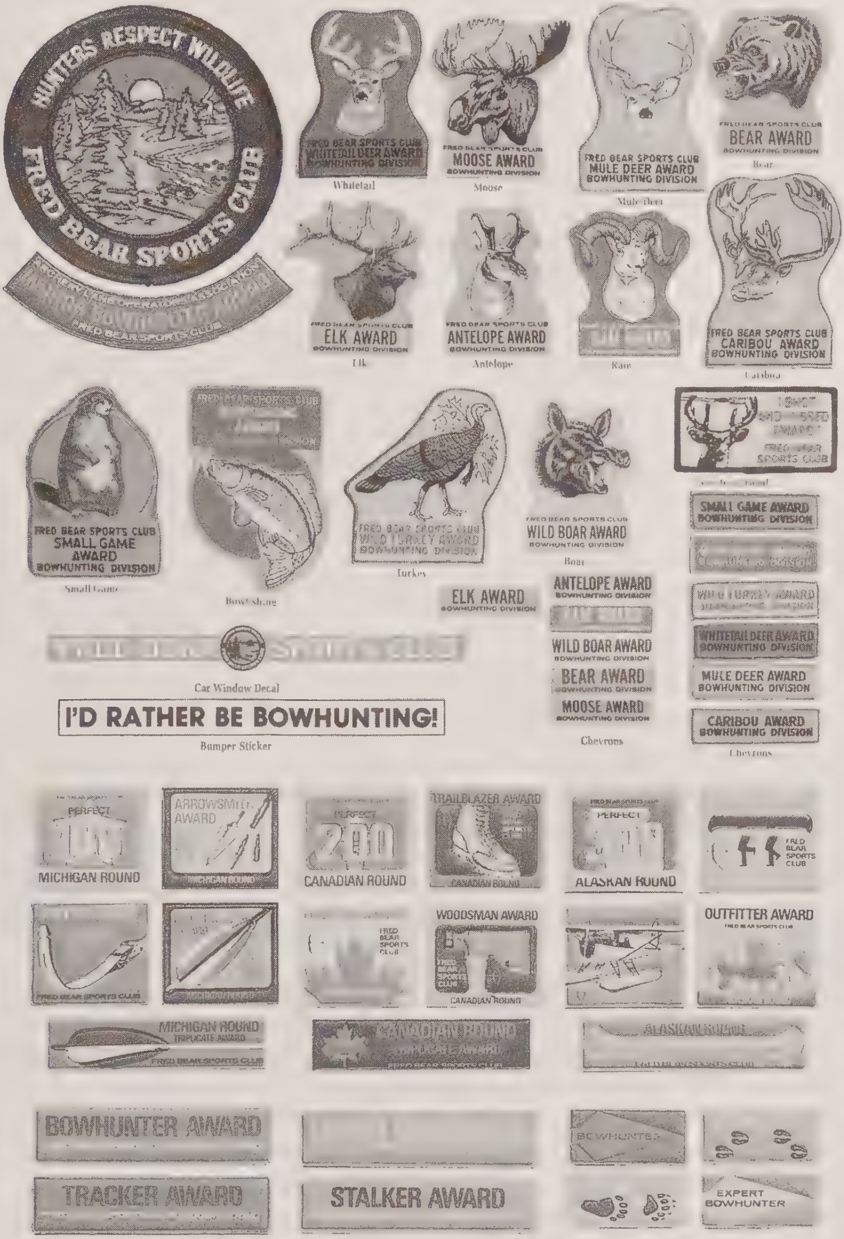
Obviously, Fred and Kelly's fingerprints were all over the above statements. We always worked together discussing stuff like this, and then I'd go back and write it up and we'd all three edit it.

In our first issue of "The Big Sky" we also announced our Big Game Patch Awards, and the other items in our membership kit. Here's the list:

FBSC BIG GAME AWARDS

1. *Elk (Yellowstone, Roosevelt)*
2. *Deer (whitetail, mule, Columbia blacktail, Coues')*
3. *Bear (black, grizzly, Alaska brown)*
4. *Moose (Wyoming, Canada, Alaska)*
5. *Ram (Dall, Stone, desert, bighorn, Rocky Mt. goat)*
6. *Antelope*
7. *Wild boar (wild boar, javelina, collared peccary)*

We later added patches for wild turkey, caribou, small game and bowfishing.


HUNTERS RESPECT WILDLIFE
FRED BEAR SPORTS CLUB
FRED BEAR SPORTS CLUB
WHITETAIL DEER AWARD
BOWHUNTING DIVISION
Whitetail
FRED BEAR SPORTS CLUB
MOOSE AWARD
BOWHUNTING DIVISION
Moose
FRED BEAR SPORTS CLUB
MULE DEER AWARD
BOWHUNTING DIVISION
Mule Deer
FRED BEAR SPORTS CLUB
BEAR AWARD
BOWHUNTING DIVISION
Bear
FRED BEAR SPORTS CLUB
ELK AWARD
BOWHUNTING DIVISION
Elk
FRED BEAR SPORTS CLUB
ANTELOPE AWARD
BOWHUNTING DIVISION
Antelope
Ram
FRED BEAR SPORTS CLUB
CARIBOU AWARD
BOWHUNTING DIVISION
Caribou
FRED BEAR SPORTS CLUB
SMALL GAME
AWARD
BOWHUNTING DIVISION
Small Game
FRED BEAR SPORTS CLUB
Bowfishing
FRED BEAR SPORTS CLUB
WILD TURKEY AWARD
BOWHUNTING DIVISION
Turkey
FRED BEAR SPORTS CLUB
WILD BOAR AWARD
BOWHUNTING DIVISION
Boar
FRED BEAR
SPORTS CLUB
SMALL GAME AWARD
BOWHUNTING DIVISION
ELK AWARD
BOWHUNTING DIVISION
ANTELOPE AWARD
BOWHUNTING DIVISION
WILD BOAR AWARD
BOWHUNTING DIVISION
BEAR AWARD
BOWHUNTING DIVISION
MOOSE AWARD
BOWHUNTING DIVISION
Chevrons
WILD TURKEY AWARD
BOWHUNTING DIVISION
WHITETAIL DEER AWARD
BOWHUNTING DIVISION
MULE DEER AWARD
BOWHUNTING DIVISION
CARIBOU AWARD
BOWHUNTING DIVISION
Chevrons
Car Window Decal
I'D RATHER BE BOWHUNTING!
Bumper Sticker
PERFECT
MICHIGAN ROUND
ARROWSMITH AWARD
MICHIGAN ROUND
PERFECT
200
CANADIAN ROUND
TRAILBLAZER AWARD
CANADIAN ROUND
PERFECT
ALASKAN ROUND
FRED BEAR SPORTS CLUB
FRED BEAR SPORTS CLUB
MICHIGAN ROUND
FRED BEAR SPORTS CLUB
WOODSMAN AWARD
CANADIAN ROUND
OUTFITTER AWARD
FRED BEAR SPORTS CLUB
MICHIGAN ROUND
TRIPLICATE AWARD
FRED BEAR SPORTS CLUB
CANADIAN ROUND
TRIPLICATE AWARD
FRED BEAR SPORTS CLUB
ALASKAN ROUND
BOWHUNTER AWARD
BOWHUNTER
TRACKER AWARD
STALKER AWARD
EXPERT
BOWHUNTER

These were the award patches given out to bowhunters by The Fred Bear Sports Club when they had their trophies authenticated by their local Bear Archery dealer.

Our Fred Bear Sports Club members also received a Member's Certificate signed by Fred and me, an FBSC bow logo, plastic numbered membership card, an FBSC patch, an FBSC car/window decal, and a year's subscription to our quarterly, "The Big Sky." All of this stuff was put together in just six months—designed, produced and ready for the public. I was a busy beaver, but got a lot of help from everyone in the Bear Archery marketing department, as well as from Fred and Kelly. My artist friend, Jack Powrie, from my hometown of South Bend, was a huge help in all of this.

We began featuring conservation issues in our second issue of "The Big Sky." Here are some of the topics we covered those first couple of years: "To Hunt or Not to Hunt," "U.S. District Court Upholds Role of Hunting in Conservation," "Mississippi Flyway Threatened," "Rare & Endangered Species ... Is Hunting To Blame?" "The Hunting Controversy: Attitudes and Arguments," etc.

Those first couple of years we also designed and distributed two other award patch series. One was for a FBSC field round, the other series was used in indoor lane league events by the Archery Lane Operators Association. There were three groups of five patches each in the field round: Michigan Round, Canadian Round and Alaskan Round. This never really took off the way we hoped it would. But the FBSC/ALOA round was very successful, helping to keep bowhunters sharp during the winter leagues in snow country. There were nine patches in that series covering four levels: Bowhunter, Tracker, Stalker and Expert Bowhunter.

AMERICAN ARCHERY COUNCIL

I had been attending the American Archery Council meetings for several years, just as the Bear Archery representative, when one day in 1976 Fred and Kelly called me in to talk more about it. Our bitter UAW strike was going on at the time, and I was already buried in the work of the five-man strike committee. And, of course, I still had to take care of my regular job duties creating and producing the Bear Archery advertising, catalogs and films, and in running our Fred Bear Sports Club.

Up until then I had assisted the AAC in regular updates and reprints on their two booklets that many of the manufacturers gave away free with each bow purchased, the "ABC's of Bowhunting," and the "ABC's of Archery." Between 1978 and 1983 Bear Archery distributed more than 1.6 million copies of the "ABC's of Bowhunting." We attached this free booklet to each Bear bow that we shipped. I had also helped produce a series of films for folks to use in promoting the sport.

But Fred and Kelly felt that, in view of the attacks on our sport by the anti-hunters and anti-shooters, that the AAC needed to do much more to be "proactive." I hate that now overused word, but that's what was needed. They asked me if I would be willing to take on the job of spearheading the AAC to "make

The American Archery Council that met in Detroit, Michigan in 1978. Back row, left to right: William Wadsworth (National Bowhunter Education Foundation), Chuck Saunders (Bowhunters Who Care), George Miller (Professional Bowhunters Society); Middle row, left to right: Dick Lattimer (The Fred Bear Sports Club), Dr. George Hoffmeister (National Archery Association), Joe Johnston (James D. Easton, Inc.); front row, left to right, Gerald Kaufman (Wyandotte Leather, Inc.), Gordon Bently (Archery Lane Operators Association), and Robert F. Kelly (American Indoor Archery Association). Not present for the photo were: Jim Dougherty (Pope & Young Club), Earl Hoyt (Hoyt Archery), Ken Smith (Woodcraft Equipment Co.) Len Cardinale (Professional Archers Association), Dr. James Shubert (National Field Archery Association) and Dave Staples (Archery Hall of Fame).

this happen," as Kelly always liked to say. They also felt that the AAC needed to focus more on the consumer archery organizations and get away from being perceived as a manufacturer-dominated organization. Fred felt that the AAC had not yet reached its full potential, and that this was very important for the future of our sport.

I am not sure how many quiet calls Fred or Kelly made to the other mem-

The 2nd American Archery Council regional meeting was held in San Francisco in January 1980. Fred and I were in San Francisco for a trade show, so he was able to sit in on this meeting. He is shown in the back row of this photograph, third from the right. I'm on the far left in the back row. Glenn St. Charles is in the center of the front row.

bers of the American Archery Council clearing this idea with them, but all of the AAC and AMO members worked very cordially with me in my role as volunteer executive director.

In effect, I became the non-paid executive director of the American Archery Council for many years. My assistant, Pat Wiseman-Snider (known affectionately as Putts by her friends, due to her love of golf), and I ran the AAC out of our Bear Archery office. I couldn't have done it without her help.

Putts had known Fred since she was a little girl in Grayling and had lived just around the corner from the Bear's rental house at 603 Michigan Avenue before they built their beautiful home next to the plant on the backwaters of the Au Sable River. After a stint in college, she had worked in the plant helping to make bow quivers, then had moved up into the office and into the sales department. When I moved to Grayling, she soon was assigned to help me run the new in-house advertising agency, and the new Fred Bear Sports Club. We soon moved out of the main building to the old house we called "The Swamp," which was located next-door. Putts was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis in those early days, but bravely worked on like a real trooper. Luckily her disease has since either gone into remission or it was a false diagnosis. She and I both got active in the Northern Michigan Chapter of the Multiple Sclerosis Society during that time period, as did Bob and Jeanie Kelly.

The Archery Manufacturers Organization (AMO) that Fred had helped establish in the 1950s had actually set up The American Archery Council in the 1960s to be its promotional arm. Sort of like the American Dairy Council or the Beef Producers Council represents the "producers" or "manufacturers." The belief was that it would be better for the AAC than the manufacturers to promote the sport. Otherwise some might accuse the AMO of simply being motivated by profits for its members.

Of course, those manufacturing pioneers needed to profit, but their primary motivations were the continuation, health and growth of the sport that all of them loved so much. Almost all of them had been bowhunters and/or target archers before they became manufacturers, the best example of that is Fred Bear.

In those days the archery manufacturers always had the majority of seats on the AAC by virtue of the fact that they provided 100 percent of the funding. It was a loose organization of manufacturers and representatives of the national archery organizations that existed in those days—primarily the NFAA, NAA, ALOA, AMO, and Pope & Young Club. For those unfamiliar with our archery organizations, the National Field Archery Association (NFAA) represented both bowhunters and field or roving archers. The National Archery Association (NAA) is the organization based in Colorado Springs and affiliated with the U.S. Olympic Committee serving target archers. The Pope & Young Club represents bowhunters and the record animals they harvest. Former Bear Archery salesman, Glenn St. Charles, was the driving force behind starting the Pope & Young Club, named after Dr. Saxton Pope and Art Young. Dr. Pope befriended Ishi, the last of the Yahi Native Americans, while Art Young, his hunting partner, had also been a friend and inspiration for Fred Bear.

The American Indoor Archery Association (AIAA) had been founded by Bob Kelly and at the time we're speaking of it had been incorporated by Gordon Bentley and his wife, Mimi, then archery dealers in Madison, Wisconsin into their Archery Lane & Operators Association (ALOA) program. Gordon was ALOA's president for many years. AIAA looked after the interests of indoor archery and those dealers who provided these necessary facilities, especially in the North where winter's snow greatly curtailed the practice and enjoyment of our sport. Gordon and Mimi also founded the Archery Range & Retailers Organization (ARRO) somewhere around 1981. These fine folks did an unbelievable job over the years for the health and future of our sport.

The Archery Manufacturers Organization (AMO) had been founded to provide an organization to set archery standards and to provide a way for the struggling young archery industry in those days to promote its sport and activities. One of AMO's greatest early challenges was simply to standardize bowstrings so that an archer could walk into a sporting goods store or archery pro shop and buy a string to replace one that he or she had cut, broken or worn out. No small task when manufacturers did not have standards and made bows of many varying lengths. Earl Hoyt and Chuck Saunders were always very active on our AMO Standards Committee and were the real spearheads in that group even throughout my days at AMO.

After Fred died in 1988 I became the first full-time president of AMO and finished out my 35-year archery career by running AMO for almost 10 years. My desire to take such a post certainly had been influenced by my many years with Papa Bear.

SPREADING THE WORD

So in 1976 I began traveling on behalf of the AAC, and over the next five years I logged more than 100,000 air miles just on AAC business. I might add, that the AAC paid none of my travel or office expenses. Fred and Kelly insisted that all would be absorbed into our regular Bear Archery budget. My travel and involvement with the AAC continued until sometime early in 1984 when we in AMO decided that it was important to turn control of the AAC over to the consumer membership organizations. And, quite frankly, after serving as the unofficial AAC head guy for so many years, I'm sure that many people felt it was time to move on and get someone new to handle the AAC, one not tied to one of the manufacturers. That's when my old friend, Dr. Jim Shubert, was asked to take over the AAC, and he did a commendable job for many years.

In 1979 Gordon and Mimi Bentley and Fred and Henrietta Bear traveled to Washington, D.C. to represent The American Archery Council and to receive the prestigious "Leadership in Action" award from the Hunting Hall of Fame. It was a formal event, and Fred was very proud of this honor as were Gordon Bentley and I and all of the others involved. The award was given to the AAC "for its actions to promote hunter education and the perpetuation of the sport of hunting. It was in recognition of the unprecedented active role in modern-day conservation affairs on the grass-roots level as well as in the meeting rooms of our nation's capital, wherever the future of our freedom to hunt is discussed." By that time AMO was providing $100,000 a year for the fiscal operation of the AAC.

Fred, Kelly and I also sat down one day in 1979 and discussed the need for better communications between all of the archery organizations, not only at the national level as we were doing on The American Archery Council, but also at the grass-roots level. We discussed it further with Gordon Bentley, the AAC President, and he, too, agreed that more was needed in this regard.

Gordon, Gene Jones and I planned a series of regional meetings across the U.S. to bring together as many of the state archery and bowhunting organizations as possible for a day-long session. The purpose was to bring them up-to-speed on what all was going on nationally, as well as to seek their input on spe-

A meeting of the Sporting Goods Manufactuers Association was held in early March 1980, at the White House in Washington, D.C. to discuss pressing matters affecting our industry. This was following the support the SGMA and its members had given to President Jimmy Carter and his boycott of the Moscow Olympic Games. About a dozen sporting goods leaders attended this meeting, most were CEO's of major companies. Shown leaving the West Wing of the White House following the meeting were, left to right: Bob Carr (Sporting Goods Business magazine), Bob Spanjan (Spanjan Sports Wear), Dick Kazmaier (Bike Athletics), Phil Carlson (COSOM), George Dickerman (Spalding), Dick Lattimer (The Fred Bear Sports Club and American Archery Council), Fred Brooks (MacGregor), Len Fisher (Hyde) and Jim Easton (Easton Aluminum).

cial opportunities and problems they were working on at the state level. These were extremely valuable get-togethers. For one thing, it helped bowhunting leaders and fish and game professionals from adjoining states get to know one another so they could work together.

The first such meeting was held in 1979 in Dallas, Texas and covered representatives from Texas, Arkansas and Louisiana. We held similar regional meetings in San Francisco, Atlanta, Denver, Washington D.C., and Milwaukee during 1980 and 1981. Fred and I flew together for the meeting in San Francisco so that he could see how our meeting format worked and how the meetings were going. He was very happy.

"BOWHUNTING IN NORTH AMERICA"

Another project I got involved with during this same 1978-79 timeframe for the AAC was in producing the "Bowhunting in North America" film. As I mentioned earlier, AMO and the AAC had done some film work earlier to put together things that would get the story of our fun sport out to the American public. But it was felt that we needed a generalized bowhunting film that depicted all of the different kinds of bowhunting that people could do in this country. We had been noodling this idea for some time.

Then, one of our AAC members, the Professional Bowhunter's Society, brought us a proposal along the same lines, and we finally got the project off dead center. I was asked to produce the film for the industry and was happy to have the opportunity. To do so I traveled with a film crew to Arizona, Michigan, Alabama and Florida shooting the various segments of the film. And Gene Jones handled a segment done in Colorado. I convinced some of our top archery people to get involved in appearing in the film—Fred Bear, Chuck Saunders, Jim Dougherty and his son, Holt, Ben Rogers Lee (world champion turkey caller), Gene Jones, and many others.

Fred was filmed teaching two young boys about bowhunting in one segment. This we filmed at our hunting camp, Grousehaven, near Rose City, Michigan. The two young boys were my son, Scott, and Hap Fling's son, Scott. Other segments included Gene Jones elk hunting in Colorado; world champion Ben Rogers Lee calling wild turkeys in Alabama; Chuck Saunders bowfishing in Florida, and Jim and Holt Dougherty on a javelina hunt in Arizona.

Jim Hotchkiss, a friend from the Athletic Institute at the Sporting Goods Manufacturers Association in North Palm Beach, Florida, hired a film crew and was the director of the film. Jim was always a cordial pro, and I really enjoyed the film work with him over the years.

One purpose of our film was to provide our state hunter safety coordinators across the U.S. with a film to help them promote and teach bowhunting. Another reason for producing the film, of course, was to gain widespread exposure to our sport among the American public, in general, and to America's firearms hunters, in particular (more of our "Become a Two-Season Hunter" marketing approach.)

We had the help of fish and game people wherever we went, and I wish I had kept a record of all of their names. One, though, who was a big help in the final edit of the film was Jim Thornhill, Alabama Department of Conservation, who was also the training aids chairman for the North American Association of Hunter Safety Coordinators. We also wrote a bowhunting instructor's training guide to go along with the film.

The film was written by Gary Santee of Shawnee, Kansas and funded with $30,000 from the AAC and a $12,000 grant from The Athletic Institute.

This film eventually won a Teddy Award at the National Outdoor-Travel Film Festival for the "Best Hunting Film" of 1979-80 and was one of only three films shown that year at the North American Wildlife Conference. It also won a Gold Camera Award at the 1980 U.S. Industrial Film Festival against more than 40 other films in its category.

BOWHUNTER EDUCATION

When I first became involved in the archery industry in 1966 one of the first things I asked Fred, Kelly and Tom Blee was what kind of demographics were available on America's archers and bowhunters. I soon found out that the answer was "little or none."

So while Pat Wiseman and I were running the American Archery Council, we combined that need with our available pool of Fred Bear Sports Club members to do the first national bowhunter expenditure and demographics study for our sport. There had been an earlier study of the same kind done in the state of Wisconsin.

Now another major issue of the 1970s was dealt with in a resolution that I wrote at the time for the American Archery Council. And that revolved around the idea of bowhunter education. As in many other matters, I represented Fred's point-of-view on this as well, but was cast in many quarters as the "bad guy" because of our stance. Since I, not Fred, was the one doing the talking and writing on the controversial issues those years, I was the one who took the heat from those on the opposite side of a number of issues facing our sport. It was far easier to attack the lowly messenger than it was to go against the top legend in the sport. Being thin-skinned, these attacks really bothered me at the time. But Fred understood what was going on and was always very compassionate about what was directed my way. And knowing that I had Fred's full support made all the difference in the world. Nowhere was this more evident than in the sensitive area of bowhunter education.

All of us at Bear Archery fully supported the idea of bowhunter education as a part of each state's hunter education and safety programs. Hunter education had begun in New York State after World War II and was a very necessary and successful idea.

Our friend, Bill Wadsworth, of the National Field Archery Association, had been the "father" of the National Bowhunter Education Program. Bill was an executive with the Boy Scouts of America and a fine gentleman. When I was the president of AMO it was a real thrill the evening we inducted Bill, posthumously, into our Archery Hall of Fame. His beautiful wife, Bobbi, was in attendance. It is always a shame when the people so honored have already passed on.

We in AMO and on the AAC had invited Bill to meet with us in North Palm Beach, Florida, in about 1977 to explain his new NBEF program to us with the idea that we would endorse the program. We did so, and, for a short time, I even attended his NBEF Board of Directors meetings representing AMO, AAC and the manufacturers. There were many fine people associated then, as well as now, with that worthy NBEF program.

One sticking point that all of us in AMO and the AAC had with the program; however, was in Bill's insistence at the time that the NBEF program would be mandatory over and above the already mandatory general hunter education programs. Fred was deeply concerned that this would present far too many required hours of training for new bowhunters if they were required to first take a general hunter education course and then a separate long bowhunter education course. He felt that Bill's NBEF program should be a part of the general hunter education course and a voluntary "post graduate" course, if you will.

I won't get into all of that controversy. Let's just say that I took a written stand on the issue to NRA then-president Harlon Carter, at Fred's urging. Some in Bill's camp attacked me very strongly at the time because of the stand that I took on Fred's behalf. But, as they say, that sometimes goes with the territory. I've learned over the years that quite often people in our sport with no connection to the manufacturing end of it don't have a wide enough view of some of these things that could adversely affect the health and future of the sport. And this doesn't apply only to our sport of archery.

Bill Wadsworth is now gone, and I respected him very much and liked him as a person. Let's just say that he, Fred, Kelly and I did not see eye-to-eye.

Finally, at the NFAA annual meeting in Cincinnati in the spring of 1978 Bill and his folks finally went out of their way to change their focus so that they were not publicly promoting NBEF as a mandatory program to replace present hunter education programs. And on another sticky point that Fred was concerned about, at this meeting they also agreed that shooting proficiency would not be a mandatory or optional part of the NBEF program. Fred was fully cognizant of the fact that these artificial shooting proficiency tests had no real relationship to what happened to a bowhunter in the field at the "moment of truth." And no one was a more respected authority than Fred on such an issue. We had the top tournament archer in America at the time on our clinic staff. He consistently won national tournaments, often with perfect scores, yet when faced with letting an arrow loose at a deer when he was out hunting he completely fell apart and forgot all of the training he had done. He really got "buck fever."

We on the American Archery Council formally approved and endorsed the National Bowhunter Education Program at our Cobo Hall meeting in Detroit in April 1978. This stand was unanimously reaffirmed at the annual meeting of the North American Association of Hunter Safety Coordinators a week later. At the time the NBEP was operating in one form or another in 47 states.

I had also written another resolution for the American Archery Council that dealt with bowhunter education.

Resolution on "Bowhunter Education"

Whereas, hunter education, equipment handling and safety are all necessary to the furtherance of the hunter ethic; and

Whereas, the opportunities for involvement in such training exists at many levels of outdoor-oriented society–archery clubs, youth and fraternal groups, sporting goods dealers, conservation clubs, fish & game departments; and

Whereas, first-time hunter training programs are perceived to be beneficial to the maintenance of proper hunting behavior and the furtherance of a positive public image of hunters; and

Whereas, mandatory hunter training courses are now required in more than half of the states; and

Whereas, bowhunters, antique weapons hunters and traditional firearm hunters as classes of hunters have a great deal of participatory overlap, hunter experience and expertise within their ranks; and

Whereas, the fiscal and manpower resources of the various fish & game departments throughout the country are already being utilized to their fullest; and

Whereas, there are many fine bowhunter education programs now in existence and under development, such as those of the various states, the National Rifle Association Program, the Outdoor Empire Program, the National Bowhunter Education Foundation, manufacturers' clinics, archery clubs and the like; and

Whereas, demands upon potential hunters related to the price they must pay in their time commitment for licensing and training has a definite point of diminishing returns, now, therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That the board of directors of The American Archery Council, assembled in Detroit, Michigan, this 7th Day of April 1978 recommends and urges that bowhunter training be included as part of all state hunter safety programs for the first-time hunter and that the amount of time allocated to bowhunter training within those existing programs be at the discretion of the professional state fish & game officials responsible to the public for the administration and management of such programs.

Attest:
Gordon Bentley, President

You can probably read between the lines from the above resolution that many people in the bowhunting community across the U.S. at the time had their noses out-of-joint, as Kelly liked to say, because the NBEF was perceived as trying to unilaterally replace these other bowhunter training programs. It, indeed, was a very sticky situation in our sport at the time, but one that was resolved, I hope, to everyone's satisfaction when it was all over and done with.

Yet, a dozen years later in the early '90s, while I was the president of AMO, I was once again publicly chastised by one of the NBEF fellows in front of a large roomful of my peers at a meeting in Bozeman, Montana because of my perceived stand on this NBEF program in the '70s. Rather than respond, I just smiled and tried to let it roll off my back, but it was damned hard to do.

Ironically, not too long after that Montana meeting we in AMO had to bail out the entire NBEF program with a financial grant in order to keep it afloat. Life certainly can take some strange twists and turns.

NRA GOES BOWHUNTING

In the spring of 1974 the NRA passed a resolution endorsing bowhunting at its annual meeting in Atlanta, Georgia:

Whereas, bowhunting requires the same skill and techniques necessary for other sport hunting methods; and

Whereas, the limited range of the bow requires greater development of hunting skills and knowledge of animal habits and characteristics; and

Whereas, bowhunters are regulated by state game laws, and

Whereas, the National Rifle Association of America is vitally interested in the promotion of sport hunting when carried out as a wholesome outdoor recreational activity; now, therefore, be it

Resolved, that the board of directors of the National Rifle Association of America, assembled in annual meeting here this 26th day of March, 1974, endorses bowhunting as a legitimate and proper means of utilizing our renewable wildlife resource, when carried out by methods which are in full compliance with existing laws.

In the fall of 1975 Fred received a memo and follow-up telephone call from the NRA inviting him to what was to be the first meeting of their new archery & bowhunting subcommittee. This was to be held October 19 at Fort Rucker, Alabama, in conjunction with the NFAA National Bowhunter Rendezvous.

Fred explained that he would be busy the entire month of October at our

Bowhunting's leaders showed a united front on the bowhunter education issue at a meeting of the North American Association of Hunter Safety Coordinators in Salt Lake City in 1978. Shown left to right: Bill Wadsworth (National Bowhunter Education Foundation), Glenn Helgeland (Editor of *Archery World* magazine), Joe Johnston (Easton Aluminum and AAC), Dr. Dave Samuel (NBEF), Dick Lattimer (The Fred Bear Sports Club and AAC), and Gordon Bentley (President of The American Archery Council),

bowhunting camp, Grousehaven, entertaining clients, media representatives, and our salesmen. He suggested that he would like to nominate me to take his place on that new committee. He explained that he was having to cut back his travel a great deal due to his health and that he trusted me to represent his views on the committee. The NRA agreed, and I attended the meeting. That was the beginning of a long and extremely interesting time for me inside the NRA. Later, while running AMO in the '90s, I again found myself working with old friends and some new ones from the NRA in various committees in Washington, D.C. Susan Lamson, head of the NRA Hunting & Conservation Division at the time was an especially cordial friend.

The executive director of the NRA in those days (1970-1977) was Gen. Maxwell Rich. He was a nice guy and treated me very well. In WWII he served with the 75th Infantry Division and was awarded the Silver Star, Bronze Star Medal, Army Commendation Ribbon and the French Croix de Guerre with Star.

One day when I was in Washington for a meeting at the old NRA building up the street from the White House, Gen. Rich called me into his office to chat like he had done a few times before. He said that they had an old term out West that he needed to tell me about. Seems when a fella inadvertently does something to someone that upsets them it is necessary to "dust 'em off." In other words, let them know you're sorry for having offended them. Seems I had called a meeting of the bowhunting subcommittee to go over an NRA resolution that I had written for the group without clearing it first with the fellow in charge of that subcommittee. So this was the General's gentle way of letting me know that I'd hurt someone's feelings and gotten their nose out-of-joint. I quickly made amends and never forgot the message. I always thought the way he handled my gaff was just great. And I understood how he had made the rank of General.

I really didn't do much on the NRA Public Affairs Committee other than attend meetings and add my two cents worth when it seemed appropriate. Cass Hough, from our sister company, Daisy Air Rifles, in the Victor Recreation Group, was the one who suggested an advertising campaign that became very effective for the NRA in those days. But I was more actively involved in the NRA Hunting & Conservation Committee, and, of course, the NRA Bowhunting Subcommittee.

EITHER-OR

Fred and I believed that one of the major things I was able to do at the NRA was to write a resolution that was later introduced to the NRA Board of Directors. It passed unanimously in support of "Two-Season Hunting," whereby a hunter could harvest a deer with both a bow and firearm during the same hunting season. The resolution passed 75-0 by the NRA Board of Directors at the 1979 San Antonio NRA annual meeting. Basically, it encouraged the state fish and game departments to permit the taking of a deer with the bow and arrow and another with a firearm in the same season when consistent with good wildlife management practices. This resolution was submitted in response to the "either-or" controversy raging at that time, where a hunter had to make a choice between hunting with a bow or a firearm in some states.

I felt that this was a very significant step for bowhunting since it put the full weight of the NRA on record as supporting the growth of our sport. I consider it to have been one of the major, but quiet, accomplishments of all of our committee duty in Washington, D.C. during about an eight-year period. As I said, I wrote the resolution, got Fred's approval on it, and it was then gone over and tweaked by the NRA Resolution Committee. Here it is:

> *Whereas, the primary purpose of hunting in America today is recreation; and*
>
> *Whereas, over 80 percent of America's bowhunters also hunt with firearms; and*

Whereas, nearly 10 percent of American firearms hunters also hunt with bow and arrow, and

Whereas, the concept of permitting a hunter to take big game with both firearms and bow and arrow within a given year has been tested and proven to be a viable recreational alternative; and

Whereas, multiple hunting recreational use of available lands is both economically and ecologically sound, and

Whereas, the license fee funds and Pittman-Robertson federal excise tax funds generated by multiple big game seasons will greatly aid wildlife and habitat maintenance, as well as hunter education programs, and the management and procurement programs of the states, and

Whereas, there is an expanding population and ever-growing amount of leisure time available to Americans; now, therefore,

Be it resolved, that the Board of Directors of the National Rifle Association of America, in session assembled at San Antonio, Texas this 22nd day of May, 1979, endorses the principle of allowing the pursuit and taking of game, in accordance with accepted wildlife management practices and applicable state laws and regulations, under a system that will allow the hunter during any one season and with the appropriate licenses or permits to use conventional modern firearms, the bow, the muzzleloader, or other primitive firearms, without requiring that person to make an exclusive choice between them, thereby providing the maximum in recreational opportunity.

This whole "either-or" thing was highly controversial in those days and had begun when Colorado adopted this concept starting in the 1974 season. Our old friend, Glenn St. Charles, a former Bear Archery sales rep, the founder of the Pope & Young Club, and an old hunting companion of both Fred's and mine wrote about this for us in the Spring 1976 issue of our publication, "The Big Sky."

It is not quite clear where the idea originated in Colorado. They had reportedly been overrun with nonresident hunters and needed a quick way to cut down on this outside hunting pressure. Apparently nonresident hunters were taking more elk than the resident hunters were. It would appear that the game department initiated the 'either-or' concept, probably as a temporary solution until something else could be worked out.

The Colorado Bowhunters evidently saw it as a way to have their own private *hunting preserve. The guides looked upon it as a way to better guarantee a kill for the out-of-state hunters–there would be less competition. Landowner-hunter relationships improved. Violations were down. However, the latter had not been much of a problem.*

Now Colorado has additionally and permanently taken care of the situation by raising the nonresident license fee high enough to eliminate many out-of-state hunters.

The 'either-or' concept remains, however, and in the meantime there is concern everywhere. It has resulted in considerable loss of bowhunters because they eliminated the 'two-season hunter,' who hunts with both a gun and a bow and makes maximum use of our public lands.

'Either-or' hunting has carried on through the 1975 season in Colorado, and now the question arises, will they ever be rid of it? The ranks of bowhunters are now greatly reduced and so are the state's fees and the recreation dollars spent.

Under this 'either-or' concept, a truly regressive situation exists. Bowhunters in this situation find themselves more concerned about the attitude of game commissioners who in the past have always set seasons based on numbers of bowhunters. This could lead to complete deterioration of the entire bowhunting picture in any other state that decides to go this way. The implications are many, especially to those bowhunters who have spent many years building bowhunting in their states.

Some businesses in Colorado alone have experienced a 60 to 70 percent drop in archery sales.

Those are just a few of the things that Glenn St. Charles had to say. We also carried an article in that same issue on the subject by the highly respected outdoor writer, Judd Cooney, who lived in Pagosa Springs, Colorado. Judd gave all the rationale for the "either-or" concept and what the state was trying to accomplish with it. It was a very thoughtful piece. He quoted some data to show that prior to the "either-or" seasons there had been in 1973 some 3,691 nonresident deer bowhunters in Colorado compared to 11,183 resident deer bowhunters—14,874 in total. In 1974, the first year of "either-or," the numbers of resident deer bowhunters dropped to 6,343 while the nonresident bowhunters climbed to 3,788—10,131 in total. In 1975 the nonresidents climbed to 4,381 while the residents declined further to 5,585—9,966 in total. Judd went on to state:

By reducing the number of resident and nonresidents bowhunting your state, you are going to reduce the total number of bowhunters whose voices are badly needed to fight the onslaught of the anti-hunters, who would end all of our hunting privileges. The 'one and only' (either-or) concept did not accomplish what the Colorado commission hoped it would in that it did not reduce the pressure during the regular deer and elk seasons. Actually, this type of hunt took the 'two-season hunter' out of the field during the archery season and shoved him into the field with the regular rifle hunters, *exactly what the commission was trying NOT to do. At the same time, it cost the Colorado Division of Wildlife a considerable amount of revenue by elimination of the recreation type of bowhunter who bought his license, but very seldom managed to harvest an animal. The type of hunter contributed to the Division of Wildlife with his license money, but was no drain on the resource.*

I think you can see from the above why Fred, Kelly and I were so worried about this "either-or" idea spreading across the country. Fred spent most of his adult life trying to build bowhunting in order to bring this fresh, healthy recreational alternative to the American hunter. He saw "either-or" as a way to dramatically reduce, and possibly even ultimately gut and end the bowhunting seasons as we knew them at the time.

In the spring of 1978 Fred and Kelly asked me to put together some resolutions addressing some of these concerns and take them to our American Archery Council for consideration. That I did, and they were all passed by the AAC so that there would be no doubt about how we felt about these concepts. Here are the three resolutions I wrote with Fred and Kelly's urging and input. These were then passed by the AAC. Remember that these were written in 1978 and reflected the statistics of the day, not today's numbers, which would be greatly higher. For example, as I write this, we have around 3 million bowhunters in America.

Resolution on "Either-Or"

Whereas, over 1,250,000 Americans regularly pursue the sport of bowhunting; and

Whereas, they spend 8,800,000 man-days bowhunting each year; and

Whereas, they spend over $355,000,000 each year on hunting-related expenses such as food, lodging, transportation and equipment; and

Whereas, the sale of bowhunting equipment contributes over $4,000,000 each year to Pittman-Robertson federal excise tax funds that are used in state wildlife management programs; and

Whereas, the sale of separate bowhunting licenses in the majority of states represents a significant income for the support of state fish & game department programs and personnel; and

Whereas, bowhunting is a healthy, recreational pursuit; and

Whereas, bowhunting seasons increase multiple use of available hunting lands *at a national bowhunter success ratio of about 5 percent; and*

Whereas, over 80 percent of America's bowhunters also hunt with a firearm and utilize the separate bow seasons to increase their enjoyment of the great outdoors; now therefore, be it

RESOLVED, that the Board of Directors of the American Archery Council, assembled in Detroit, Michigan, this 7th day of April, 1978 fully endorses the concept of "The Two-Season Hunter," whereby America's hunters are permitted to hunt with both bow and rifle and need not make an "either-or" choice between the two.

Attest:
Gordon Bentley, President

In addition to passing this resolution, first at the American Archery Council level in 1978, and later by the NRA Board of Directors the next year, Fred and Kelly, at my request, agreed to let the entire archery industry use our registered "Two-Season Hunter" marketing slogan and strategy in their own advertising and sales efforts for the benefit of our entire industry and sport. I informed the manufacturers and American Archery Council of this at a meeting in Las Vegas at the time with Fred and Kelly's blessing.

While some took advantage of this offer, like our friend Pete Shepley at Precision Shooting Equipment (PSE), others never did and that was sad. It is such a proven business marketing strategy, and I've never been able to figure out why more companies do not go after the current firearms hunter instead of insisting on continuing to target existing bowhunters with most of their advertising budgets. Very short-sighted.

As a member of the NRA Hunting & Conservation Committee, I was asked to go through all of the research that the NRA had done on its Life Members at the time and report back on it to the full committee. I analyzed this for several days and wrote up a report that I then presented at the next committee meeting in Washington, D.C. The most significant thing I stumbled upon in my study was that 54 percent of all NRA Life Members at that time said that they would like to try bowhunting! What an untapped market! And that same market potential still exists today! At the time, 32 percent of all NRA members already owned a hunting bow, and one-third of all of America's bowhunters were NRA members.

In 1980 the NRA started awarding its new Silver Broadhead Plaque for Pope & Young Club record-size trophies. Naturally, Fred supplied the Bear Razorheads for use on those plaques. And in our 1980 Bear catalog we also prominently featured the new NRA bowhunting awards. These were in the form of lapel pins and featured a broadhead on them along with the head of the animals. They covered basically the same critters our Fred Bear Sports Club program did. Bowhunting had finally arrived as an integral part of the NRA's programs and mission.

ETHICS & ENVIRONMENT

Another noteworthy area in which Fred and I got involved was that of outdoor ethics. In the spring of 1982 I worked with Jack Lorenz, the executive director of the Izaak Walton League of America, to set up a linkage between America's bowhunters and this important area. We in the Fred Bear Sports Club put up $5,000 to help start the "Outdoor Ethics Newsletter"—an offshoot of the IWLA's Outdoor Ethics Education Fund Program. The idea was to help outdoor writers, fish and wildlife professionals and others throughout the country exchange ideas on how to improve the conduct of people who hunt and fish and otherwise enjoy the great outdoors. Our goal was to increase editorial coverage in the nation's press on this sensitive issue; thereby increasing awareness among America's hunters, anglers, hikers, campers, birdwatchers and nature lovers. Dorothy Deer was the editor of the newsletter.

In announcing the program Fred had this to say, "Ethics has been defined by some people as 'my idea of what you should act like.' We hope that this joint effort will help us all realize that each of us must constantly be on guard that we not get sloppy in our behavior in the outdoors. All of us can improve."

Fred and I provided a column for each issue titled "A Visit With Fred Bear." He and I worked together on writing it.

Then in 1983 Fred and I arranged another linkage, this time between our FBSC, The Izaak Walton League and the Association for Conservation Information. A.C.I. is the organization of the 50 state fish and wildlife department communicators—film, print and broadcast, and included additional members in other government and private groups. I invited Mike O'Malley, then the A.C.I. president to meet with Jack Lorenz and me in Washington to finalize plans for a National Outdoor Ethics Writers Award Program among North America's fish and wildlife professionals. We at the FBSC judged the television and radio entries, Jack Lorenz and his folks judged print and graphics. In our first year we had 47 broadcast entries from 11 states and the Canadian provinces. Awards were given for television & radio spots, film, slide presentations, news writing, feature writing, publicity campaigns and graphics.

Then there was the Florida Defenders of the Environment. An anti-hunting group? A bunch of bunny huggers? Fred Bear did not see it that way. Fred believed that hunters and fishermen could always be a part of the movement to defend our environment, habitat and wildlife populations—game and nongame species. He believed strongly in reaching out to people and working together. And this never was more evident than in our FBSC work with the

FDE. Fred reached out to Marjorie Carr, the founder and head of the FDE. Marjorie had been disgusted with the Cross Florida Barge Canal that had raped the Florida environment when it was decided to build a waterway across the northern part of the state, from the Gulf of Mexico over to the Atlantic Ocean, for commercial freight travel. Great swaths of land had been destroyed, and several large portions of the canal had been torn out of the landscape when Marjorie and her friends said "enough!" The effect on our wildlife and environment was devastating. Finally, the Cross Florida Barge Canal was stopped.

Marjorie was an eclectic environmentalist, and she and I became very good friends over a period of years, and worked very closely together, sometimes meeting in her FDE office in Gainesville, but just as often in my office at Bear Archery. She and Fred hit it off immediately. Both were accommodating people who would rather understand and work with the other's point of view than end up in countless court battles and discord. If only PETA, the Humane Society of the United States, and the other discordant anti-hunting groups felt the same way!

The Florida Defenders of the Environment office acted as an advocate for state environmental issues. Its staff attended government hearings and meetings, studied issues and made recommendations with input from FDE's volunteer scientific support members to present its case to legislators. Fred considered it a model program for other states to follow. Fred became a leader in the state of Florida to fund this environmental effort, and I became an associate chairman at Fred's urging, and eventually a member of the board of directors of FDE's Environmental Service Center in the state capitol of Tallahassee. At Fred's direction, I wrote and produced a brochure for FDE to use in its fundraising efforts. It was titled "FLORIDA: Your Environment at the Crossroads." At the time Fred made this statement that was reported in the press, "the donation ($5,000 from the FBSC) comes from America's bowhunters because of our concern for the environment and the wildlife in that environment. We're vitally concerned that the fragile balance of nature be maintained. This is truly a long-range environmental educational effort." We also made additional donations to FDE later to aid in its important work.

FDE included 500 specialists—scientists, land-planners, engineers, economists, attorneys, and others, who contributed their professional expertise on environmental issues wherever needed in the state. In 1981 Fred served as the regional chairman of FDE in helping to raise funds for the full-time Environmental Service Center in Tallahassee. Two prominent former Florida governors, LeRoy Collins and Reuben Askew, were among the fundraising campaign's sponsors.

Marjorie Carr's husband, Archie Carr, was a world-renowned zoologist and naturalist. And it was my honor, at Fred's urging, to also produce a fundraising

A quiet meeting prior to a public event at Paynes Prairie State Park in Gainesville, Florida. Fred and the author speak to Marjorie Carr, founder and president of the Florida Defenders of the Environment. Bear Archery supported the FDE.

brochure for his Caribbean Conservation Corporation group in support of their efforts to save the huge threatened Atlantic green turtle. Since 1954 the CCC had maintained a modest research station at Tortuguero, a remote black beach on the Caribbean shore of Costa Rica. Some 20,982 turtles had been tagged there for research purposes. Fred felt deeply that we needed to support research, not only on hunted species, but also on other non-hunted species of wildlife on land, sea and in the air. And it was my distinct pleasure to represent him and America's hunters and fishermen in this important work.

There is another important aspect of our Fred Bear Sports Club work on the national level, especially in Washington, D.C., that I'll cover in the next chapter. It is the work we did with the International Association of Fish & Wildlife Agencies (IAFWA).

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE GUNS OF AUTUMN

Following World War II, modern wildlife management in this country really took off. Many of our returning veterans opted to study the subject in college when they returned from the War. As they grew older and assumed levels of high responsibility in the professional fisheries and wildlife ranks at both the state and national level, they ensured the continued practice of our long traditions of hunting and fishing. Many became state fish and game directors.

In addition, new wildlife management techniques and strategies were developed, and this led to healthier and larger wildlife populations. In turn, this stimulated and supported the logical need to keep these critters within reasonable carrying capacities through regulated hunting.

Since so many millions of men returned from the War experienced in firearms, and with outdoor experience from having been forced to learn it during their difficult days in battle, this greatly increased the number of hunters going afield each fall. By the early 1970s there were 20 million hunters afield annually.

With the assassinations of John F. Kennedy, Dr. Martin Luther King and Robert F. Kennedy in the 1960s, some in Congress immediately set out to limit the accessibility and use of firearms. The first ad I ever wrote for Bear Archery in 1966 addressed the right of Americans to keep and bear arms! Concurrent with these assassinations was the public disgust with the on-going war in Vietnam.

The disgust with the "establishment" grew even more vociferous when America received word of the massacre at My Lai, a small Vietnamese village. On March 16, 1968, 105 soldiers from Charley Company, 1st Battalion, Twentieth Infantry, Eleventh Brigade of the Americal Division swooped in aboard eight helicopters on the small Vietnamese village and slaughtered 504 innocent old men, women, children and infants. They were led by Lt. William Laws Calley, Jr.

The soldiers were looking for Viet Cong soldiers from the North and were supposed to land at a place designated as the My Lai (1) village on their maps, but instead landed at the My Lai (4) village by mistake. Officially this village was known as Xom Lang - "Peace, The Place Where Trouble Does Not Come." It was near the shore of the South China Sea in Quang Ngai Province.

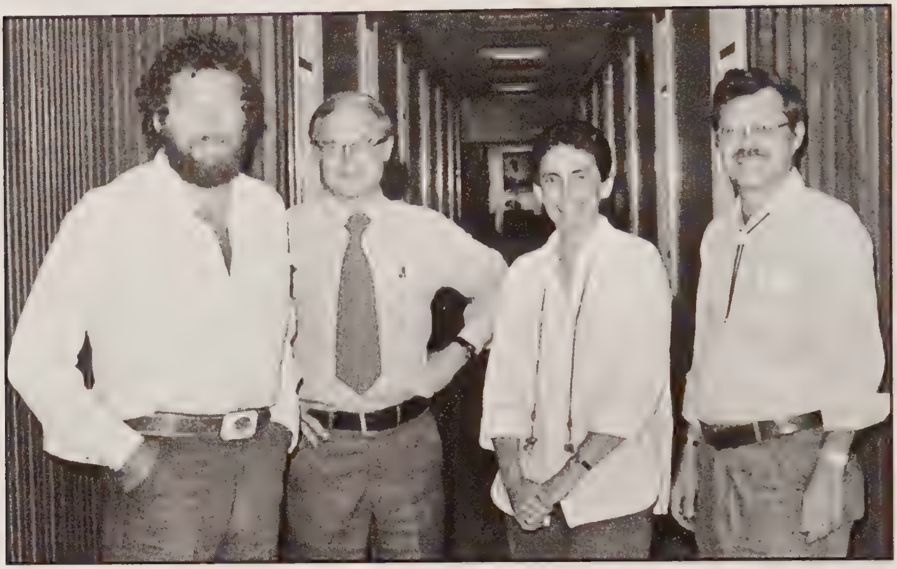
Dick Lattimer, left, and Merrill "Pete" Petoskey, discuss the need to do a better job nationally in getting across the place that professional wildlife and fisheries management plays in today's outdoors in order to counter the usually misguided attempts by the anti-hunters to use emotion, rather than logic, to manage America's wildlife. This meeting between the two of us was set up by Fred Bear in about 1975. Fred felt it was important that the two of us talk about this and figure out what to do. This photo was taken in my office in the "Swamp" in Grayling. At the time Pete was the director of the Wildlife Division of the Michigan Department of Natural Resources. Another example of Papa Bear's quiet way of getting things to happen with two people he knew "would take the ball and run with it!" More Fred Bear magic at work! Several years later Pete and I were appointed co-chairmen of the Communications Committee of the International Association of Fish & Wildlife Agencies.

Lt. Calley was personally charged with 102 counts of premeditated murder. His court martial began Nov. 17, 1970, and ran until March 11, 1971. He was sentenced to life at hard labor, but instead served just 40 months, most of it under house arrest at Ft. Benning, Georgia. He then returned to civilian life as an insurance salesman in Columbus, Georgia.

This whole sad event really polarized America even further, with many supporting the American soldiers for their mistaken actions, while pointing to the culpability of higher-ups. President Nixon even got involved in the mess. And this led to even more campus unrest around the U.S.

KENT STATE

By the spring of 1970 there were 760 colleges and universities across America that were either closed or considering closing due to anti-war demon-



After I was appointed chairman of the IAFWA Television Subcommittee, I introduced television producer, Glen Lau, to the International at its annual meeting in Toronto, Canada in 1979. They agreed to work with him on his "Sports Afield" television series to get out the word on professional wildlife and fisheries management. We later met as shown here in Washington, D.C. with Phil Million, of the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service. Left to right are: Glen Lau, Phil Million, Selda Gibbons (Glen Lau Productions), and Dick Lattimer (Fred Bear Sports Club and AAC). The result of this connection produced $4 million of free air time for the IAFWA. It is important to remember that Papa Bear was behind all of this. I was just his legs, eyes, ears and mouth!

strations. And on one of those campuses something happened that so sickened most of the American public that it added additional fuel to the anti-gun fervor sweeping Congress.

On a Monday noon, May 4, 1970, 103 enlisted men and 10 officers of the Ohio National Guard were on the scene of an anti-war protest at Kent State University in the northeast corner of the state. Hundreds of students were milling around, most of them just spectators on their way to class wondering what was going on.

Suddenly the troops opened fire at 12:24 p.m. with a burst of gunfire that lasted just 13 seconds. There were 55 M1 rifle shots and five pistol shots fired into the students. No one ever found out why the troops opened fire. At least no one ever admitted they really knew the reason. But in that short time four students were killed and nine more wounded. None of the four dead could have possibly posed any threat to the soldiers.

Allison Beth Krause, a 19-year-old student studying special education, in preparation for a career working with handicapped students, was struck in the heart and died as she crouched behind a car 343 feet from the troops.

Sandy Scheuer, age 20, a speech & hearing major on her way to class, was struck by a stray bullet as she lay on the ground to protect herself. She was 390 feet from the soldiers. She, too, died.

Jeff Miller, 20, was simply standing there taking photographs of the event and he was struck in the face by a bullet and killed instantly. He was 265 feet from the troops.

And, Bill Schroeder, 20, at Kent State on an ROTC scholarship was shot in the back and killed as he lay on the ground. He, too, had just stopped by to see what was going on. He was 382 feet from the fireline.

Many parents applauded this killing of "hippie students" and told their own youngsters that the Kent State students had deserved exactly what they got for going against the policy of the U.S. government. That is how warped and polarized our society was in those days.

My wife and I especially felt the enormity of this tragic event since a mutual friend of ours was the dean of students at Kent State at the time. His name was David Ambler. Dave and I had been working on our masters degrees in counseling & guidance together at Indiana University following my graduation from business school there. And when Alice and I lived in nearby North Canton, Ohio, a few years earlier, we had driven up one summer evening to see the small Kent State campus, thinking that some of our three small children might someday want to go to that quiet, peaceful campus.

For my own part, while I wore a three-piece suit and tie at work in the conservative advertising world of the 1960s, on the weekends I wore Indian print flares, Jesus peace sandals and long sideburns. And I wore a T-shirt that read "Jesus is coming, and is he pissed." But I also wore a silver POW bracelet during those turbulent days as my way of supporting our fighting men overseas, and I wore it for another 20 years after the Vietnam War ended. My missing G.I. was Lt. William Christianson ... and, to the best of my knowledge, he still has never been accounted for. My wife also wore one of the bracelets, and we had the joy of seeing her G.I. step off the plane when the POW's were finally freed. My oldest son, Michael, still wears his Vietnam POW bracelet to this day.

GUNS, HUNTERS IN CROSSHAIRS

Those are just a couple of the events that fueled the anti-gun, anti-establishment crowd in America, including most of the mass media. They were then, and usually still are, anxious to take potshots at honest gun owners whenever they get a chance. There seems to be little fairness among the liberal national media when it comes to hunters and firearms owners in this country, even now, 40 years later!

Add the publicity that the first Earth Day received in the early 1970s and all of the environmental implications that went along with it. In addition, America had turned from an agrarian to an urban society, and people were far from the farm, from nature and the realities of growing things to eat—animals and vegetables.

Fred, Kelly and I were all very concerned about this change in the public's perception, and we devoted the entire issue of "The Big Sky" to it in our Winter, 1974, issue under the banner of "RARE & ENDANGERED SPECIES ... IS HUNTING TO BLAME?" We published a piece by Dr. John L. Schmidt, extension wildlife specialist of Colorado State University, Fort Collins, Colorado. The bottom line of Dr. Schmidt's article in our publication was that "... legal hunting for sport has not caused a single species to be added to the list of rare and endangered species." He went on in the conclusion of his article to state, "Let's not attack the hunter because he harvests 177 million birds and mammals each year. The species he hunts are some of the most common we have, mainly because he has paid for their management, habitat acquisition, research, and for wildlife law enforcement. Let's get at the real problems: pesticides and other environmental pollutants, drainage of marshes, municipal and industrial developments and all other land use changes that are altering our environment and destroying its ability to produce wildlife."

Then in our next issue of "The Big Sky" our headline read: "THE HUNTING CONTROVERSY: ATTITUDES AND ARGUMENTS." This article was a report by Dr. Dale Shaw, also of Colorado State University, containing information from his doctoral dissertation. He personally gave questionnaires to 937 college students at 10 universities. Three-fourths of those questioned held some degree of anti-hunting or anti-hunter sentiment. Major objections voiced related to trophy hunting, wasting of game meat, endangering of species, hunters killing more than the legal limit, and hunting for sport or pleasure instead of a need for meat.

The major reason the students were against hunting was that they thought sport hunting endangers some species. Next, 74 percent of the females and 47 percent of the males were against trophy hunting. About half said they were against hunting because meat from wild game is too often wasted. And 70 percent of the females and 45 percent of the males were against hunting because they "don't believe in killing wild animals for pleasure or sport."

Influences initiating or reinforcing anti-hunting or anti-hunter sentiment, in order of magnitude, were TV and personal experiences, parents, movies, magazines and friends.

Dr. Shaw said, "the increasing anti-hunting sentiment, in general, appears to be related to urbanization, disassociation with the land, and a trend toward adoption of a preservationist philosophy toward all natural resources. A combination of these factors is resulting in a change in social values in our society

The IAFWA Regional Television Committee people and the "Sports Afield" staff met in Ocala, Florida in the summer of 1981 to plan out more professional wildlife and fisheries management segments. Shown here, left to right, front row are: Mark deLinde (Glen Lau Productions), Francis "Curly" Satterlee (Virginia Commission of Game & Inland Fisheries), Selda Gibbons (Glen Lau Productions), Dick Lattimer (Fred Bear Sports Club, Chairman of the IAFWA Television Subcommittee). Back row, left to right: Bill Brown (Wyoming Game & Fish), Rod Baughman (Kansas Game Commission), Glen Lau (Glen Lau Productions), Mike O'Malley (Tennessee Wildlife Resources), and John Urbain (Michigan DNR).

away from consumptive use and toward appreciative uses of all wildlife."

In January 1975, I attended a meeting in Lansing, Michigan with our DNR officials, the Michigan United Conservation Club (the largest state organization of sportsmen in the U.S. at the time, with more than 100,000 members), and the Webb & Athey Advertising Agency from Richmond, Virginia regarding a "Pro-Hunting Advertising Campaign."

Then in May 1975, at the invitation of our friends at the NRA, I attended the first Communications Strategy Conference in the board room at the old NRA headquarters a few blocks north of the White House. The Webb & Athey ad campaign was presented and discussed. In attendance were all of the interested national hunting organizations and gun manufacturers. The

Washington Post incorrectly tabbed it as a "Summit Conference on Gun Control." It was not! It was strictly on the hunting issue. And to tell you how paranoid our gun manufacturers were by that time, I was sitting with Gen. Maxwell Rich, the head of the NRA in those days, and Gen. Rich leaned over and asked me to take a photo of the assembled group. When I stood up to take the photo, some of the firearms manufacturers cried out, "Who's he? We don't want any photographs taken of this meeting!" They were really upset and became very agitated. Gen. Rich stood up and said, "Hey, take it easy guys, he's one of us. I just asked him to take a photo to record who all was at this meeting." I didn't take the photo.

In June 1975, I submitted our ideas to the above group for a 10-year plan to communicate the positive aspects of hunting to the non-committed public. I had put this together with both Fred and Kelly's help.

CBS HATCHET JOB

Then the stuff hit the fan, so to speak, before anything could be done. CBS decided to produce a "documentary" titled "The Guns of Autumn." And as they went around the country shooting footage, they convinced even hunters to participate, saying that it was going to be a balanced look at the sport of hunting. Most people interviewed or filmed were assured by the producer that the effort was for some bicentennial project on the "role of hunting in America." But Fred and I smelled a rat. And before "The Guns of Autumn" even aired, we wired our 300 top Bear Archery dealers and all the charter chapters of our Fred Bear Sports Club, warning them that advance information indicated that the program was unfair in its portrayal of hunting. We also wired Sen. Herman Talmadge, chairman of the Senate Committee on Agriculture and Forestry, and Sen. Warren G. Magnuson, chairman of the Committee on Commerce of our concerns. We also contacted the president of CBS and the rumored advertisers at that time. And we contacted all of our state legislators in Michigan.

"The Guns of Autumn" aired on national television on Friday, Sept. 5, 1975. Here's what Nelson Bryant of the prestigious *New York Times* had to say about it later: "If one were planning to portray the glories of love between woman and man in a television documentary, then devoted the entire show to the antics of a drunken clod in a bordello, one would achieve the same level of 'truth' realized in the CBS News 90-minute film, "The Guns of Autumn."

C. Boyd Pfeiffer of *The Washington Post*, wrote "'The Guns of Autumn,' the 90-minute CBS documentary that purported to characterize hunting in America, should receive an award for the 'most biased TV reporting of the year,' possible of the decade."

I could go on and on with the quotes, but to sum it up, "The Guns of

Autumn" was a blatant hatchet-job on the American hunter, often taking things out of context and generally screwing over the 20 million ethical hunters in America, in my opinion. From our point of view there was nothing unbiased about this look at American hunters, nor in the follow-up program titled "Echoes of The Guns of Autumn."

In the meantime the Webb & Athey project got lost "in committee," so to speak, and nothing ever came of it. I was deeply disappointed and frustrated, and so were Fred and Kelly. We all talked it over and decided that if no one else in America's hunting community was going to do very much about it in a united effort, we'd better get more deeply involved in the entire issue. Further, we believed that any attack on hunting in general, was also an attack on bowhunting. We could not sit by the sidelines and let illogical emotions ruin our fine tradition of scientific wildlife management in this country. For one thing, we knew that the anti-hunters would come after the smaller sportsmen's activities first, those that they thought were the least able or unorganized to fight back against them—America's bowhunters, muzzleloaders and trappers.

Fred gently encouraged me to get even more involved on the national level than I had been with the American Archery Council, letting me know that my travel budget would not be a problem. Little did I know what I had in store as a result of this quiet conversation that day in his office. By then Fred was in his 70s and in deteriorating health, although we tried to keep that from the public. I became his surrogate in doing all that we could to fight the anti-hunters on behalf of all of America's hunters, not just for our bowhunting community. I spent the next 25 years working to fulfill his vision of what needed to be done to preserve and protect our tradition of hunting here in America. Even after he died in 1988, I continued to do his bidding in this regard until my own retirement from the conservation stage in the year 2000. He was a wonderful mentor, and it was an exciting, albeit sometimes frustrating, journey.

"AMERICAN OUTDOORS"

One of our biggest frustrations came about because of the "American Outdoors" television series. We had been approached along about this same time period by Wally Taber, a well-known outdoor writer, lecturer and filmmaker who traveled the world hunting in exotic places and then taking his films on the road to help support his operation. They'd be shown to sportsmen's groups and the like with an admission fee, and that's how Wally and his wife made their living. Not bad work it you could get it, doing something you loved doing in the out-of-doors and getting paid for it at the same time.

Taber, the host of "The American Outdoors," had a master's degree in biology and game management and had done post-graduate work in fisheries management. He had also been the outdoor editor of the *Denver Post*.

Teaming up with Taber was a fellow by the name of Don Higley from Chicago. Don was an extremely creative person and had been a big game guide in Africa about the same time Fred had been hunting there. So, in addition to his creative side, Don had that to his benefit at the time. Don also had created and was marketing something called "Computer Football Forecasts" that had swept America's television markets in the '70s and was a very well-known feature in those days on television. In addition, Don was the producer of "Championship Bowling," "World Famous Hunting and Fishing," and "The World Series of Golf."

Taber and Higley had come to Grayling to see us with a proposition to help fund a 26-week one-half hour television series that Don would then get on the air by bartering time he had available on television stations around the U.S. They wanted to include Fred's hunting films as part of their program series. Fred, Kelly and I met with them and saw it as an opportunity to get wider exposure for bowhunting, in general, and for Fred's films, in particular. So we eventually entered into an agreement with them. We put up $100,000 to help with production costs, and we started working on this in the spring of 1974.

We announced the availability of this new series in the Spring 1975 issue of "The Big Sky" newsletter, plus in many other ways, of course. Higley and I had even taken the idea for the series in to the National Rifle Association and pitched the idea to them as a way to help put some positive television on the air in support of America's outdoorsmen and women. The NRA then put in another $100,000. We also pitched it to our Archery Manufacturers Organization (AMO), and they, too, through The American Archery Council, agreed to put in a like amount.

Don and I then attended a luncheon of the state fish & game directors at the annual meeting of the International Association of Fish & Wildlife Agencies to tell them about our new series and to seek their endorsement of "The American Outdoors." "The International," as it is known in conservation circles, was organized in 1902 as part of the conservation movement begun by President Theodore Roosevelt, and has played a major role in the evolution of national conservation affairs. Its officers and members include most of the nation's conservation leaders, plus conservation leaders in Canada and Mexico.

I hit it off immediately with Dr. John Gottschalk, IAFWA executive vice president and the former director of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service (USFWS), especially once he found out that I was born and raised in Indiana. He had been, too, and had even received his master's degree from Indiana University, my alma mater. And he had worked for the Indiana Conservation Department before the war and then for the USFWS, eventually becoming its top man.

Then, too, I told him that my mother-in-law's family name was Gottschalk back in Germany before they came to this country and Americanized it to Cutshall. So we always had that special little connection going.

Soon I met C.R. "Pink" Gutermuth of the NRA who was also from Elkhart in northern Indiana. That was just about 20 miles away from where I had grown up in South Bend and where I had worked for the Juhl Advertising Agency. Pink was the NRA president from 1973-75 and was born in Ft. Wayne, Indiana and graduated from Notre Dame University in 1927 in my hometown of South Bend. He joined the Washington, D.C. scene in 1945 after serving eight years with the Indiana Department of Conservation as director of education and director of fish and game. He was a member of the Secretary of the Interior's advisory committee on fish and wildlife and served on the Secretary of Agriculture's committee on wildlife. And for more than a quarter of a century Dr. Gutermuth was vice president of the Wildlife Management Institute. The Institute is one of America's oldest national conservation organizations, dating back to 1911. He was also a past president of the World Wildlife Fund. Both of these fine gentlemen took me under their wings and helped me along a great deal during the '70s and early '80s.

Someone else who quietly gave me encouragement through all of this work I was trying to do for the fish and wildlife folks was Seth Gordon of California. This grand old man even wrote a nice letter to Fred telling him what a good job I had been doing for the International, and this kind of thing made it all worthwhile. The highest award the International gives each year to one of its own is known as the Seth Gordon Award and that made his kindness to me especially meaningful.

I wanted you to be aware of all of these folks because it was an honor for me to have worked with them and to have been accepted by them at many of their executive committee meetings over the years. They and those who took their places on these two key International groups were wonderful to work with and had a great deal of vision for the future of our natural resources in this hemisphere and in the common sense use of our renewable resources.

We discovered that the International, too, had been working on how they could get the positive story of professional fisheries and wildlife management to the American pubic. They had come up against a dead end when they discovered that it would cost between $400,000 to $500,000 for them to produce a proposed series of four prime-time one-hour specials to get across their message. Since the IAFWA is simply the dues-paying organization of the combined state and federal agencies with the responsibility for stewardship of our natural resources, there obviously was no money in their limited coffers for such a project.

So when Don and I pitched them on it, they were extremely interested.

They referred us to what was then their small new television subcommittee that had been looking into the possibility of getting their message on the air. Heading that up was Ralph Bitely, the fish & game administrator from Maryland. It was decided that our "American Outdoors" series of stock-footage programs could be a good first step in getting the word out to America, and the IAFWA agreed to work with us on the project.

Fred, Higley and I, along with some of the members of the IAFWA Television Subcommittee, journeyed to the Outdoor Writers Association of America (OWAA) 49th Annual Conference on June 24, 1976 at Snowmass Ski Resort in Colorado to explain the project to them. Fred's lungs by then were really bothering him, at the time we didn't know it, but it was the early stages of emphysema, and he could not stay for the whole event due to altitude sickness and had to fly home early. After the conference I rode back to Denver with Chuck Saunders over Independence Pass to catch my flight home and had a delightful visit with him along the way as we drove over the mountains. Before Fred left, he, Chuck and I had taken a drive up into the mountains in the Snowmass area and we were all almost overwhelmed with the beauty of the area.

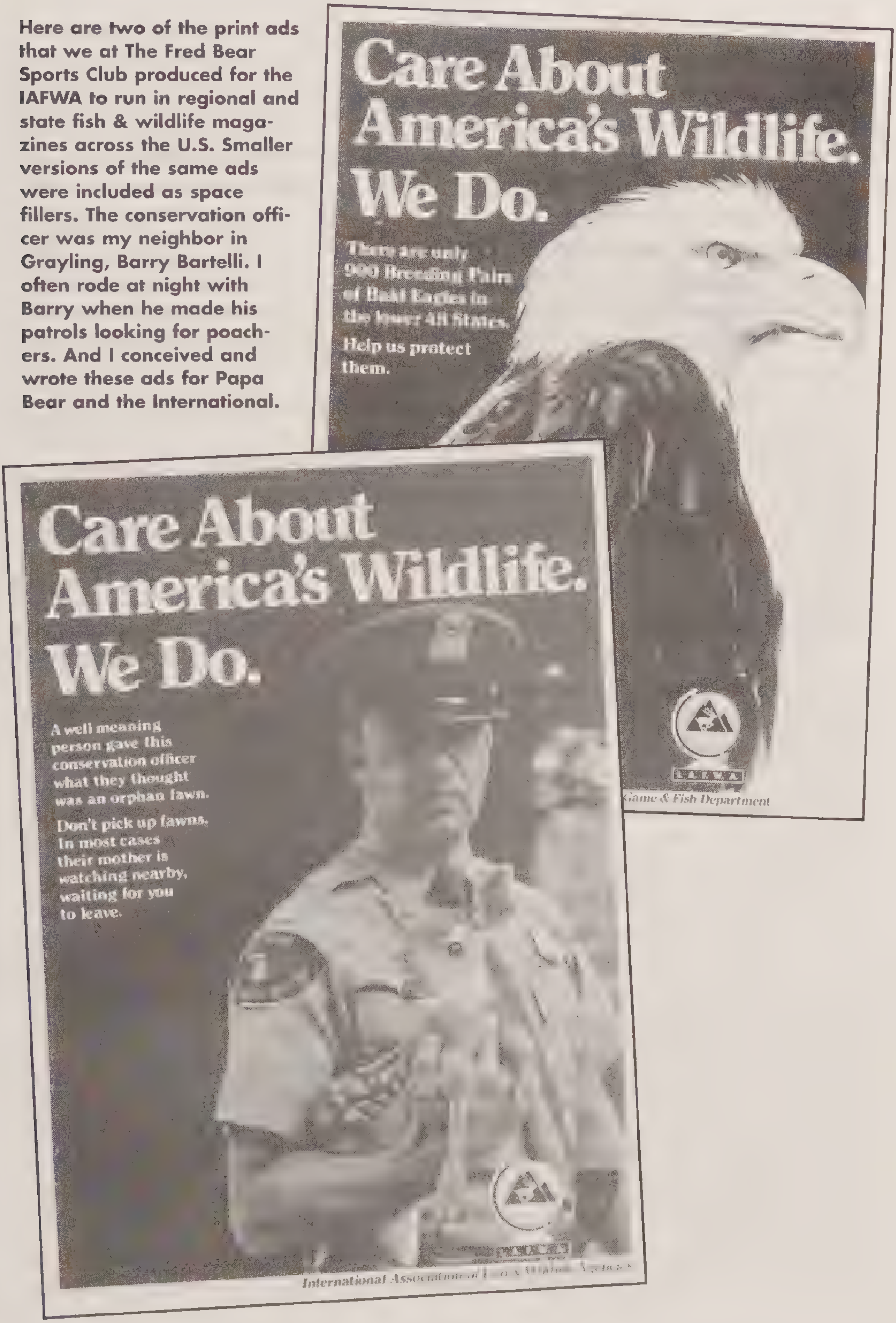
Ralph Bitely gave a talk to the OWAA members about our new television series and in particular pointed out to them the part that Fred and our Fred Bear Sports Club were playing in this effort. By then I had been invited to attend the television subcommittee meetings, would later be appointed a member of the group, then chairman of the subcommittee, and eventually vice chairman and then co-chairman of the full IAFWA Communications Committee. It was all because I was representing Fred and all for which he stood. I was only there because of Fred's wonderful reputation with all of these fish and game fellows over the years. They truly viewed him as a real pioneer in the field. I was just his traveling mouthpiece.

For our Winter issue of "The Big Sky" in 1976 our lead article was titled: "WHY YOUR HUNTING IS IN DANGER," and the issue featured a piece by Gary Sitton. In it he covered 25 national organizations that were bent on curbing or totally eliminating hunting. His warning had originally run in *Field & Stream*. He detailed the alarming growth of funds available to these anti-hunting organizations where just the six major anti-hunting groups had grown from gross revenues in 1972 of $5.75 million to more than $14 million in 1973!

Now "The Big Sky" was sent to more than just our Fred Bear Sports Club members. It also went to all OWAA members, members of Congress, the major conservation groups, all state DNR directors, our 6,000 Bear Archery dealers, AMO members, and many other individuals and groups.

In the meantime I got busy and took the opportunity to write a communications plan for the IAFWA with Fred and Kelly's approval and input. This was

Here are two of the print ads that we at The Fred Bear Sports Club produced for the IAFWA to run in regional and state fish & wildlife magazines across the U.S. Smaller versions of the same ads were included as space fillers. The conservation officer was my neighbor in Grayling, Barry Bartelli. I often rode at night with Barry when he made his patrols looking for poachers. And I conceived and wrote these ads for Papa Bear and the International.



Care About America's Wildlife. We Do.

There are only 900 Breeding Pairs of Bald Eagles in the lower 48 States.

Help us protect them.

I.A.F.W.A.

Game & Fish Department

Care About America's Wildlife. We Do.

A well meaning person gave this conservation officer what they thought was an orphan fawn.

Don't pick up fawns. In most cases their mother is watching nearby, waiting for you to leave.

I.A.F.W.A.

International Association of Fish & Wildlife Agencies well received at the International, and parts of it became a reality in those days. As a part of the plan, I wrote copy for magazine ads in various sizes for the individual state fish and game departments to run in their publications and in any newspapers that would donate space in their states. I also prepared copy for television spots for them along with an outdoor billboard.

I also wrote a brochure for the International in 1976 giving all of the details of "The American Outdoors" series, and announcing the new $1,000 quarterly Fred Bear Award that would be given out for the best segment of "The American Outdoors, Phase Two," dealing with a scientific fisheries or wildlife management topic. These brochures were distributed across the country by the individual state fish and game departments to familiarize their staffs and the people of each state with this new series.

Once "The American Outdoors" series of 26 programs was completed, including the addition of information about the IAFWA, Taber and Higley continued trying to peddle it to potential advertisers and sponsors. And Higley and I began work on Phase Two, which was to be a series titled "America's Wildlife." This would be a series of half-hour news format programs produced in three segments.

CASH STRAPPED

Ultimately, not enough sponsors could be sold on "The American Outdoors" series. In order to get it on the air and honor our commitment to the International, the NRA and AMO, Bear Archery put up another $72,294 to place the series on more than 50 television stations around the country.

The International also set up an offshoot tax-exempt foundation at this time called A.W.A.R.E.–America's Wildlife Association for Resource Education, and Fred and I took on the task of helping them raise funds. I wrote a brochure for A.W.A.R.E. and used our hero, Teddy Roosevelt, on the cover calling for donations to A.W.A.R.E. to be used to tell the conservation story to the American public. Fred gave them a personal donation of more than $6,500 to help get A.W.A.R.E. off and running. I convinced AMO and the American Archery Council into donating another $10,000. Fred and I also spent an additional $40,000 for the production of A.W.A.R.E. materials for the International, which included my travel costs for all of the meetings I attended. Then we put another $10,000 into the kitty for the International for the production of the "America's Wildlife" pilot that was to have been the initial program in Phase 2 of "The American Outdoors" series. When you add it all up, Bear Archery put up $438,856 to help get the International's story out from 1977-79.

Although our pilot for "America's Wildlife" was a huge success, we just were never able to obtain sufficient sponsorship to get it on the air as a series.

We all tried our best during the remainder of 1977 and the first nine months of 1978 to obtain sponsorship for the "America's Wildlife" series. All of the fish and game directors around the country searched for sponsors and foundations in their states, and the International contacted numerous manufacturers. Although several were very interested, in the end there just wasn't enough there to do the job.

Higley did his usual magnificent creative job on the "America's Wildlife" pilot. We had two fine hosts for the program, Kirstie Wilde and Paul Ryan of KRON-TV in San Francisco. Among other things, our pilot featured the story of the sea otter and was filmed in the Big Sur area of California. It eventually would win a "Teddy" Award for the Best Outdoor Documentary of 1978-79. This is an annual award given out by the outdoor writers and is named for President Teddy Roosevelt. The pilot also won an award in Montana for its outstanding cinematography.

By the fall of 1978 at the next annual International convention, this time in Baltimore, Maryland, we told the directors that we were either going to have to "fish or cut bait" on the television project. By that time Pete Petoskey was chairman of the television subcommittee and he told them this during his committee report to the directors: "We are going to make a concerted effort during the next six months to get funding ... I think we can do it if we work together. I can't do it alone, Gottshalk can't, Lattimer can't, and neither can Higley or anyone else. If we aren't successful by next March, I am going to recommend that we abandon this project. This is an opportunity to present the right information on wildlife. We should be doing it and really can't afford not to. Our enemies aren't, and don't you forget it!"

The bottom line was that although Higley and all involved had done an outstanding job of producing "The American Outdoors" series and the "America's Wildlife" pilot, the funds just weren't there to get the rest of the Phase 2 series produced and on the air. So we had to abandon our relationship with Don Higley and Wally Taber.

CHANGING CHANNELS

When it seemed like we had reached the end-of-the-line and had failed on our national television efforts, Fred and I talked to Glen Lau, an outstanding filmmaker and producer living just down the road from us in Ocala, Florida. We had just moved Bear Archery from Grayling down to Gainesville, just about 50 miles to the north of Ocala. Glen was a professional fishing guide for a number of years on Lake Erie and spent more than 2,000 hours underwater filming his award-winning documentary "BIGMOUTH." He had filmed specials for ABC's "American Sportsman," segments of the Time-Life series "Wild, Wild World of Animals" and produced the National Wildlife

Federation's commercials featuring Robert Redford.

Our old friend, Selda Gibbons, with whom Fred and I had worked up in Michigan on our films "Rural Route One, Grayling, Michigan," "The Good Earth," and "Bullseye" had just moved down to Ocala to work with Glen. I had put the two together. He was working on a new television series called "Sports Afield" and had a great lineup of sponsors.

Fred and I explained to Glen what we and the state fish and game directors were trying to accomplish in getting the message of professional scientific fisheries and wildlife management out to the American public so that future decisions related to those could continue to be made by trained biologists and not emotionally motivated bunny-hugging anti-hunters. Glen quickly offered his help, and we were on our way.

Fred and I invited Glen to fly up to the North American Wildlife Conference being held in Toronto, Canada the spring of 1979 so that I could introduce him to the state fish & game directors, the IAFWA television subcommittee and others. Then we could pitch them on the idea of working with him on "Sports Afield" to get our management story out to the public. Grits Gresham, who along with Homer Circle and Jerry Chiappetta were the on-camera hosts of "Sports Afield," also went along.

Everyone who met Glen in Toronto was impressed with him and his project, and we were given the go-ahead by the executive committee to begin work with him on the "Sports Afield" project. I was appointed executive producer on the project.

Our television subcommittee began working with Glen and Selda to plan out how best to obtain story suggestions supporting scientific fisheries and wildlife management. In some cases the state and federal agencies had existing footage of network quality we could use, in others Glen had to shoot new footage on-location. He was assisted in this cinematography by Wolfgang and Sharon Obst and Eric Daarstad. Parker Bower was our script writer, Mike Palma our supervisory film editor and Jimmy Lynch our sound man.

By that fall we had suggested 13 shows to be produced for 1980 and updated the IAFWA at its annual meeting in West Yellowstone, Montana. I was then asked to serve as chairman of the International's television subcommittee and co-chairman of the full communications committee along with our old friend, Pete Petoskey. Fred and I saw it as a great compliment to the nation's bowhunters that we should be so honored, and we were happy to take on the two jobs.

In accepting the two positions I was quoted in the International's press release as saying: "Hunting and fishing are considered to be valid scientific wildlife and fisheries management techniques as well as healthy recreational activities, and we believe that we should help educate the public to continue to support the professionals trained in our colleges, universities, woods and streams in their efforts to conserve, protect and increase the many non-game and game species of wildlife that we have in this hemisphere today."

As it finally turned out, in 1980 we had 11 IAFWA segments running on the "Sports Afield" series and Lau's companion "Coors Western Outdoorsman" series. Four included bowhunting. These ran on 186 television stations reaching 72 percent of the U.S. households with a weekly audience of more than 3 million people. In 1981 we increased this to 19 segments that ran on 210 television stations across America and reached 4 million people weekly, and in 1982 we had 12 segments running on 191 television stations, including 70 stations west of the Mississippi. A number of them featured Fred and bowhunting. All in all, we were able to obtain more than $4 million of free television time on Glen Lau's programs to help tell the International's story to the American public! And Fred and I were darn proud of that. And we were darn thankful to Glen Lau and his staff for making this all happen!

At the International's fall meeting in 1982 at Hilton Head Island in South Carolina, it was my honor to present the Communications Committee Annual Report to the assembled state fish and game directors. A very proud moment in my career. We had finally been able to report some important progress on getting out the true story of professional fisheries and wildlife management to the American public, to counter what we felt was the grossly biased and totally unfair report on "The Guns of Autumn." America's hunters had become organized and had started to speak out on their behalf, and on behalf of sensible professional wildlife and fisheries management.

And it all happened because Fred Bear quietly told me to get moving on it and see what we could do to make it a reality.

CHAPTER EIGHT

GROUSEHAVEN

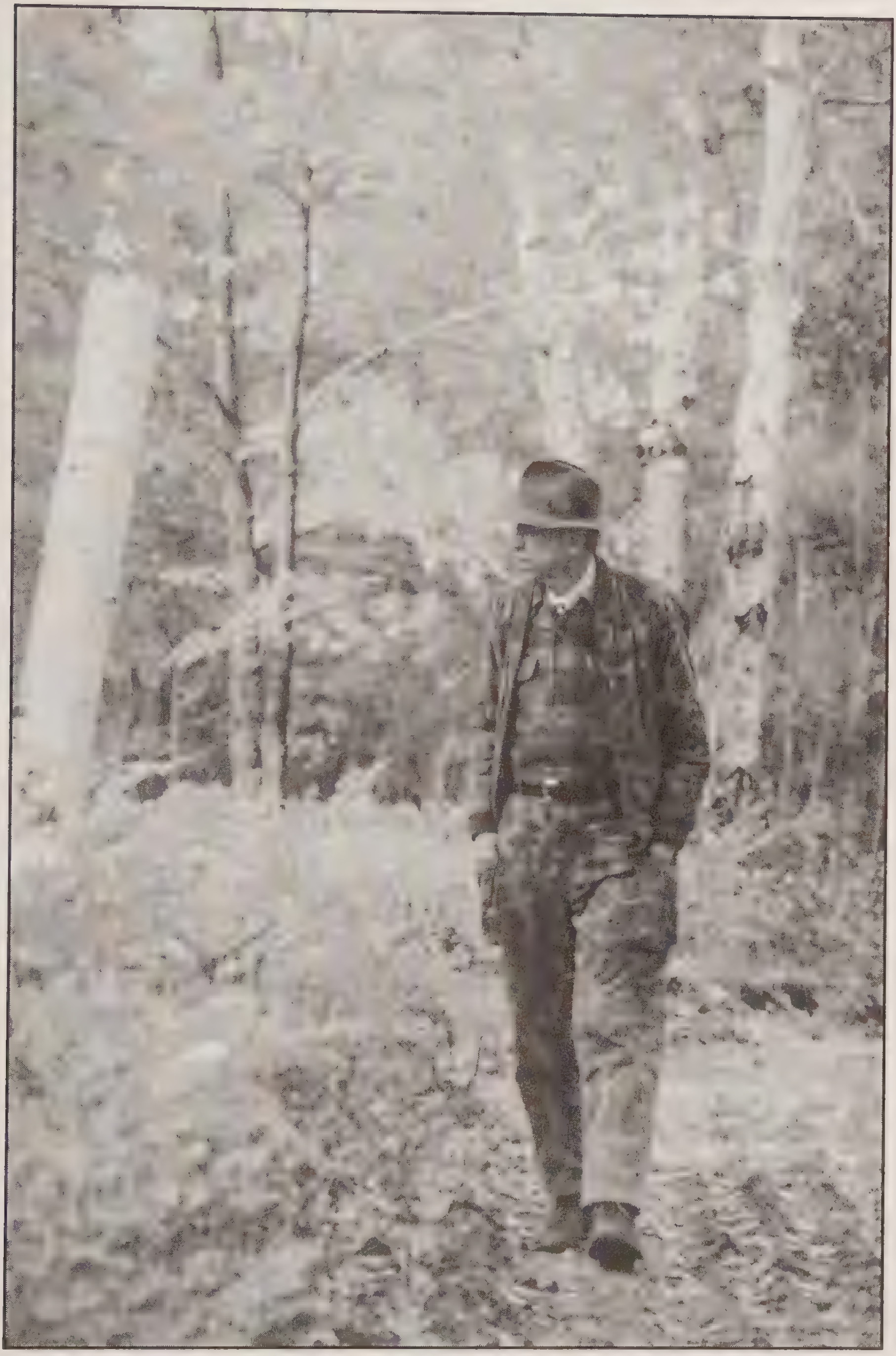
I drove slowly through the log ranch-style gateway of the Grousehaven Hunting Camp that day in 1988 in Ogemaw County, Michigan with apprehension in my heart. I didn't know how I'd react to being back there under the circumstances. I had flown from Gainesville to Atlanta to Detroit and then on to the Midland-Bay City-Saginaw (MBS) airport. This was the airport Fred and I and the other Bear Archery traveling people generally drove to from Grayling on all of our business travels.

On this particular day I rented a car, put my suitcase on the back seat and set a rectangular black plastic box on the dashboard. I drove the quiet trail roads through Grousehaven, which had been our Bear Archery hunting camp for decades. Here, each fall, we would gather with our salesmen, selected customers and some of the people from the factory to enjoy one another's company, to bowhunt the whitetails that came out of the surrounding swamps, and to introduce our folks to our new products and advertising for the coming year. Grousehaven was about an hour's drive southeast of Grayling, just a couple of miles southeast of Rose City, Michigan.

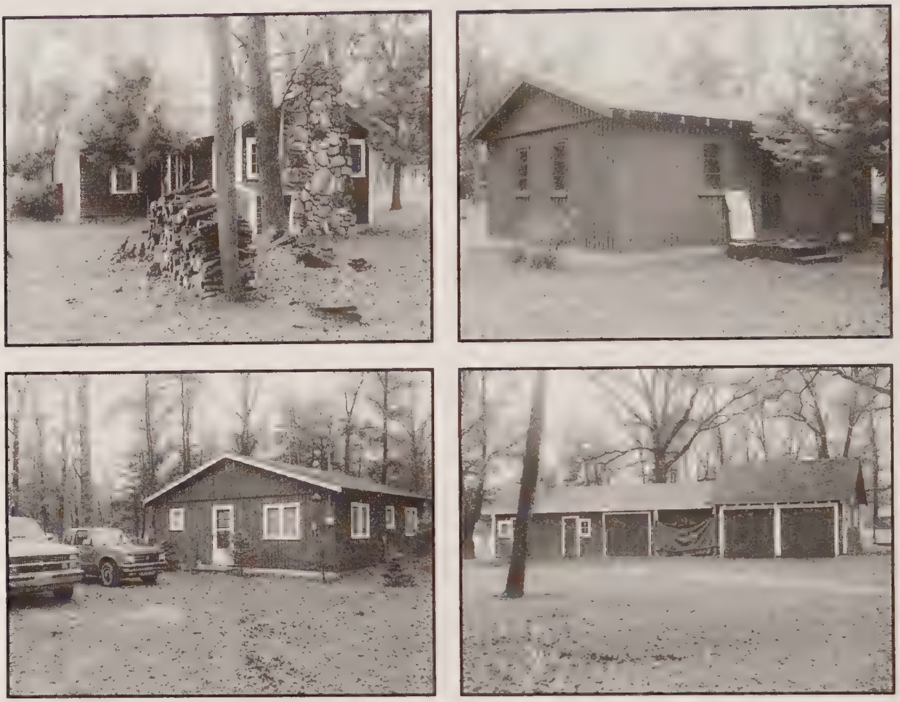
THE BEAR ARCHERY GETAWAY

We'd have groups in for a week at a time, and Bear Archery would spend tens of thousands of dollars to host its guests for the month of October. We paid rent on the property, travel for our guests, licenses, food, incidentals, etc. And we did not skimp on the food. Although Fred wasn't a heavy eater, he wanted to make sure his guests were well taken care of. Matter of fact, one of Fred's favorite meals in camp, other than fresh deer liver and heart, was asparagus soup. I think it reminded him of his boyhood days in Pennsylvania cutting the asparagus in his Mennonite maiden aunt's garden and then taking it to market with them early in the morning in their horse-drawn spring wagon. Often, Carrol Wert, our camp cook and Grayling area portrait photographer, would make up a pot of the asparagus soup just for a treat for Fred.

Carrol had owned the Lone Pine Inn in Grayling for quite a long time and was an excellent cook. He'd always get things going for supper and then slip out to a nearby tree blind just east of the main lodge at the edge of one of the grass runways for the evening's bowhunt. That way he could be back to finish preparing the meal when the rest of us hunters returned. I often hunted out of his blind when he didn't want to go out. Never shot an arrow there, but saw a lot of



This is how I'll always remember Papa Bear, strolling along a trail road in Grousehaven in the fall looking for deer sign.



This is the main camp area at Grousehaven. Upper left photo shows the main building where everyone ate and hung out around the stone fireplace listening to Fred spin his yarns and trading their hunting adventures of the day. There were also several bedrooms in this old farm house as well. Upper right shows the other cabin across the driveway that we jokingly referred to as the Taj Mahal because it had four private one-man bedrooms. Lower left is Mr. Boyer's two-bedroom cabin that Fred slept in when he was in camp (and that he invited me to share when Mr. Boyer wasn't using his bedroom). Lower right is the garage and storage building. At the far left in this building there was a small room with two additional beds in it where I sometimes slept. And there was an old hangar alongside the grass runways that was used for storage.

does and young deer. Never a buck. But it was a "golden blind" from which to hunt, especially since it was within walking distance of camp in case of rain or heavy snow.

Ray "Hap" Fling, our Bear Archery sales manager was the "Huntmaster" of Grousehaven during these hunts in the later years, and his ever-present smile and laugh brightened up many a hunt for all of us. Fred often said that the white-tailed deer was the most difficult big game species that he hunted in any of his world travels. And when one of us was lucky enough to score, Hap always saw to it that we had help tracking, field dressing and bringing in our venison for the buck pole next to the main lodge. We'd often have three or four deer hanging there aging in the cool October sunshine against a backdrop of colorful fall foliage. Those of us who wanted meat for the freezer were not above hanging a tender doe on the buck pole, either.

We generally hosted about 100 hunters each fall at Grousehaven. And after our customers and salesmen left, Fred always let those of us from the factory—supervisors, foremen and managers come over for a nice, long hunt. A wonderful bonding experience for us all. During those times, I generally came over and enjoyed doing some of the cooking. I especially got a kick out of fixing Larry Bland, our head maintenance guy, instant grits for breakfast! That always was a light-hearted moment between Larry and me during the hunt. He was a great guy, with a wonderful manner and smile.

MILITARY MUSCLE AT GROUSEHAVEN

Grousehaven was a 3,000-acre prime hunting area adjacent to the Rifle River Recreational Area in the forests of northern lower Michigan. The roads in Grousehaven were named after famous people who had hunted there. There was Arthur Godfrey Drive, Hoyt Vandenburg Circle, Munger Alley, Boutelle Circle, Curtis Acres, Alger Road, Everett Circle, Harley Earl Road, Remington Road, Winchester Drive, and, of course, there was Fred Bear Circle.

This was property owned by Harold R. "Bill" Boyer of Grosse Pointe, Michigan, a former General Motors vice president who had been in charge of their GM Cadillac Cleveland Tank Division and the architect of GM's Air Transport Division during World War II. Mr. Boyer helped manage the nation's aircraft production during World War II and the Korean War. In the Korean War he was in charge of all aircraft production. His official title was Chief of the Aircraft Manufacturing Branch of the U.S. War Production Board from 1941 to 1943, and Chairman of the U.S. Aviation Production Board during the Korean War.

He had also been the GM vice president in charge of the Defense Systems Division and in the early 1960s he supervised tests on experimental vehicles for possible use on the moon. General Motors later built the lunar rover that the astronauts used on the moon during the Apollo 15, 16 and 17 missions.

It was at Grousehaven that Fred taught such people as Gen. Curtis LeMay (who would later run for president of the United States) to shoot the bow and arrow. At the time Fred first met him, Gen. LeMay was the Commander of the Strategic Air Command and later U.S. Chief of Staff. Others who were among the regular Grousehaven gang were television personality Arthur Godfrey; Harley Earl—head stylist at General Motors for 35 years whom you might have seen portrayed in Buick television commercials; Dick Boutelle, the head of Fairchild Aircraft; Larry Bell of Bell Aircraft; Gen. Hoyt Vandenberg (for whom Vandenberg Air Force Base is named); and four-star Gen. Hank Everest, head of T.A.C. The current president of GM at the time would also join in the annual hunt.

Fred's friendship with Arthur Godfrey led to several appearances on his national television program and a trip to Africa together in 1964 where Godfrey took some trophies with his bow and arrow, and Fred took a 4-ton bull elephant with his bow. All this news was sent back to the U.S. on tapes recorded around the campfire by Godfrey and Fred and later heard by a national radio audience. This really put bowhunting on the map! I can remember listening to them on the radio before I went to work for Fred.

Gathered here at Grousehaven during the early 1950s were some of the biggest names in aviation on their annual deer hunts where they could let their hair down, hunt during the day and help plan out strategy for the war going on in Korea at the time in the evenings over a libation.

When Arthur Godfrey visited the area again in 1977 he told the local *Bay City Times* newspaper that, "If people only knew how many Washington decisions were made at this Rose City (Grousehaven) cabin ... they would be shocked."

BEAR ARCHERY PROVING GROUNDS

Grousehaven had an old green one-story farmhouse converted into a lodge. It had two good-sized bedrooms, one smaller one and a large room that served as a mess hall at one end, a living room at the other with a beautiful fieldstone fireplace. It also had the usual out-buildings for tractor and vehicle storage and a hangar. At one end of an out-building there was also a two-person unheated bedroom where I would sometimes stay depending upon how many hunters we had in camp. It seemed to attract every fly in camp, and I spent most of my time in the evenings hunting them rather than whitetails. A sign alongside the grass runways hacked out of the woods announced that this was "Boyer International Airport." The celebrity hunters would all generally fly their own planes in for the annual hunts.

With my automotive background at Studebaker-Packard in South Bend, and with Fred's at Packard Motor Car Company in Detroit, I jokingly said to him one day that we needed a sign at Grousehaven proclaiming it as the Bear Archery Proving Grounds in the tradition of how the automotive companies designated their testing areas. Next thing I knew there was just such a routed sign in his office, and he and I made a drive down to Grousehaven to install it outside the main lodge building. It soon became the location for hundreds of photos over the years with our various guests and salesmen.

In later years, when astronauts Joe Engle or Jim Adamson would hunt with us at Grousehaven, they'd fly into Wurtsmith Air Force Base to the east at Oscoda on the shore of Lake Huron, where we would then drive over and pick them up. They'd store their bowhunting gear in the compartments underneath their sleek, white, two-seat NASA jet aircraft. One day when Jim Adamson had to leave camp early, Joe Engle and I drove him over to Wurtsmith. It was fun hanging out with them as Jim planned his air route back to Houston. And Joe and I had a nice visit on the drive back. I confided in him

PROVING GROUNDS
BEAR ARCHERY

Fred Bear and Dick Lattimer erecting the Bear Archery Proving Grounds sign in the early 1970s. I had suggested it as a joke one day since both he and I had worked briefly in the auto industry, and they always had proving grounds for their new models to be tested. As a youngster at Studebaker-Packard I had been assigned to driving our top dealers around the proving grounds track one year in our new early 1960s model Studebakers. One day this routed sign was sitting in Fred's office, and he and I drove down for the afternoon and put it up. Literally hundreds of photos were taken of people standing behind this sign with Fred over the years.

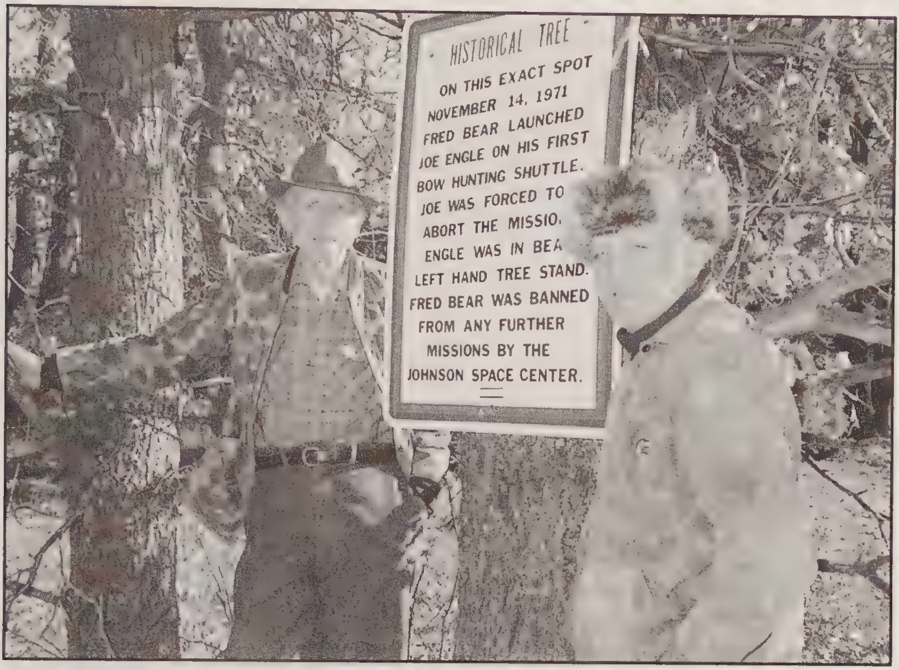
PROVING GROUNDS
BEAR ARCHERY

Here is one of the hundreds of photos taken of bowhunters with Fred at the Proving Grounds sign. This is a gang of us from the company—office and factory supervisory people, who yearly would hunt at Grousehaven with Fred after our other guests had all left for the season. He always wanted to reward his top supervisors each year with this hunt. What a wonderful gesture.

that I was planning on leaving Bear Archery after Fred was gone. I'd had enough of all the management changes, budget and personnel cuts that our succession of corporate owners kept handing out to us.

On one outing Fred asked Joe Engle if he'd like to hunt out of his tree blind. Joe quickly said "yes," and Fred showed him the spot. Joe enjoyed the honor and the spot very much until the time came for him to draw on an approaching deer. Then he discovered that he was hunting out of the left-handed-shooting Fred Bear's blind and being a right-handed archer he couldn't draw his bow back. The tree had been trimmed just for a left-handed shot. A humorous plaque marked the tree for many years afterward in Joe's honor. Here's what it said:

> "HISTORICAL TREE – On this exact spot November 14, 1971
> Fred Bear launched Joe Engle on his first bow hunting shuttle.
> Joe was forced to abort the mission. Engle was in Bear's left-
> hand tree stand. Fred Bear was banned from any further missions
> by the Johnson Space Center."


HISTORICAL TREE
ON THIS EXACT SPOT
NOVEMBER 14, 1971
FRED BEAR LAUNCHED
JOE ENGLE ON HIS FIRST
BOW HUNTING SHUTTLE.
JOE WAS FORCED TO
ABORT THE MISSIO
ENGLE WAS IN BEA
LEFT HAND TREE STAND.
FRED BEAR WAS BANNED
FROM ANY FURTHER
MISSIONS BY THE
JOHNSON SPACE CENTER.

The sign tells the story. Fred put astronaut Joe Engle in his tree blind to hunt one evening. The branches had been trimmed so Fred could draw his bow left-handed. Unfortunately, Joe Engle shoots right-handed! Fred is shown here with his old hunting buddy, Bob Munger, who went on many of Fred's worldwide hunts with him, and who at one time was one of the owners of Bear Archery.

After outgrowing the main building, Mr. Boyer also built a nice four-bedroom building across the driveway from the main lodge that we jokingly referred to as the "Taj Mahal," and on the other side of the main building he built a cabin for himself. It was there that Fred would stay with him when we would gather for the annual Bear Archery hunts. Often Mr. Boyer would be otherwise occupied out of town while our Bear Archery gang was there for our month, and Fred would invite me to stay there in the cabin to keep him company. It had two bedrooms, a sitting area in front of another beautiful fieldstone fireplace and a small kitchen and dining area.

The only one of the 1950s celebrities with whom I ever hunted was Gen. Hank Everest. By then he was an older gentleman, long retired from the service of his country. Fred invited me to go along for the annual firearm hunt one year, loaning me his rifle since I was strictly a bow and arrow guy and did not own one. I really enjoyed spending time with Gen. Everest, getting to know him and sitting around the table with some of the other older fellows from the '50s era as they talked about their wartime experiences. I had graduated from high school the same month the Korean War ended and had a genuine interest in learning more about those days.

Gen. Everest spent a great deal of time sighting in his rifle each day before we'd all go out for the hunt. I think that was his favorite part of the hunt, in addition to seeing all of his old friends. As I recall, we did not impact the deer herd too much that year. Hank Everest was a wonderful gentleman, and I'm glad I was able to spend time with him.

MARKING TIME AT GROUSEHAVEN

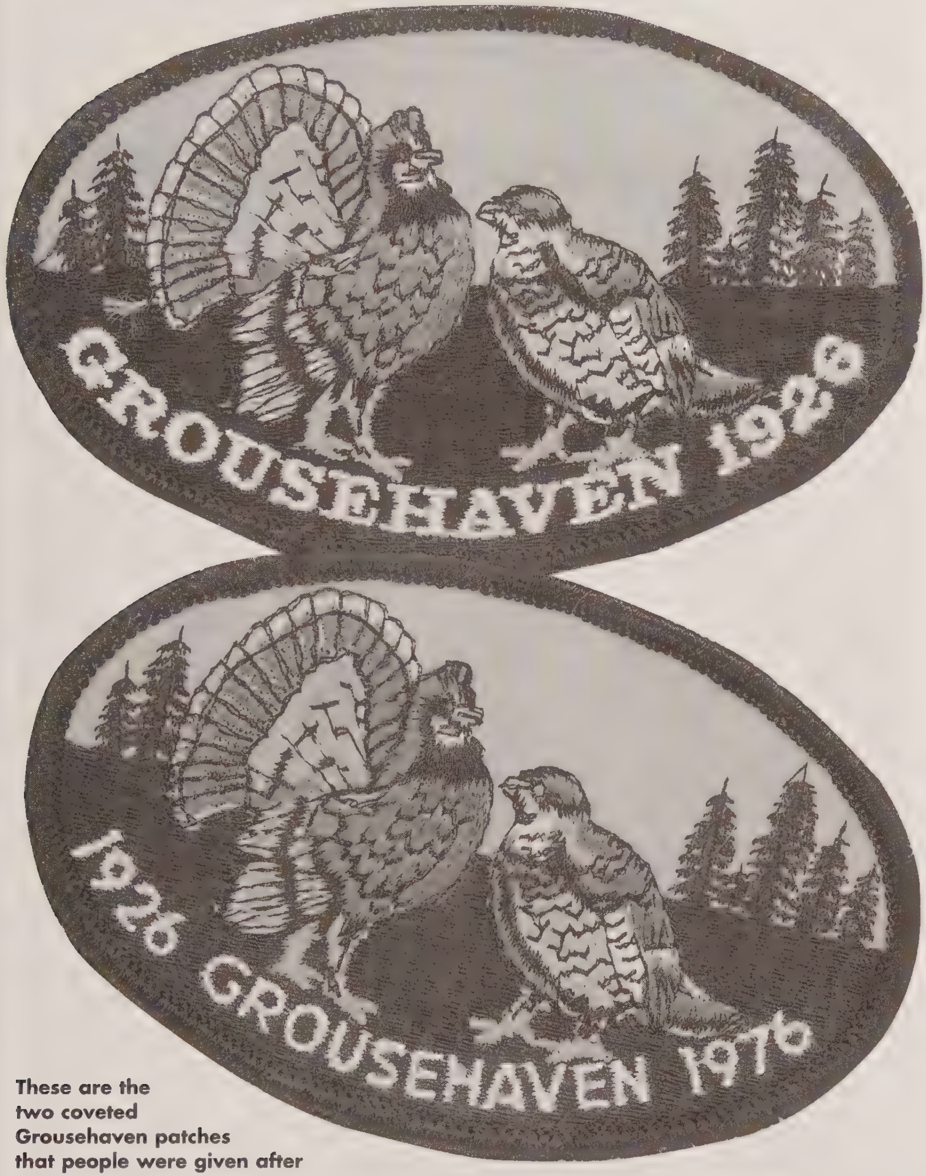
Each year when our Bear Archery group would hunt after the salesmen and customers left, we would all sign a buckskin that was lying on a table there in the main lodge. Unfortunately, after Fred died and our Grousehaven hunts ended, someone walked off with the hide for a souvenir. It would make a nice museum piece and really should be with the Fred Bear Museum display at Bass Pro Shops in Springfield, Missouri.

One day Fred asked me to see to it that an embroidered patch was designed and produced that he could give out as a memento of each year's hunt to the invited Grousehaven guests. Invitations to hunt in those days at Grousehaven with Fred were worth their weight in gold. I actually had two versions of the patch produced over the years, the original 1926 patch commemorating the founding of Grousehaven, and a later version marking Grousehaven's 50th Anniversary that carries both 1926 and 1976 on the patch. They are treasured by all who have them.

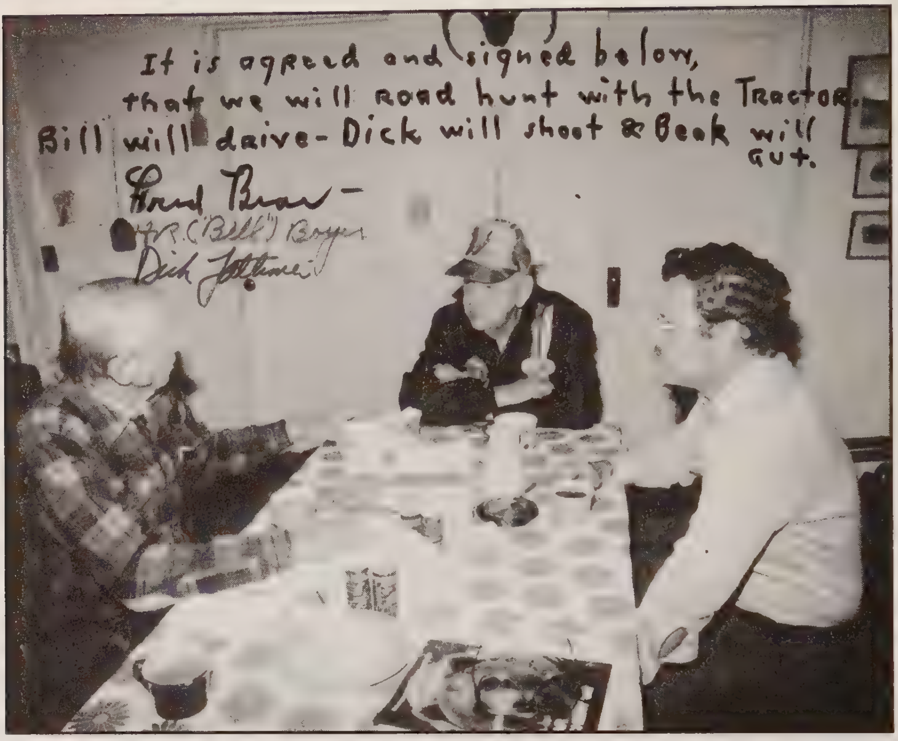
Fred's hunting in his later years at Grousehaven was minimal. He was really there to visit with people, spin his yarns, and generally make sure everyone was happy. His favorite time of the day was when we'd all come in from the evening's hunt and report on missed shots, the number of deer we'd seen, or other misadventures we'd had out in the woods that day. We'd all gather around the fireplace end of the main room and exchange information. And, on the rare occasion that one of us downed a critter he'd pile into one of the old farm Jeeps on the property and ride out to supervise the recovery and field-dressing.

If we had special guests in camp, such as outdoor writers and the like, he would devote special time to them. Les Line was a Michigan boy who went on to become the editor-in-chief of *Audubon* magazine and he often hunted with us at Grousehaven, staying in the Taj Mahal. When he did, I would usually take one of the other bedrooms so I could be nearby in case he needed anything and to keep him company. One year he even brought his teenage son along for the hunt. A very nice young man.

Another well-known writer to visit Grousehaven was John Mitchell, one of the finest wordsmiths I ever knew. John had been on the *Audubon* field staff



These are the two coveted Grousehaven patches that people were given after they had hunted there with Papa Bear. In the early 1970s Fred asked me to get a patch designed and made that he could give to his guests and employees at the hunting camp. The original design is on top. Then a few years later, on the 50th anniversary of Bill Boyer buying the property and naming it Grousehaven we produced the patch on the bottom. These original patches are very rare! Unfortunately, I understand someone is duplicating and selling them without permission. Be sure you get a certificate of authenticity if you purchase one.


It is agreed and signed below,
that we will road hunt with the Tractor.
Bill will drive - Dick will shoot & Bear will gut.
Fred Bear -
W.R. ("Bill") Boyer
Dick Lattimer

Someone snapped this photo of Fred Bear, Bill Boyer and me sitting around the Grousehaven table one morning having coffee. I had a couple of copies made so that Fred could send one to Mr. Boyer, and he wrote the tongue-in-cheek caption on it and had us all sign it. Mr. Boyer loved to ride his tractor to smooth out the sandy roads in camp so we all could see where the fresh deer tracks were, and we all teased him about it. Obviously, we did not really road hunt.

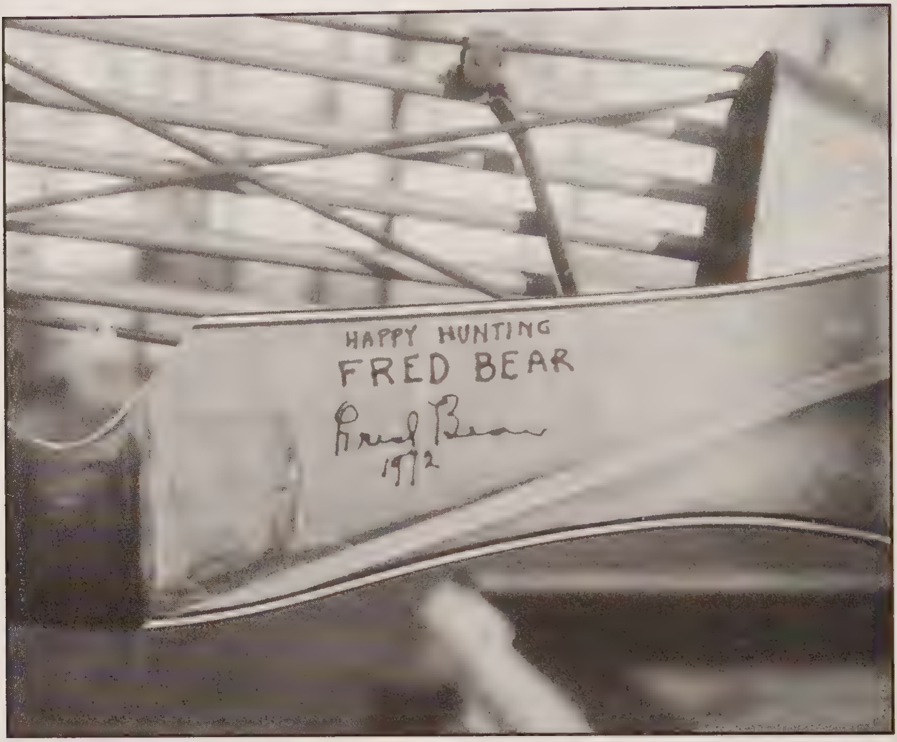
and was on a year-long assignment digging into whether or not hunting was an honorable activity. He later wrote that he had been leaning toward the latter. But when he finally went to Grayling to interview Fred on the subject, Fred totally disarmed him. I've included some of what John said about Fred in the earlier chapter titled "The Creation of Fred Bear."

TED'S INSPIRATION

Here's what entertainer Ted Nugent said about Fred, and his time with him at Grousehaven, in his book "God, Guns & Rock' n' Roll":

"I will never forget a minute of these times—especially our last intimate dialogue together in October 1987. When all the other hunters were out in their treestands, Fred and I went for a little stroll together under a beautiful blue-grey autumn sky within the canopy of flamethrowing hardwoods. The maples

Here an 81-year-old Fred Bear is up in the treestand, making sure it's safe. For those of you who aren't bowhunters, the rope dangling down is used to haul your bow up into a treestand after you climb up. One should never try to climb up into a treestand carrying his bow and arrows.



Papa Bear's sense of humor peeks through again. Here he has signed his own hunting bow, as he's been asked to do for 1,000 or more bowhunters over the years.

were a firestorm of reds, oranges, yellows, and golds; the beech a deep, dark gold; and the black, white and red oaks were varying shades of rust, red and orange. Overhead skeins of waterfowl punctuated the hunter's calm, and Fred and I just walked and talked. He had his ever-present oxygen bottle over his left shoulder and his right hand on my arm. His words of encouragement that day became a guiding force in the formation of my Ted Nugent Kamp for Kids when he told me to continue promoting archery, conservation, hunting, and the shooting sports as I had been, connecting with America's youth via the rock'n'roll vehicle. He encouraged me to ignore my critics' squawking, that he had endured the same nonsense as he took on the leadership for bowhunting, and that the hunting industry and community were loaded with a disproportionate number of unsophisticated, pompous bastards who lived to complain and point fingers at anyone who succeeds. With the resistance I had encountered heretofore at the hands of such people, Fred's motivating words came at a crucial time for me. I took them to heart.

"With eyes agog, I would take it all in like a human sponge, appreciating and cataloging his every word. I can close my eyes and see him any time I wish. When I sing his song, it is best I don't close my eyes and see him, for it is so emotional that the words and memories overwhelm me and I become a sobbing lump of trembling, uncontrollable tears. He means that much to me. Watch me someday if you are at one of my concerts, and see my eyes well up and the veins on my forehead and forearms pulsate with every word. It is as if he is there with us. For he is.

"I take to heart how his song has connected with so many. Since writing the song upon his death, I have received volumes of correspondence from people across America on how it has touched their lives. Many have stated that it has triumphantly changed their lives for the better. Fathers and sons exclaim how it has brought them together. Fighting brothers boast of it bringing them back together for the hunt. It is played on opening days, at birthdays, graduations, bar mitzvahs, weddings, funerals, and every celebration known to man. For this I am extremely thankful. In the wind, he's still alive."

GOODBYE AT GROUSEHAVEN

And so it was that day as I drove around Grousehaven with the black box on my dashboard and the green Borsalino hat that Fred had given me on my head. I even had a piece of dried Pearly Everlasting wildflower in my hatband like he always did. I drove down just about all of the old trail roads that day in one final visit to our old hunting grounds. Finally, turning into the road we knew as Fred Bear Circle I came to a magnificent old Norway pine that he and I had always liked. I stopped the car.

I took the black box from the car, gently covered it with sweet bracken fern under that Norway Pine and said my final private farewell to the cremated remains of Fred Bear. It was a sad moment that brought tears as I knelt there in the forest, but those would then turn to a smile as I thought how appropriate this was to come to Grousehaven one last time with my best friend, mentor and father-figure. And what an honor it was for me to have done so. Thus, the final chapter was written on Fred Bear and his beloved bowhunting camp.

I then took a deep breath, placed the box containing Fred's ashes back on the dashboard, and continued on up the Michigan highway to Grayling. The next day, with the help of our old Bear Archery friend, Jim Hatfield, I'd place Fred's remains alongside the Au Sable River where he and I both loved to fish. More about that day in another chapter ...

CHAPTER NINE

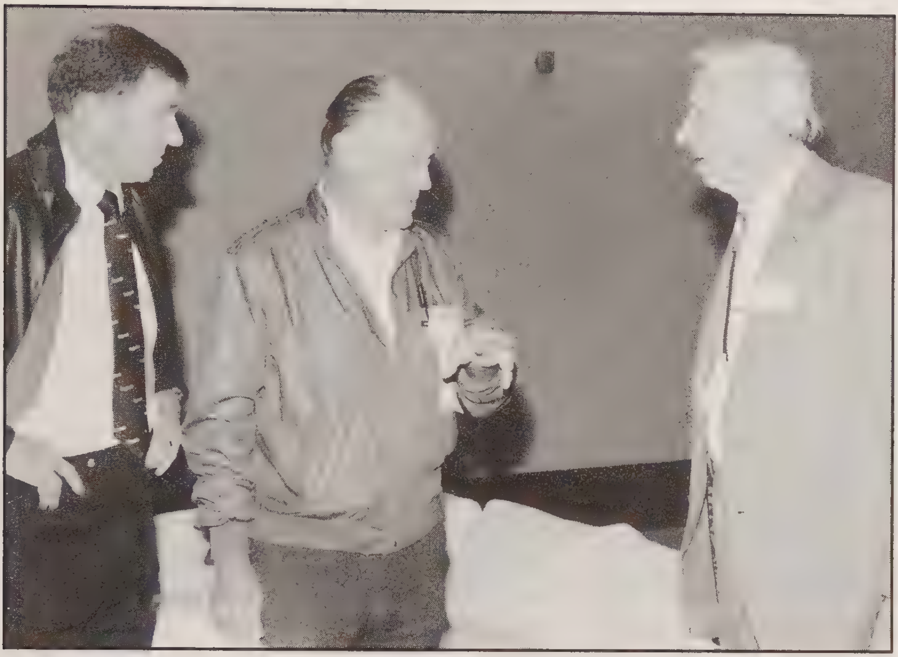
A RAZORHEAD TO THE MOON

For many years sporting goods manufacturers gathered in Chicago each winter to introduce their new products to dealers from around the country. They exhibited under the auspices of the National Sporting Goods Association (NSGA), a Chicago-based organization. First the exhibits were in a downtown hotel, the Palmer House, but they soon outgrew that and had to move to the old Navy Pier that jutted out into Lake Michigan. This was a huge barn of a building, cold and drafty in winter from the fierce winds that came off the lake to give the city its nickname of "The Windy City."

When I first joined Bear Archery in 1966 Navy Pier was still the site of this annual trade show, and the following frigid January I got my first taste of the NSGA Show. That year we introduced the new Super Kodiak bow. Fred had designed and tested this new bow, and we featured it on the cover and as the lead offering in our 1967 mid-year Bear Hunting Bow catalog as Fred's "New Personal Hunting Bow." For years the Kodiak model had been Fred's personal choice in hunting bows. Now with the Super Kodiak, featuring high-compression materials, the bow had greater solidity, balance and smoother power. Fred field-tested this new model on African lion, Cape buffalo, polar bear, grizzly bear, mule deer and white-tailed deer. While Fred appeared on the cover of this mid-year catalog, my old friend and mentor, Tom Blee, was featured with the bow at full draw on the inside spread. For those of you who wonder about things like this, the bow was priced at $99.95, including a carrying case.

A few years earlier a new facility opened on the southern edge of Chicago, also along the lake, and it was called McCormick Place. The NSGA Show intended to move there; however, suddenly in mid-January 1967, a huge fire engulfed the facility, and it burned to the ground. One security guard was killed in the fire that started in one of the booths at 2 a.m.

Normally trade shows are scheduled in facilities many years ahead of time. When I helped run the AMO trade show after Fred died, we'd work three and four years out into the future on booking an exhibit hall. So the NSGA was in a real bind for the following year's trade show. They soon discovered, to everyone's relief, that Astrohall and the Astrodome in Houston, Texas, had those dates open. So, in 1969 the trade show moved to Houston.

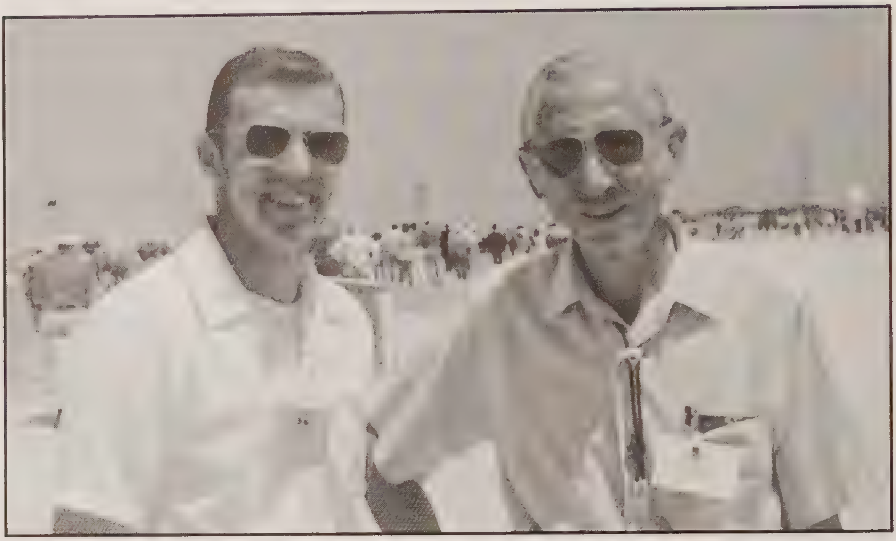


Three American heroes, each of them a pioneer in his own right. From left, are astronaut Joe Henry Engle, who made 16 pioneering flights in the X-15 rocket plane to prove mankind could journey into space and return; Gen. Chuck Yeager, the first man to break the sound barrier in his plane, the "Glamorous Glennis;" and Fred Bear, who pioneered so much technology in the archery industry and then proved it out on the game trails of the world. Fred and I often spent time visiting with Joe and Gen. Yeager at various trade shows. And Joe now carries the rank of General, as well.

I was especially thrilled to be going to Houston. Following World War II my Uncle "Mutchie," on my mother's Hungarian side of the family, had returned from Europe where he had worked on the secret weapon America had developed known as "radar." He filled my head with stories of how German scientists had developed the V-2 rockets and fired them into London. He and his unit had helped track them. And now that the war was over, he said, these same German scientists could figure out a way to use rockets to fly men to the moon.

Prior to the war, Uncle "Mutchie" (Mathew Besyner) had built his own telescope, and once had taken me out next to the Old Hungarian's grape arbor where my widowed immigrant grandmother, Kata Lovrencic Horvath Besynei, rented a small house, and let me look at the moon through his telescope. "Little Grandma," as we kids called her, and my grandfather Frank Horvath had come to America from the small village of Uljanik, Croatia, in what was then part of Hungary early in the century. Unfortunately, he died in the 1918 flu epidemic, so I never knew him.

I think I was about 5 years old at the time I first really looked at the moon that night. It fascinated me, as did those post-war stories about how men could



Astronaut Joe Henry Engle at left, with Fred. Joe was a wonderful friend to all of us at Bear Archery and one of the "adopted sons of Fred Bear." He was the commander of the STS-2 space shuttle mission aboard Columbia and the STS-51-I mission aboard the shuttle Discovery. A genuine American hero. Gen. Joe is a dedicated bowhunter and firearms hunter. Fred was very proud to know Joe, and vice versa.

someday fly to the moon. People laughed at my uncle, both before the war and after because he was so adamant about this possibility.

AN EYE ON THE SKY

So it was that I got hooked on the idea of space travel. In 1955, while still in college at Indiana University, I saved my first newspaper when President Eisenhower announced to the world that the United States would put up a satellite around the Earth in 1957. In essence, America gave the Soviet Union a date to shoot at to beat us in what would later be called the “race in space.” Before my collection was completed 45 years later, I had saved nearly 5,000 similar space program newspapers, books, official NASA flight transcripts, magazines, congressional reports and tapes. In 2001 I donated this extensive collection, believed to be the only private collection of its kind in the world, to the Kansas Cosmosphere & Space Center in Hutchinson, Kansas. It had been valued at $145,000 by a respected appraiser of historical documents. It will be used by historians, writers and students to learn more about the early days of our space program, as well as about how it fit into the context of what was going on in the world at the time.

And my passionate interest in space travel led me to pile my wife, Alice, and our three small children, Beth, Mike and Scotty, into our red 1965 Pontiac

Astronaut Joe Engle and Fred Bear bowhunting together in Alaska. The year was 1972.

Tempest convertible in July 1969, and drive down to the Kennedy Space Center to see the historic launch of Apollo 11, our first manned landing on the moon. We did not even have room reservations, but lucked out when we arrived by all cramming into a small rental travel trailer on the parking lot of one of the local motels. We watched the launch from a bank parking lot in Titusville across the Indian River from the launch pad. It was on this trip that the idea of writing a book about the space program first crept into my mind.

Before we climbed onto the plane to Houston for that first relocated NSGA trade show in 1969, I remember talking to Fred, Kelly, Shirley Bonamie, Pat Wiseman, Donna Patton and some of the other people in the office about how neat it would be if we could actually meet an astronaut. Little did I know what was in store for us.

THE ASTRONAUTS ARRIVE

Men who fly high-performance jet aircraft, especially those who are combat fighter pilots in war, like some of our early astronauts were, can admire someone who also takes risks and hunts dangerous big game animals armed only with a bow and arrow. They know what it is to live on the "edge." These young astronauts, many of whom were also hunters and fishermen, grew up reading stories and watching television shows of Fred Bear's daring bowhunting adventures. And, so, once the trade show opened there in Houston, our Bear Archery booth was awash in young astronauts, the very men who were in training to fly to the moon and make history. They all wanted to meet Fred Bear.

Astronaut Joe Engle visited Grayling in the early 1970s when the combined management staffs of all the Victor Comptometer Recreation Products Group met there. Joe brought along this early model of the space shuttle and explained to the group how the shuttle would separate from its solid rocket boosters during ascent to orbit. Joe later was the commander of the second shuttle flight, the first time a used spacecraft had been taken into space.

At that trade show, and subsequent visits to Houston, we met almost all of the Apollo astronauts and most of them who'd done the earlier Mercury and Gemini flights. The list included Alan Shepard, Deke Slayton, Gordon Cooper, Pete Conrad, Al Bean, Vance Brand, Jerry Carr, Gene Cernan, Walt Cunningham, Charlie Duke, Joe Engle, Ron Evans, Jim Irwin, Jack Lousma, Jim Lovell, Ed Mitchell, Stu Roosa, and Al Worden. And, as it turned out, Jack Lousma, a Michigan native, had often spent his summers as a youth vacationing in Grayling. I would later meet many others, including Dick Scobee, El Onizuka and Ron McNair. The last three died aboard Challenger when it exploded high above the Kennedy Space Center.

The morning after our first day at the trade show that year, Bob Kelly and I and a couple of other Bear guys met Mercury and Gemini astronaut Gordon Cooper for breakfast in the Hotel America where we were staying. After reading of his exploits on his Mercury Faith 7 flight in May 1963, and on his Gemini V

Mrs. Bear and astronaut Fred Haise, who was in training as the back-up commander of the upcoming Apollo 17 flight to the moon. Apollo 17 was our last manned flight out to the lunar surface. This is the flight that Joe Engle was scheduled to walk on the moon with Gene Cernan until he was bumped off the flight when NASA was under tremendous pressure from the scientific community to send a trained geologist on the crew. Harrison "Jack" Schmidt, with a doctorate in geology, replaced Joe.

flight with Pete Conrad in August 1965, I was struck with how down-to-earth this nice guy was. Easy to talk to, he listened as much as he talked, if not more, and he was genuinely interested in us and in our sport. At that time, he was also embroiled in a political fight in NASA and in the astronaut office on who would command Apollo 14 to the moon. He lost that flight to Alan Shepard and would never make his own flight to the moon. Shepard had been grounded due to an inner ear injury, but had a secret operation to correct the problem and won the political scrap to command the third flight to actually land on the lunar surface.

Two of these astronauts whom we met that year in Houston, were particularly hooked on archery—Joe Henry Engle of Chapman, Kansas and Walt Cunningham of Creston, Iowa. Engle and Neil Armstrong were the only two American astronauts who came out of the pioneering X-15 rocket plane program. Joe had flown 16 X-15 flights, three of them into what was considered "outer space." Of course, Neil became the first man to walk on the moon. And the Apollo 11 flight was in its final training stages when we made that first visit to Houston. Sad to say, I never did meet Neil Armstrong, but sat within five feet of him on a VIP bus at one of the Apollo launches. Of all the astronauts, other than Joe Engle and Jim Adamson, though, I would have to say that Neil has been the most helpful to me in my research over the years, always answering my letters to him and even providing me with things out of his file to use. He is a quiet, gentle giant of a man, much in the mold of Charles Lindberg, who also shunned the spotlight.

Joe Engle was bumped off the last lunar flight by NASA so that a Harvard University trained geologist, Dr. Harrison Schmidt, could give a scientist's view of moon exploration. Joe had been scheduled to be the lunar module pilot on Apollo 17 and would have walked on the moon with Gene Cernan. Joe gallantly hid his disappointment and stayed around NASA for the next 10 years helping develop the space shuttle, test piloting the non-orbital Enterprise shuttle mock-up, then commanding the second shuttle flight aboard Columbia, and another later one in command of Discovery before retiring as an astronaut. Twenty years later, he was still involved with the U.S. space program in an advisory capacity.

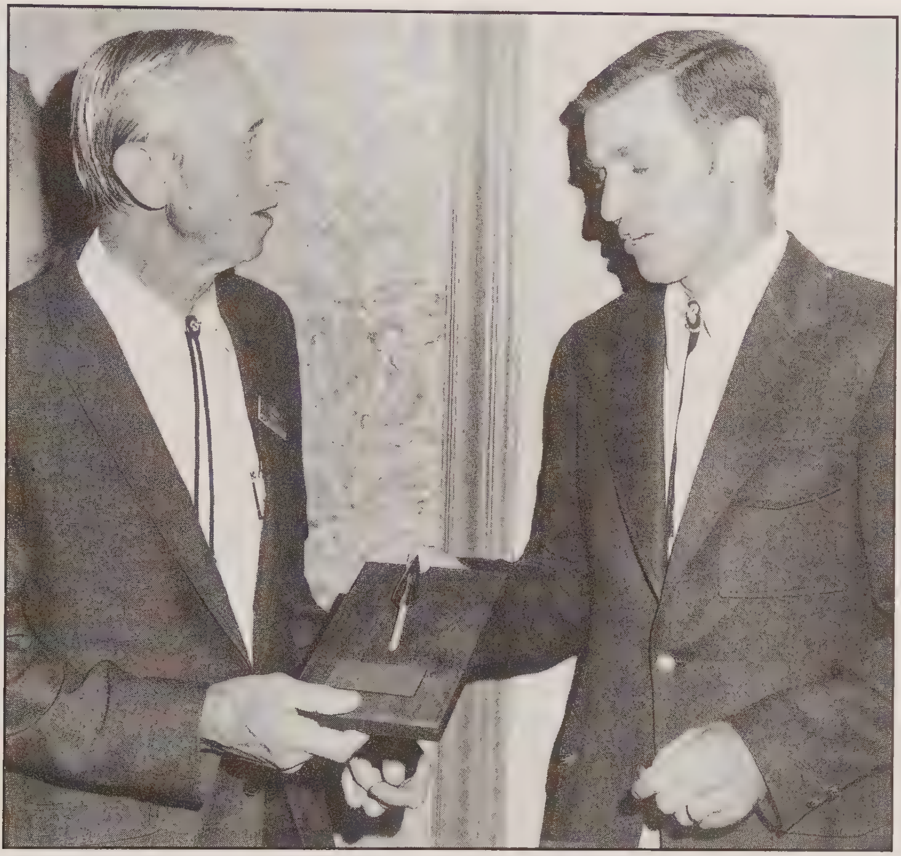
Walt Cunningham had flown aboard Apollo 7 with Wally Schirra and Donn Eisele in October 1968, the first flight after the fatal Apollo One fire on the pad that had killed Gus Grissom, Ed White and Roger Chaffee. It took a great deal of "the right stuff" to climb aboard Apollo 7 after the Apollo 1 tragedy.

ASTRONAUTS JOIN FRED'S CLUB

The astronauts' trainer, Joe Garino, was also an archery enthusiast, and so it was that in 1970 Joe Engle, Walt Cunningham and Joe Garino traveled to Detroit's Cobo Hall to shoot in the big winter indoor archery tournament, The Bear American, held there that year and sponsored by Bear Archery. Engle, Cunningham and Garino also became three of the first members of The Fred Bear Sports Club that we announced at that tournament. They were joined at that time by television actors William Shatner and James Drury. Also, professional archers Frank Gandy, Vic Berger, John Kleman, Vince De Lorenzo and Clarence Kozlowski were invited to be among the first members of the Club. I stood off to the side when the photo of the original Fred Bear Sports Club members was taken there in Cobo Hall, just as proud as I could be that the Club was finally getting off the ground.

In the late 1960s, early '70s, I was the northern Indiana fundraising director for St. Jude Children's Research Hospital in Memphis, Tennessee. This was the childhood leukemia center founded by actor Danny Thomas. Their fundraising office was actually located in Indianapolis, Indiana, so I established a good relationship with those folks. At one time they even invited me to come to work for them. At any rate, with Fred's help I was able to get four of the astronauts to make radio spots for St. Jude's that we then distributed nationally to help in fundraising. The four were Jim Lovell, Gene Cernan, Al Worden and Dr. Joe Allen.

In subsequent visits to Houston for the NSGA Show and the Super Market



Following the Apollo 16 flight out to the moon with Fred's Bear Razorhead, Joe Engle presented the head to Fred at a gathering of the Pope & Young Club. This was the longest shot in archery history—having traveled well over 500,000 miles out to the moon and back.

Institute we were able to spend additional time with the astronauts, usually in their offices in Building 4 at the Manned Spacecraft Center (later renamed the Johnson Space Center after President Lyndon B. Johnson). We shared dinners with them as well as time at their local watering hole, The Golden Chariot. They always took us over to watch the training going on across the street in their lunar module and command module simulators.

During another visit to the Astrohall/Astrodome complex we introduced a packaged archery concept for family beginners called "Instant Archery." It was during this visit that I helped teach Dr. Ed Mitchell to shoot a bow and arrow. Ed and I and some other folks also talked at that time with Art Brady of Victor Golf about how neat it would be to shoot an arrow on the moon or drive a golf ball. I've often wondered if Ed Mitchell then went back to the astronaut office that day and suggested the idea to his partner, Alan Shepard, who did just that on their joint Apollo 14 walk upon the moon in February 1971. I never thought to ask either one of them about that possibility.

They never did shoot an arrow on the moon for us, but they did take a Bear Razorhead to the Moon on a later Apollo flight. As a result of the hours spent with Ed Mitchell during this and other visits to Houston, he invited some of us to his Apollo 14 launch. So it was that Bob Kelly, his wife, Jeanie Kelly, Bear sales manager Bill Sparks and I flew down to Orlando and the Kennedy Space Center and attended the Apollo 14 launch as guests of the crew. We were provided with VIP passes to sit in the closest area to the launch pad near the huge Vehicle Assembly Building. In those same stands that day were Neil Armstrong, Juan Carlos (who eventually became King of Spain) and his wife, presidential advisor Henry Kissinger and many other celebrities. I stood out near the rope that cordoned off the VIP area at the moment of launch and secretly held my shirt open so I could feel the shock waves off the mighty Saturn V rocket as it lifted its 6.5 million pounds off the Earth. It was a heady experience between rain showers moving in from the west.

Another of the young astronauts we met at the Bear Archery booth that first visit was Al Worden of Jackson, Michigan. Naturally, being fellow Michiganders we struck up a friendship, which was not difficult to do with the cordial Worden. So it was that my wife, Alice, and I were invited to be guests of Al and his crew to their Apollo 15 launch in July 1971. We again drove from our home in Ft. Wayne, Indiana, down to the Cape, this time with room reservations ahead of time. We enjoyed the preflight briefing for VIP's and the tour of the launch facilities.

RAZORHEAD EARNS ITS WINGS

Joe Engle asked Charlie Duke of the Apollo 16 crew if he'd take one of Fred's Bear Razorheads out to the moon on his crew's April 1972, flight. Charlie's crewmates on this mission were T.K. Mattingly and John Young. They were heading for the highest lunar landing yet at a lunar altitude of 25,688 feet. They landed on April 20 at 8:23 p.m. CST in the Southern Highlands of the moon, on the Cayley Plains in the Descartes Region. They explored there just one hour short of three full days and drove more than 22 miles on the surface of the moon. They retrieved 213 pounds of lunar material for study. On board the command module as the crew sped toward the moon was our Fred Bear Razorhead®. It is now a valued memento in the Fred Bear Museum display at Bass Pro Shops in Springfield, Missouri.

Fred and Mrs. Bear drove over to the Kennedy Space Center several times while they were in Florida for the winter and watched the Apollo crews practice in their lunar pressure suits for their exploration on the moon in the mock-up of the lunar surface there at the Cape. It was only about a 50-mile drive from where

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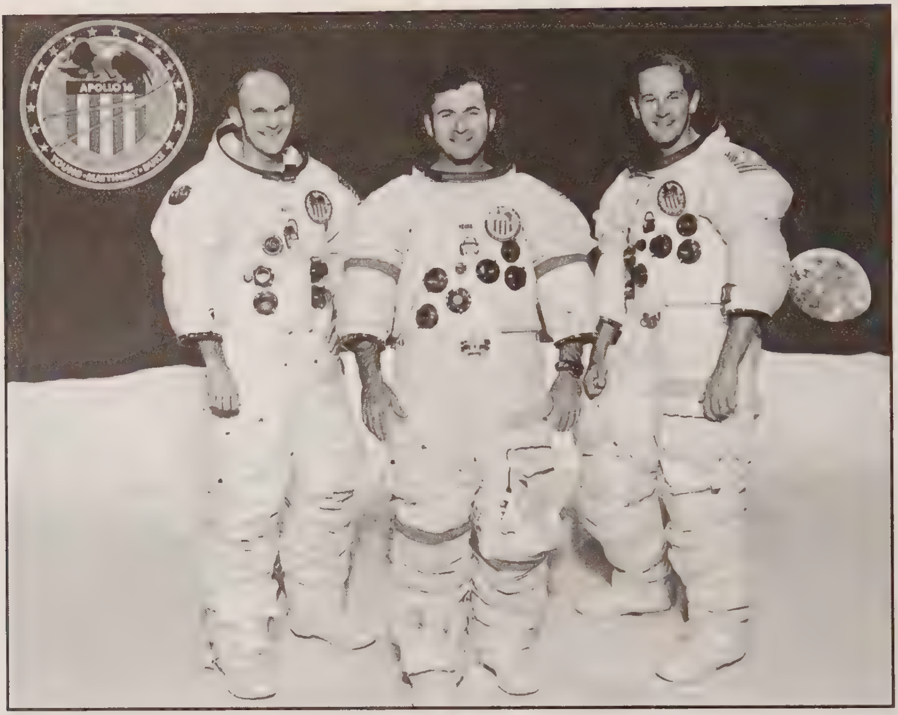
This is the Bear Razorhead that was taken out to the moon by the crew of Apollo 16.

they lived in Altamonte Springs in the Orlando area. The crew got Fred in the simulators, on the lunar rover and in the "rock pile," according to our old friend, astronaut Joe Engle, who was there. Fred enjoyed knowing these brave fellows as much as they got a thrill out of knowing him. Several framed photographs from the various astronauts hung for many years on Fred's wall in the Gator Room in which



The crew of Apollo 16. Center, John Young (commander); right, Charlie Duke, (lunar module pilot); and, left, Ken Mattingly, (the command module pilot). These fellows took our Bear Razorhead out to the moon with them on their flight in April 1972.

he and Mrs. B spent most of their time at their home in Gainesville.

Following the flight out to the moon by Apollo 16, Joe Engle attended the Pope & Young meeting in 1972 as a guest of Fred's. While there he presented Fred with the Bear Razorhead that went to the moon on that flight. Luckily a tape recording was made of that presentation. Here's a part of what Joe Engle had to say on that occasion. It was Aug. 20, 1972:

"I've known Fred for about two or three years now and I've known him closely for about a year. Fred's philosophy of life, and his example, resonate with me all the time and I feel had I not met Fred and gotten to know him I would've missed out on an awful lot in life. I guess I kinda put Fred in the same category as my dad and I don't know how to pay a person a better compliment, or a higher compliment, than that. And for that reason I'd like to really kind of impose on you right now for a couple of minutes..."

Joe then went on the read a letter that he had with him.

Dear Fred:

This is to certify that the enclosed arrowhead was carried to the moon aboard

A humorous model of a Saturn rocket launch pad that Joe Engle presented to Fred, showing the rocket about to be launched by a bow—The BEAR—Basic Energy Augmented Rocket, according to the nameplate Joe put on the model. In reality, we later learned that Wernher von Braun, the genius who designed the Saturn rocket, was an archery buff. And at the request of some friends of his, I sent him a Bear Archery bow set that they presented to him on his birthday. The trade-off was that he later sent me an autographed photo. The Saturn rocket looks a lot like an arrow if you look at it closely. It even has stabilizers at its base to help steer it into orbit, just as an arrow has feathers to do the same job.

Apollo 16 in recognition of our friendship. I'm sorry it's taken so long to return it, we've been busy with post-flight activities and now we're training for Apollo 17. I hope to see you again in the near future. With best regards, sincerely yours,

Charles M. Duke, Colonel USAF
Lunar Module Pilot
Apollo 16

Joe then went on to say, "Well, Fred, I know Pope & Young doesn't keep records on distance and all that kind of stuff, but if you're looking for a record for that arrowhead, you might try to enter it ... it traveled from launch to landing 8 billion, 661 million, 670,293 feet. So if you can practice a little bit, maybe you can out-do that. I know Fred's proud of this, and I'm proud to be able to give it to him. I'm proud to know him, and I know you all are, too. Thank you very much."

Mrs. B's foster son, Mike Steger, later figured out for Fred that if the astronauts had shot this Razorhead from a bow on the moon it would have gone 3,750 feet if it had been released at a 45-degree angle for maximum distance. With the same formula, Mike estimated that it would travel 625 feet here on earth.

ARCHERY IN ASTRONAUT LIFE

Also during the Apollo days I got the idea of designing some paper archery targets for the guys to shoot at in their small gym at the space center in Houston. I wanted them to tie-in with the planets, so I sketched out some rough ideas and turned them over to our Bonsib art department. They came up with some beautiful designs that we then had printed in a limited quantity for the troops. Glenn Wilson, our Texas sales rep and I then worked with Joe Garino to set up a small field range for them outside the gym in the center of their jogging trail. Glenn arranged for bales, and he and I set up the range for them one day. That way they could either shoot their bows inside the gym during inclement weather or outside when it was nice.

After we got the range all set up, Walt Cunningham of the Apollo 7 crew took us up to meet Deke Slayton, one of the original seven astronauts. Deke was quite a hunter and just wanted to talk hunting. Deke had lost his seat on Mercury due to a heart problem, but later after we were there was cleared to fly and was the docking module pilot aboard the Apollo-Soyuz mission when our Apollo guys linked up with the Russian crew in space in 1975. Deke was a great guy and always nice to me. He invited Fred and me down to his retirement flight at the Kennedy Space Center, but, unfortunately, we couldn't make it due to our work schedules. I understand that Deke took a T-38 high over KSC and did amazing things with it in his farewell flight over the Cape.

Whenever I'd be at the astronauts' gym waiting for one of the guys to go out to dinner, or for Joe Garino, I'd suit up and shoot baskets. They had several handball courts and a half-basketball court with weight-training equipment off to one side. Joe would always toss me one of their NASA gym suits to put on. Talk about leading a Walter Mitty life. One day I was shooting buckets in my astronaut gym suit, and Rusty Schweickart, the Apollo 9 lunar module pilot, walked up to chew the fat and asked me if I was one of their chopper pilots. "No," I said, "I'm just the bow and arrow guy." He got quite a chuckle out of that and walked quietly away shaking his head.

In 1984 another Bear Razorhead® went into space. This time Fred Bear

The final scene in "The Good Earth" film was of Fred and Jim Lovell walking on snowshoes. Jim walked out onto the backwaters of the Au Sable River in his snowshoes that afternoon during filming and accidentally went through the ice up to his knees. Needless to say, we used that unexpected take in the final version of the film. He was a good sport about it.

Sports Club members, Jim Buchli and the late Ellison Onizuka took one of our Razorheads up into orbit with them on their STS-51C flight aboard the Space shuttle Discovery on Jan. 24, 1985. This was the first secret Department of Defense mission, and Fred and I always joked that the secret weapon on board was our Razorhead. Actually, 51-C deployed a secret spy satellite. This Razorhead, too, is in the Fred Bear Museum with a plaque that says "This Fred Bear Razorhead traveled 1.23 million miles at a speed of 17,300 miles per hour (25,373 feet per second)." Jim Buchli later visited our Fred Bear Museum with his family, and Frank Scott and I had the pleasure of showing him around. Unfortunately, as I mentioned earlier, El Onizuka died aboard the Space Challenger when it exploded high over the Kennedy Space Center immediately following its launch on Jan. 28, 1986.

REMEMBERING LOST FRIENDS

Not long after that sad event I was asked to write an article for *Archery World* magazine about our relationship with the astronauts who died that day. Here is what I wrote. It appeared in the September 1986, issue of that publication. The first paragraph is the lead-in to the article that the *Archery World* folks wrote:

"While the whole nation felt the loss of the space shuttle Challenger and her crew that morning of Jan. 28, 1986, Bear Archery's Dick Lattimer lost friends that day, friends he had made through the astronauts' interest in archery and bowhunting. *Archery World* asked the advertising executive to share some of his memories of those special people, and after a visit to the Cape this summer he put pen to paper."

Even though my new book "All We Did Was Fly To The Moon" had successfully debuted last October at the John F. Kennedy Space Center here in Florida, I could not bring myself to go back to the Cape. I had learned the hard way that one of the prices you pay for knowing and rubbing elbows with the astronauts is dealing with their deaths when they suddenly occur. It was the first time since my first contact with that elite group in 1969 that I had to accept that cold reality.

One day last week I stood at the ground floor entrance to the elevator the astronauts rode that morning last January, when they left for their deaths on board Challenger high above Pad 39B. I was very apprehensive about riding up to the third floor and stepping into the crew's quarters.

The last time I had been there I had spent most of the afternoon crawling around on the floor of the small gym with a new friend, Dick Scobee, who helped me assemble some of the archery equipment that I had taken there for

Fred presents astronaut Jim Lovell with his membership certificate in The Fred Bear Sports Club during his visit to Grayling for the filming of "The Good Earth." The setting was Fred's living room. At the time Jim was the head of the President's Council on Physical Fitness & Sports. He had flown to the moon twice, on Apollo 8 (mankind's first flight to the moon), and Apollo 13 (the ill-fated flight that barely made it back to Earth).

the troops to play around with. Dick had been at the Cape on assignment and had just wandered into the weight room where I was unpacking some of the Bear Archery equipment. Dick was later to be the commander of the Challenger on her fatal flight.

I knew that I would have to deal with ghosts when I walked down the darkened hallway past the now-empty bedrooms, where Challenger's crew had slept before the launch. I had known three of the people who died aboard Challenger, and the ship itself was one that I had deep feelings of attachment for—as a matter of fact, I had named one of our popular Bear Archery target bows after the second spaceship in our shuttle fleet. My art director and I had even driven down to the Cape with our wives one warm morning to watch the Challenger arrive for the first time aboard its Mother 747. It looked for all the world like a baby whale perched on its mother's back as it lumbered slowly down the Florida beach past the Officer's Club at Patrick Air Force Base.

I had driven down for her maiden launch in 1983 as a guest of the crew. Perhaps it was the Challenger name that appealed to me. For many years our research at Bear Archery into why people become bowhunters spoke of the "challenge" of the sport, and I had used the buzz word often in my advertising copy. The word evokes an image of "spitting on one's hands and getting on with it" in the finest traditions of our pioneers of the Old West and of our immigrant grandparents who had made their own scary journeys into the unknown, into their hostile environments of the day.

As I walked down the sky-blue carpet that morning last week, I remembered, too, the fun night I had spent eight years before with some of these people who would die aboard Challenger.

I had been at the Johnson Space Center doing research on my book "All We Did Was Fly To The Moon" and had met earlier in the day with some of the astronauts. Dinner had been planned with the late Cy Baker and his wife, Pat, with whom I had become friends over the years (Cy was the administrator of the astronaut office, and following his death I dedicated my book to him.)

"Before we go eat," Cy had said when I finished my day of interviewing people, "I want to take you someplace that I think you'll enjoy."

It was Jan. 30, 1978, and NASA had its 35 new astronauts in town to announce their names to the public. Their group's flight patch would carry the letters TFNG on it as sort of a fraternal secret code. In reality it meant "Thirty-Five New Guys" and reflected the bright good humor of this new group that Dr. Robert A. Frosch, the NASA administrator described that day as "an outstanding group of women and men who represent the most competent, talented and experienced people available to us today." Some 8,079 applicants had been whittled down to these 35. They included the first American women astronauts, the first African-Americans, the first Asian, the first Buddhist, the first of

Jewish faith. Truly it was the first really representative group of Americans to become astronauts.

My notes on the "new kids" made after that evening reveal that I found Sally Ride to be "very self-confident." I would later take Pat Baker, Cy's widow, to Sally's launch as the first American woman in Space. I also met Dr. Ron McNair that evening and found him to be a very nice person with an infectious smile. Ron would become the second African-American in space, and his brilliant career would end aboard Challenger. Also there that evening at the Gilruth Center from the Challenger 51-Lima crew were Ellison Onizuka, Dick Scobee and Judy Resnik.

El had been born on the Big Island out in the middle of the Pacific Ocean in the Hawaiian chain. He had grown up on the Kona Coast not far from the voice of the ocean, and it was a part of him. He loved going after the big ones, so I put him in contact with Zebco for what he needed. But El also got hooked on our sport of bowhunting, and so began years of phone calls from him on one or the other aspect of hunting with the bow and arrow. Sometimes he called just to chew the fat, and we would laugh and giggle at something that one or the other of us had done on our misadventures with bow and arrow. Once, when Fred Bear was in Houston on business for a speaking engagement, our good friend Joe Engle, who has hunted with Fred in Alaska and commanded two space shuttle missions, had Fred over to his house and invited El and some of the other young astronauts over for an evening of camaraderie. El and another astronaut/archer, Jim Buchli, would later take a Fred Bear Razorhead and Fred Bear Sports Club patch up with them on their secret flight aboard Discovery in January 1985.

I had not met Christa McAuliffe, yet I identified greatly with her, as a matter of fact, I was damn jealous of her. On the plus side was the fact that she was a teacher like my wife, Alice, and I could appreciate the benefits her flight would have upon our young people. My jealousy was caused by the fact that she would become the first ordinary American in space, and I had dreamed of doing that in my own Walter Mitty way and had even been pestering congressmen and NASA to make it a reality. The fact that 20,000 other Americans share the same dream has not yet deterred me, and as a matter of fact, diagnosed heart trouble has only stimulated me to try the medical research angle to get on board. So I carried the guilt of jealousy down the darkened hallway in the crew quarters that day last week, too.

What I did not expect to find at the end of that hallway was humor. That would have been the last emotion that I would have dreamed possible. I expected sadness, because I had talked to El just a few days before the launch. He had called to tell me how much he was enjoying my book now that he was getting around to reading it. For my part I asked him to take a copy of it up "sometime" for me. Whether or not he had a copy in his personal preference kit on board Challenger I do not know, perhaps no one does.

Both Dick and El had invited us to their launch, and Charlie Smith (Bear Archery president) and I had planned on attending with our wives. But several delays had moved the launch into the weekdays, and at the last minute we changed our plans. And so, mercifully, we were not there to see Challenger ascend into the Florida sky.

As I stepped into the small combination workout room and archery range at the end of the hallway, our Bear Lightarget® stood out on the far side of the room. The astronauts had positioned it there so that they could stand outside in the hallway and get some added distance for their short archery range. And surrounding the riddled Lightarget were dozens of holes in the wall where errant arrows had missed the target. Not one or two, mind you, but dozens. And the first hole in the wall had been noted for historical purposes by the gals that help keep the astronaut crew quarters humming along. They had put a name tag up over the arrow hole to mark it for posterity. And the name on the marker was that of El Onizuka.

Suddenly, fear and trepidation disappeared. I mean it literally melted away, and I laughed out loud. El and I had laughed at one another so very many times over the years about our missed shots and silly goofs while we were out hunting, yet he had never told me about his "missile monument" here in the gym. And somehow it seemed just the right thing to do, and I had one last belly laugh with my friends on board Challenger 51-L."

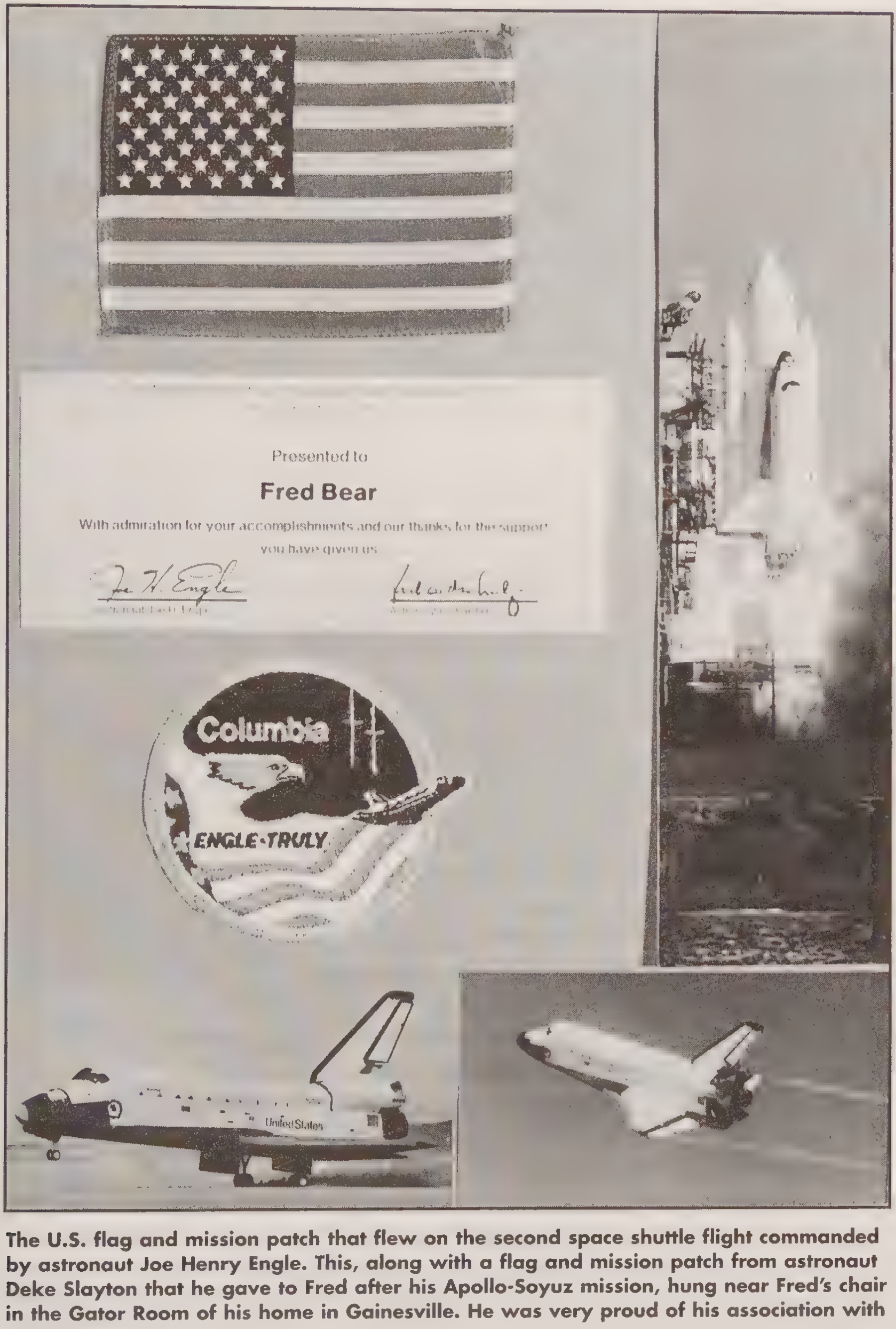
RESOLVED TO REMEMBER

Immediately following the deaths of the Challenger astronauts I wrote a resolution for the American Archery Council. We were meeting later that week in Nevada. This resolution passed unanimously and was sent to El's widow and children, and was also printed along with my article in *Archery World*. Here's what it said:

WHEREAS, astronaut Ellison Onizuka, of the space shuttle Challenger 51-L crew, demonstrated his interest in archery and bowhunting often throughout the years, and,

WHEREAS, he and his fellow crew members aboard the space shuttle Discovery on Flight 51-C, Jan. 24-27, 1985 carried into orbit with them a bowhunting broadhead in recognition of America's archers and bowhunters, and,

WHEREAS, this broadhead was later presented to The Fred Bear Museum



Presented to

Fred Bear

With admiration for your accomplishments and our thanks for the support you have given us

Joe H. Engle

The U.S. flag and mission patch that flew on the second space shuttle flight commanded by astronaut Joe Henry Engle. This, along with a flag and mission patch from astronaut Deke Slayton that he gave to Fred after his Apollo-Soyuz mission, hung near Fred's chair in the Gator Room of his home in Gainesville. He was very proud of his association with these fine fellows.

for permanent display in Gainesville, Florida, and,

WHEREAS, El Onizuka enjoyed shooting a bow and arrow around the Kennedy Space Center,

Be it hereby resolved by the American Archery Council at its annual meeting in Las Vegas, Nevada on Feb. 1, 1986 that the sport of archery, through all of its national organizations, representing America's more than 2 million archers and bowhunters, assembled here in body, recognize and thank the late astronaut Ellison Onizuka for his support of our sports of archery and bowhunting.

Dr. James J. Shubert, president
Dr. Dave Samuel, vice president
Christine McCartney, secretary

Two years later, I had a very eerie thing happen that I will believe until the day I die involved El Onizuka. Here's how I wrote it up and reported it to his sisters, brother, widow and children not too long ago. I leave it to you to either believe it or not. But this really happened. And I have kept quiet about it, other than telling a few close friends, for the past 15 years, for fear of being ridiculed.

"THE ORIENTAL BOW"

Japan is composed of four large islands, 600 smaller ones, and 8,000 small islets. Between 3000-1800 B.C., during the Neolithic Period, a nomadic Caucasian race of people known as the Ainu arrived in these islands.

Later an Oriental race of people came from either the Asiatic mainland or the islands of the south and also settled. They were the predecessors of today's inhabitants. Japan's first emperor, Jimmu Tenno, then came across from the island of Kyushu to the main island of Yamato in 660 B.C. These people eventually drove the Ainu from most of the islands over to Hokkaido and Sakhalin in the north, primarily because they had superior archery equipment. Just remnants of the Ainu remain, but those who do still use the bow and arrow as an integral part of their ancient bear-cult ceremonies.

In 538 A.D. Buddhism was brought to Japan from India by way of China and Korea. Reincarnation is embraced by Buddhists. Here is an excerpt from the Dhammapada and the Samannaphala Sutta: "Buddha speaks: With his heart thus serene, made pure, translucent, cultured, devoid of evil, supple, ready to act, firm and imperturbable, he directs and bends down his mind to the knowledge of the memory of his previous temporary states. He recalls to mind ... one birth, or two or three ... or 1,000 or 100,000 births, through many an aeon of dissolution, many an aeon of both dissolution and evolution."

The history of archery in Japan thus goes back many thousands of years. From their ancient Ainu people, through their Samurai bowmen, up to the present time. This unique group of island-dwelling people have long practiced the bow and arrow sports. Archery also has an integral place in the practice of Zen Buddhism. From ancient times shooting the ceremonial whistling-arrows was believed "to disperse evil, stop calamity, bring peace and render happiness."

And not only is the bow and arrow ingrained into the history and culture of this island society, but even the shape of the bow in Japanese history is unique from all others used in the world.

The traditional Japanese bow is thicker at its bottom end, or limb, as it is known in archery circles, than at the top limb. And the top limb, being more slender is also longer. Matter of fact, the grip area in a Japanese bow is two-thirds of the way down the length of the bow, rather than half the distance as is found in all other cultures. One explanation is that most of their earlier bows were made of saplings and when cut were thicker at their base than at their top.

Back in the late 1980s I was writing a book about reincarnation, a topic that has always fascinated me. The book has been completed for many years now, but I have never sent it to a publisher. I wrote it more to put my own beliefs down on paper than for any reasons of a commercial nature. My working title for the book was "Next of Kin." The book is a work of fiction and contains a cast of characters who had all lived before as incarnations of the same basic soul. One of my characters, Jymy, is an astronaut from the future who had died at a base on the moon.

I had been making notes about Jymy for several weeks in preparation for writing his chapter. As is my custom, the working area next to my word processor was stacked high with piles of material within easy reach. The five or six pages of notes about Jymy were on top of one of these stacks. On the Saturday morning of Jan. 9, 1988, I was about to go down to my home office and begin work on the Jymy chapter.

On the wall in front of me in my home office where I wrote was a framed copy of the article I had written at the request of *Archery World* magazine regarding our friends who were lost in the Challenger explosion. And sitting on top of my word processor was a small figure of a sitting gorilla that I found particularly funny and always kept there while writing. Another of the characters in my reincarnation book was a woman from the early days of mankind who lived in Africa 3 million years ago and who was more apelike than human in appearance.

No one was in my home office when the next thing occurred. I was at the other end of the house, my visiting mother was in the bathtub and my wife was occupied elsewhere. Suddenly I heard a crash. Thinking my mother had fallen in the tub I rushed to that end of the house. It had not been her. She was fine.

Next I went into my office. Somehow the framed article about the

The chert atlatl head found exactly at the site upon which we built our Saturn rocket launch pad at the Kennedy Space Center in Florida. I tracked this down by way of the NASA History Office in Washington, D.C. and learned that it was kept at the Florida State Museum not far from Bear Archery. How ironic was that?

Challenger crew had fallen off the wall, hit the ape on top of my word processor on its journey downward as well as the stack of notes about Jymy I had been working on, and continued on down to the floor. The framed article was now sitting directly on top of my Jymy notes on the floor. The ape figurine lay nearby.

I called to my wife to come see the strange thing that had happened. As she entered the room and I told her about it she quietly said, "Look at your chair."

The framed Challenger article had also hit the plastic cover of the folding chair that I used while working at my word processor. And the edge of the frame had hit the plastic covering and cut a perfect oriental bow design in the plastic. Complete with the grip being two-thirds of the way down the handle.

I immediately knew that my Buddhist friend Ellison Onizuka had reached out to me to let me know that I should continue work on my book. As a result, my dedication in the front of this unpublished book reads: "For the friend who visited me after he was gone, to let me know that he was still here."

Little more than three months later, Fred died. Ellison also considered him a friend and looked up to Mr. Bear.

While astronaut Joe Engle was at our house for Fred's funeral, I worked up the courage to show him the oriental bow chair that El had left at our house. I didn't know if he would poo-poo it or laugh. He did not. He advised me to take pictures of it, protect the chair and put the photos in our safe deposit box. That I have done, and the chair, itself, now sits in a closet about 10 feet from where I'm writing this with a protective cover over it.

ANCIENTS, ASTRONAUTS AND ARCHERY

That's the end of the story that I sent to El's family, but before I leave this topic, you might be interested in some research I stumbled across in the writing of my book, "The Genesis Rocks", about our lunar landings and the world events that preceded each of those historic flights. This will be of particular interest to those of you who are archers or bowhunters.

I wrote to my friend at the NASA History Office in Washington, D.C., Lee Saegesser, who had helped me over the years gather information for my various space-related books. He put me onto some archaeological research that had been done at Cape Canaveral when the space program was just beginning. It seems that Tuequesta Indians had inhabited the area 4,000 years ago. And in that area the researchers had sifted through one particular location in which I was interested.

Known to the University of Florida archaeologists as BR 79, this ancient Orange Period midden site offered up pottery fragments, animal and fish bones and two whole and one partial chert atlatl points when the Apollo 11 launch pad was built, the only projectile points found in more than 50 Native American sites on Cape Canaveral. At this precise location, on a small hill rising over the sea, we had built our own projectile site, Apollo Launch Complex 39A ... our launch pad. All Apollo flights except Apollo 10 would leave from this concrete and steel "cathedral to the eternal night."

It occurred to me that a photo of the chert atlatl points might be an interesting thing to include in my book. It took several letters to Washington, D.C. trying to track these items down. Much to my surprise, they were hidden in a drawer at the State of Florida Museum at the University of Florida, less than three miles from where I lived at the time! I'm including a photo of me holding the whole atlatl point in this chapter since this hunting device was the implement that preceded our bows and arrows.

One final comment about Fred's relationship to the space program is a rather oblique thing that happened. Tom Pucci had been at Bear Paw Landing in Canada hunting when our Bear Archery gang was there in 1974. And Fred was one of Tom's heroes, as he was to so very many people. In the early '80's Tom commissioned a bust be done of Fred to help immortalize his memory. The sculptor selected was Ed Dwight of Denver, Colorado. Dwight had been an aeronautical engineer, pilot and Air Force captain when President Kennedy asked him to train to be an astronaut in 1962. He was the first African-American selected for the U.S. space program. The Monday after Kennedy's assassination in 1963, Dwight was transferred to Germany. He resigned from the space program and the Air Force in 1966 and never flew a space mission. But he did later become a very accomplished sculptor.

In 1976 when Fred was inducted into the Hunting Hall of Fame he was sponsored by Congressman John Dingle of Michigan who asked Virginia Kraft, associate editor of *Sports Illustrated* magazine to present Fred on the occasion. Here is what she said:

"In this age when man set out to conquer space, and did, when he turned from Earth's green fields to heaven's vastness for his quarry, one man, as unique an adventurer in his own right as those whose sights have been on the stars, turned back instead to a period of man's history that was perhaps his most basic. Fred Bear, who learned to hunt with a gun, put it away more than 50 years ago and took up instead one of the oldest weapons known to man, the bow and arrow."

CHAPTER TEN

OUR FIRST COMPOUND BOWS

An unusual-looking bow sat in the corner of Fred Bear's office in Grayling. He had taken one look at it when it arrived at the office and dismissed it. "Who'd ever want to buy a bow looking like that?" he asked. The bow joined many others that had been sent to Grayling during those years from inventors who thought they had discovered the next giant leap in bow design and function. Many, like this one, were really unusual-looking devices. But Papa Bear was having none of it. He was always into the aesthetics and traditional clean lines of a bow that at the same time provided dependable performance. Designing and producing beautiful, high-quality recurve bows was his passion.

Then one day in the early 1970s a famous writer came to town. His name was James Dickey, and he had written a book about archery that had been made into a very popular film of the day titled "Deliverance." Bear Archery later provided the archery equipment for that film starring Burt Reynolds, Jon Voight and Ned Beatty. Bear Archery's regional sales manager, Hugh "Hoss" Blackburn, had been the technical advisor on the film during filming on the Chattooga River in Georgia. It was released for viewing in 1972 and it still can be seen from time to time on television and in video rental stores.

Dickey was a professor of English, winner of a Pulitzer Prize, and one of the finest modern poets in the world. He was also a devoted archer. And Fred admired his writing talent, as only another writer can do. So when Dickey glanced over in the corner of Fred's office during his visit that day in Grayling and asked "What is that?" Fred knew he had to show him this monstrosity of a bow that he had rejected out-of-hand. He handed the bow to Dickey, telling him that it was a new bow design that someone had sent him.

Dickey picked up the bow, lifted it to the vertical, set his fingers along the bowstring, and pulled back. When the bow hit its let-off point and eased to full draw, he lowered the bow, looked Fred in the eye and said, "I want one for myself, one for my wife and one for my son!"

This is our Bear Archery gang that bowhunted together at Bear Paw Landing in Ontario in 1974. Left to right: Ray "Hap" Fling (sales manager), Bob Bigler (national accounts manager), Fred Bear (you can easily see he stood head and shoulders above the rest of us, both physically and ethically), Gordon Bentley (president, Archery Lane Operators Association, and owner of Bear Paw Landing), Bob Kelly (Bear vice president of marketing), and Dick Lattimer.

GOING WITH THE FLOW

That was the day that Fred knew that he had to get into the compound bow business. However, with his pride as a bowyer, pattern-maker and craftsman, Fred felt that he and his people could improve on the compound bow's design to make it more attractive and more saleable to the hunting public. And he had a great R&D department in those days to help him develop and flesh-out his ideas.

Bill Stewart was the bowyer when I first started working with Bear in 1966 and was largely responsible along with Fred for the beautiful recurve bows we sold in those days with their exotic imported hardwoods such as shedua, African bubinga, rosewood, and zebrawood. But by the time I moved to Grayling in late 1971 to set up The Fred Bear Sports Club and then the in-house advertising agency, Stewart had moved on. Owen Jefferey was our head bowyer by that time, and the department included Neil Byce, Sr., Norm Groner, Bob Remick and Jim Helmick on special developmental projects. Gene Ellis was our general foreman. Our old friend from the Grayling days, Orin Pelto, then supervisor of the arrow department, reminded me that "Jim Helmick was the man who came up with the idea of impregnating maple wood with the various colored dyes for bows. Also, he had introduced Bear to injected-molded parts such as the hoods for bow quivers, Weathers® for arrows, and the bubble-packaging system for accessories."

Helmick and his wife also owned a motel on the north edge of town, and when I first arrived in Grayling I lived there for a number of weeks before moving into a rented cabin along the backwaters of the Au Sable River above the Old Dam.

As our R&D guys worked on the design with Fred on the new compound bow, I began putting together the introductory material and advertising plan while Kelly put together the pricing and marketing plan. One of the fun things about being in advertising is writing copy, creating layouts, and coming up with new names for products. In honor of Fred's many trips to hunt in Alaska I named our first hunting compound bow the "Alaskan." And, in keeping with tradition, in our tournament/target line I suggested using our trademarked "Tamerlane" name for our first target compound. Both met with Fred and Kelly's approval.

Understanding how something as simple as a screwdriver works has always been a challenge for me. So it was out of necessity that I depended on Neil Byce, Sr. for help with writing the instruction, catalog and advertising copy for our first compound bows. Fred happened to be out-of-town with Mrs. B in Florida for the winter during part of this time, as was his custom after he sold the company to Victor, and Neil and I would camp out in Fred's office where we knew we wouldn't be disturbed and sit at his desk as we went over the two bows and pounded out how best to describe them. Neil was very patient with me and kept explaining things to me in baby language even I could understand. Then I'd go back to my office and write the copy for the advertising and instruction books. My assistant, Bill Macintosh, was also a big help.

As I said, Fred and Mrs. Bear would spend the winters in Florida with Fred coming up north a couple of times each winter to stir things up at the plant and to keep us all on our toes. In truth, he also missed the northern Michigan winters along with all of his friends at the plant. In between visits he kept in touch via mailed notes, phone calls and tapes. I still treasure a fair-sized box I have of the hundreds of notes he wrote me in those years. And when those days come along when I spend too much time missing him, I get the box out and paw through it, eventually smiling and then laughing at some of the things he sent me.

FIELD-TESTING THE COMPOUND

One of the most enjoyable things about building new archery products is that it is necessary (Fred always said with tongue in cheek) to take them out into the woods and field-test them. When one can figure out a way to justify taking them to another country to field-test them, it is even sweeter.

In another chapter I cover our involvement with The American Archery Council, a small group that Fred and Kelly helped get started back in the early 60s. Gordon Bentley sat on the AAC in those days representing the Archery Lanes Operator's Association, and he and I immediately hit it off.

Fred spins his yarn magic outside our cabin at Bear Paw Landing, telling his hunting tales. I wandered around on the periphery snapping photos for our upcoming Bear Archery catalog. The bowhunters were spellbound listening to Papa Bear's stories.

In fact, Gordon and his wife, Mimi, became good friends and they wanted Fred and some of the rest of us to come up to Canada to hunt at their bear camp, Bear Paw Landing, in western Ontario.

So it was that on May 25, 1974 we journeyed first by car from Grayling to Sault Ste. Marie, Canada to catch a flight over to Dryden to field-test our new Alaskan compound hunting bow. Enroute we flew all the way down the length of Lake Superior at an altitude of 26,000 feet. What a beautiful flight. It was a nice, sunny day.

In our party from Bear Archery were Fred (president), Bob Kelly (vice president-marketing), Ray "Hap" Fling (national sales manager), Bob Bigler (national accounts manager), and I.

Being enamored with the idea of a "take-down" bow like our successful recurves that Fred had designed and perfected on hunting trips to Africa, we boldly stated in our preliminary advertising material that the Alaskan was a true "take-down" compound bow that didn't require any special tools for assembly or disassembly.

Bear Paw Landing was a short boat ride from the mainland and a wonderful camp. It was a series of five cabins capable of housing several dozen bowhunters at any one time. After we were suitably settled into our cabin, we started meeting

I just had to include this photo in our Bear Paw Landing chapter. Fred took this photo of the bear I had shot, the only one taken by our Bear Archery group on our trip. Obviously, the bear was nowhere this big, it was a camera angle trick. Sure looks like it's a huge bear, though, doesn't it? I was feeling bad that the bear wasn't bigger, but Fred confided in me that his first bow and arrow bear was really not much bigger than this one. His words, as usual, made me feel a lot better.

the other bowhunters in camp with us. Naturally, all wanted to meet Fred. Some of the names I jotted down in my little notebook of that hunt are Jerry Dale, Harley Noftsger, John Kolometz, Jim Richards, Tom Lazar, Tom Pucci, Tom Flaugher, and Ed Flaugher.

One of my main goals for the trip was to take photos of Fred for possible use in our next Bear Archery catalog when we would introduce the Alaskan. In those days I used a Nikon F2 camera with a series of lenses ranging from wide-angle to telephoto, with a special lens adapter for the 55mm lens to allow me to get extreme close-ups. And Fred had given me his old Halliburton camera case to store my equipment in and take on my various jaunts. He had also given me the Bausch & Lomb 9X35mm Zephyr binoculars that he carried on his hunts to Africa and India in the '50s and '60s, and I still use them to this day.

I wanted informal shots of Fred sitting around fiddling with the Alaskan, as well as shots of him actually shooting the bow. Little did I know until later what a turn of events all of this would be.

FRED FAILS WITH THE COMPOUND

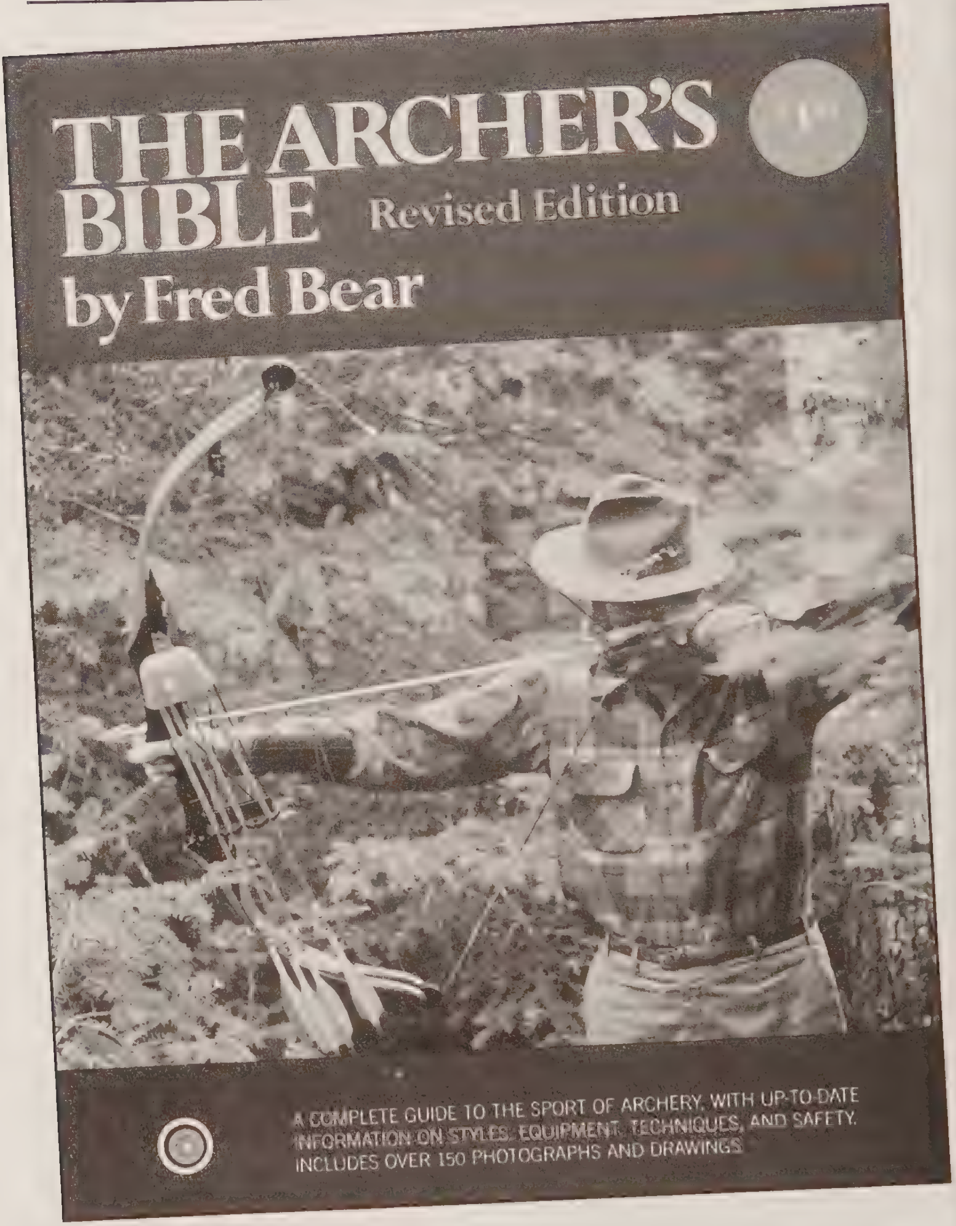
He and I first headed for the woods near camp to get some photos of him drawing and shooting the bow. As it turned out, these few photographs were the only official pictures ever taken of Fred Bear shooting a compound bow that were ever published.

As all bowhunters know, when one is in a bowhunting camp, part of the challenge and fun is practice each day before you go out hunting. Naturally, when friends like our Bear Archery group gather, there is a lot of competition and good-natured kidding when arrows are being loosed at targets. In our case, we generally used styrofoam coffee cups for targets since these were more difficult to hit, and our sessions were generally held after lunch. They also provided us with that nice "sweet spot" that all bowhunters concentrate on when they finally arrive at the "moment of truth" with their quarry.

I can remember the look on Fred's face as he tried time after time to shoot the Alaskan bow there that first afternoon at Bear Paw Landing. He simply could not do it with the proficiency he had shown all his archery life. The reason was simple after he thought about it for a few minutes. His was a snap-shooter's style. He would rest the arrow on the knuckle of his right hand, not on an arrow rest, and as he drew the arrow back to full draw. The moment it touched his cheek, he released it and was deadly accurate. He had that innate ability to visualize his arrow speeding to the target and he always hit what he was looking at. Thousands of arrows had left his bows over the years, not only winning him championships in target archery, but also world-class big game trophies around the world on his many hunts. And also during the difficult trick shots he did in his early years working the Midwest sporting goods show circuit. But when the Alaskan compound bow reached its peak weight and let-off that Canadian afternoon, it completely threw him for a loop and ruined his shooting style. He never hunted with the Alaskan or any other compound bow. Nor did I ever see him shoot a compound bow again. And that was the reason. Luckily I had that one roll of exposed film with just a few usable photos on it that I would later use repeatedly in our advertising material.

Fred loved to tell stories, not only of his many hunts, but also stories about himself, self-deprecating stories that poked fun of himself. In his later years he even included my turkey hunting misadventures in his repertoire of yarns. In hunting camps he would attract bowhunters like honey attracts a bear whenever he sat down to tell his stories. If you ever had an opportunity to hear Fred speak at a bowhunter dinner, or in a hunting camp you know what I mean. Fred Bear was to hunting what Will Rogers was to politics.

So it was that as he sat on the small back porch of our cabin one day there in the sunshine at Bear Paw Landing, with me hanging out on the perimeter with my camera and lenses, he started to tell his tales. And, of course, he knew I wanted to get photos of him working on the Alaskan compound bow. What better way to do it than as he was telling stories to a bunch of rapt bowhunters gathered on the grass around him? So, between yarns, he began to take apart



THE ARCHER'S BIBLE
Revised Edition
by Fred Bear

A COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE SPORT OF ARCHERY, WITH UP-TO-DATE INFORMATION ON STYLES, EQUIPMENT, TECHNIQUES, AND SAFETY. INCLUDES OVER 150 PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS.

One of the few photographs of Fred Bear shooting a compound bow. Fred and I went for a walk in the woods in the Ontario wilderness at Bear Paw Landing, and I snapped this photo. He discovered he could not really shoot a compound bow due to his "snap-shooting" style. We used this photo on the next edition of "The Archer's Bible" published by Doubleday.

the Alaskan bow to show these fellows how this was truly a Bear take-down compound bow. Many of them were already familiar with that style of bow that he had designed for their hunting recurves. Taking the bow apart went pretty well, and I snapped away, changing film several times, enjoying what I was doing. But then through my viewfinder I saw the old man's brows knit up and this serious look come onto his face. I knew we were in trouble. He could not get the bow to go back together again to his satisfaction. And if Fred Bear could not reassemble a piece of archery equipment, we were in deep doo-doo! He quietly set the bow aside, acting as if little was wrong and continued spinning his yarns to the group of listeners around him. I'm not sure they ever realized how very frustrated he had become.

Afterward, when he was safely in the privacy of our small Bear Archery group he called the factory and read them the riot act for claiming the bow was a "take-down" and one that could be taken apart and reassembled without any tools. One of the few times in my many decades with Fred that I ever saw him angry. Needless to say, we never again suggested that the new Bear Alaskan compound bow could be taken apart for travel and then easily put back together again when one reached his hunting camp.

Nevertheless, I had my Fred Bear compound bow photos and built part of our 1975 catalog around them. That was the catalog that we also published in French, German and Japanese translations.

TIME TO BEAR HUNT

That frustrating day, however, was soon over. Fred was not one to brood upon something like that. It was done, he spoke his peace, and he moved on. He did not carry a grudge. So the remainder of our hunt, there was a lot of fun for all of us. Each of us were dropped off at a baited treestand in the afternoons where we could wait for the wild Mr. Bear to come into our shooting range. And there were both black and cinnamon-colored bears in the area. In the mornings we fished for delicious walleyes on the waters around camp and enjoyed them in late suppers after returning from our bowhunting forays. Fred loved to fish for walleyes.

Some of Gordy's bear blinds were as much as 50 miles away from camp. The one I hunted the first night out was 24 miles from Bear Paw Landing. And it was 12½ miles off the main highway. I really knew what it felt like to be alone in the woods hunting bears armed only with a bow and arrow. It is a very sobering realization when they drop you off at your blind and drive away, and the isolation suddenly hits you. You are truly an intruder in the bear's living room.

My notes from the hunt mention a moment that I shared often with Fred and Kelly over the years. It is a simple moment, but really a memorable one. Here's what I said in my notebook from that hunt.

Breakfast time is the best part of the day, when Fred, Kelly, Hap, Bob and I sit around the table having our first cup of coffee of the day.

Fred's hair is tousled, highlighting and framing his weathered deep-lined smile. He and Kelly in their flannel p.j.'s with sleep still in their eyes. They're quiet like me in the morning. Hap is the over-exuberant one, singing and giving us all the needle 'cause we're still half asleep. Bob Bigler also wakes up slowly.

We have 10 or 15 minutes alone each morning to wake up in each other's company. Then some of the other people in the camp start coming in for breakfast, including Gordy, who is always a joy to see in the morning with his happy smile and upbeat ways.

A BEAR OF A HEADACHE

I was lucky enough to be in the right place at the right time next to the small Minnow Lake and took the only bear harvested by our group with a bow and arrow on that hunt. Needless to say, when the least-experienced bear hunter in a group like that in our Bear Archery cabin got the only bear, it was quite a thing to remember. Unfortunately, as so often happened to me in my younger years, the next morning I awoke with a horrible migraine headache. I had suffered from them since childhood and they always seemed to occur after a stressful week at work, or after a particularly stressful time, such as when I completed my annual pitch to our Bear Archery sales meeting on our new catalog and advertising for the coming year. Or, now I discovered, after I successfully hunted and downed a nice Canadian black bear.

But Fred came to the rescue for me. It seems he, too, had suffered from these same debilitating migraine headaches. And he had discovered a medication called Cafergot® that he used to fight them. If you've ever had a migraine, you'll know what I'm talking about. If you haven't, just know that in addition to a horrible sick headache you usually have a pain in one side of your forehead that feels as if someone has driven a nail into your skull, you are nauseous and usually throwing up, you have chills, numbness in your extremities and even vision difficulties. All you can do is to lie down in a dark quiet room and wait the damn things out. It usually took four or five hours for me to feel better. But after Fred told me about Cafergot, I got a prescription, and it greatly reduced the severity of the migraines.

I first suspected Fred also suffered from migraines when I saw a photo of him taken the morning after he had finally taken his African elephant in Mozambique in 1964 just two years before I started working with him. He looked horrible in the photos and was all bundled up in a hunting jacket in the African heat. There was no doubt he was ill, and when he later told me he also suffered from migraines I knew my suspicions were true. It is said that a lot of creative people suffer from these things, and Fred was certainly one of the most creative people I ever knew.

COMPOUND GAINS ACCEPTANCE, BUT NOT FROM FRED

In the early 1970s Congress passed the 11 percent federal excise tax laws on archery equipment and began collecting that tax in 1975. I'll get into all of that and the part Fred played in it behind the scenes in another chapter. But as a result, in the spring of that year he asked me to go down to our Michigan Department of Natural Resources and see how we could get a portion of the accumulating archery excise taxes devoted to helping promote our sport of archery. That, too, I'll cover in that chapter. But while I was in Lansing, I was asked by our old friend Merrill "Pete" Petosky, the chief of the wildlife division at that time, to meet with G. M. Dahl, chief of the law enforcement division, about these new compound bow products.

In July of 1970 the compound bow was deemed a legal hunting device in Michigan; however, it was to be unstrung when carried in a motorized vehicle, as were all archery bows in the state. This was to keep them from being used as a poacher's tool and to curb illegal road hunting from automobiles.

Chief Dahl called me into his office and wanted to talk to me about what I thought about that restriction, and I told him that I thought it was total overkill and really created a hardship for Michigan's growing number of compound bow hunters. I explained to him that unstringing a compound bow generally required a heavy, bulky bow press in those days and that it was virtually impossible to shoot a compound bow from inside a vehicle. I told him quite frankly, that Fred Bear, himself, had difficulty unstringing our new compound bows and putting them back together properly without a bow press to help him do it.

Chief Dahl bought the argument and issued a new law enforcement policy following our meeting dropping the unstrung requirement and instead simply stating that "the compound bow may be carried strung in a motorized vehicle if securely fastened in a case or rendered incapable of operation by locking a long-shank bicycle-type padlock around the inner and outer strings..."

This was a big relief to all of us who hunted with compound bows, and the change certainly reflected well on the common sense approach taken by Chief Dahl and the Michigan DNR while we lived in the state.

The introduction and acceptance of our first new Alaskan and Tamerlane compound bows went very well, indeed, compared to this relatively rocky start up at Bear Paw Landing in Canada. But I never again referred to either of the bows as "take-down" bows in any of our advertising copy.

And the only other photo I ever took of Fred and a compound bow was a posed shot I took of him in Alaska. He didn't hunt with the compound while there, but I wanted to get him with the bow in an Alaska hunting situation.

And I never again saw Fred shoot a compound bow.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

THE STRIKE

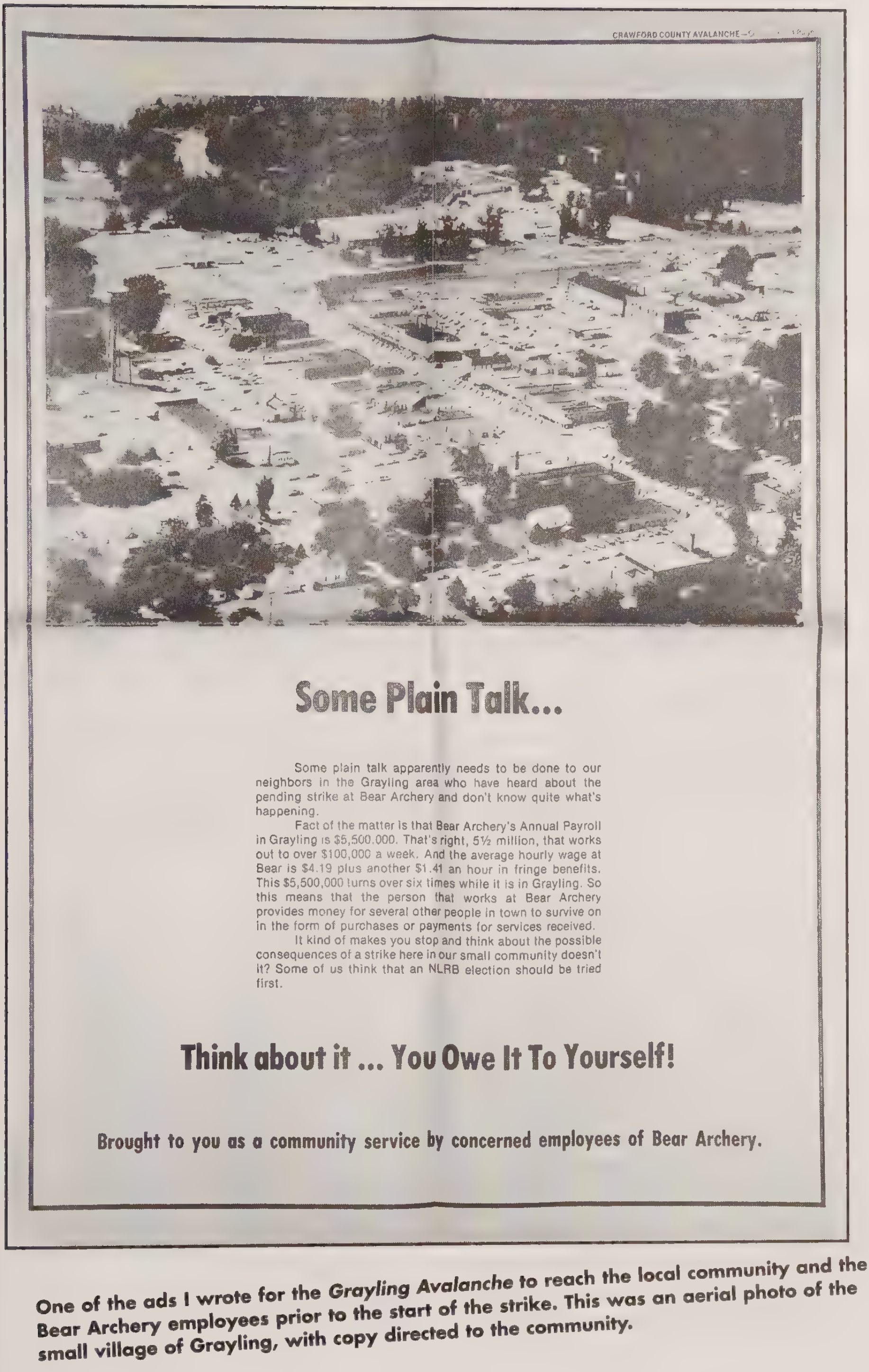
None of us knew what to expect that April morning in 1976. The United Auto Workers (UAW) and their new Grayling Local 1903 had just announced a labor strike against Bear Archery. In an attempt to limit the number of vehicles crossing the picket line that first morning, we had been asked to form car pools.

So at 6:30 a.m. I jumped into my Chevy Blazer at our small modular home on Old Dam Road, swung around the corner in our Sherwood Forest development and picked up Phyllis Thompson at her house and Gretta Chapp who met us there. We continued along Old Dam Road and stopped to pick up my assistant, Bill "Apple" McIntosh, at his log cabin and then headed for the plant. On the way we also stopped and picked up Pat Wiseman at her mobile home and drove the couple of blocks toward the plant on the edge of town. All of us worked together in the Bear Archery annex known as "The Swamp." We all jointly ran the Bear Archery in-house advertising agency.

We were there early ahead of the workers, due to the fact that we needed to set up our photography and video equipment to document the first day's picket line crossing for possible use in court, as we would do every day for the remainder of the long strike. There were a number of driveways into the Bear Archery plant, but we had our security people block them all off. That left just the one open gate next to our office for the strikers to congregate. This allowed us to better record the happenings. We could also have one of our plant security guards there next to the picket line during critical times.

When we arrived that April morning, we encountered about 100 strikers who were all worked up and excited about their first day on the picket line. Some banged on our vehicle and screamed at us as we slowly made our way across the picket line. They had not yet thought of surreptitiously dropping nails in the driveway as they would later throughout the strike, both here at the plant and at many of our homes. For now, most of them were just learning to be angry strikers. Up until that time they had just been our fellow co-workers, friends and neighbors—people with whom we lunched, laughed and joked most every day. Some of them were hunting and fishing companions of ours. They were like family.

Thankfully that first Monday morning we still had 109 of our regular employees show up for work, Tuesday saw 117 cross the picket line, 122 on Wednesday and 124 on Thursday. They had chosen not to strike with the others. We had earlier made a management decision to schedule our production from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m. four days a week to limit the number of times our employees



CRAWFORD COUNTY AVALANCHE—

Some Plain Talk...

Some plain talk apparently needs to be done to our neighbors in the Grayling area who have heard about the pending strike at Bear Archery and don't know quite what's happening.

Fact of the matter is that Bear Archery's Annual Payroll in Grayling is $5,500,000. That's right, 5½ million, that works out to over $100,000 a week. And the average hourly wage at Bear is $4.19 plus another $1.41 an hour in fringe benefits. This $5,500,000 turns over six times while it is in Grayling. So this means that the person that works at Bear Archery provides money for several other people in town to survive on in the form of purchases or payments for services received.

It kind of makes you stop and think about the possible consequences of a strike here in our small community doesn't it? Some of us think that an NLRB election should be tried first.

Think about it ... You Owe It To Yourself!

Brought to you as a community service by concerned employees of Bear Archery.

One of the ads I wrote for the *Grayling Avalanche* to reach the local community and the Bear Archery employees prior to the start of the strike. This was an aerial photo of the small village of Grayling, with copy directed to the community.

BEAR ARCHERY

Our management team strike committee when the UAW strike occurred. Left to right: Neil McCormick (labor consultant), Bob Kelly (executive vice president), Dick Lattimer (public information officer), Bill Annin (vice president of manufacturing), Bill Grandlund (factory superintendent), Bert Lawrenz (Victor Comptometer personnel director), and Douglas Dahn (our corporate attorney from Detroit). Lawrenz, McCormick and Dahn only met with us occasionally; the rest of us met almost daily during the strike. Not present for the photo were: Gus Kihlstrand (personnel director) and Ben Apps (controller).

would have to cross the picket line. This enabled our working employees to still get their 40 hours in each week and a long three-day weekend to rest and recuperate from the stress of working under strike conditions.

One thing that was very important for Bear Archery to prove those first few days of the strike was that we could continue to build and ship our archery products without missing a beat. And, since violent strikers might try to prevent that, I was asked to ride along with my camera when that first shipment was sent across the picket line. Jim Hatfield, the receiving department supervisor, and I took that first load of new product boxes out of the plant, across the angry picket line and out to the edge of town where we met an 18-wheel trucker who was brave enough to get involved. We fully expected to be followed and perhaps even jumped, but nothing like that occurred. I think it might have been a case where we caught the strikers unaware and they really didn't realize what we were doing until we had disappeared around the corner. But I wasn't too worried. Jim was an ex-Marine! And his brother was the county sheriff!

When the strike was imminent, Bob Kelly set up a six-person strike committee from among management. We would meet first thing each morning to discuss the previous night's mischief and damage that the strikers had done, the threats that had been made, and make other plans for the coming day and week. Of course, we'd meet more often than that in emergency situations. Members of that strike committee were: Bob Kelly, executive vice president; Bill Annin, vice president of manufacturing; Bill Granlund, general foreman; Gus Kihlstrand, personnel director; Ben Apps, controller; and me, the public information officer. In addition, we had three "outside" consultants who attended some of our meetings to advise us, often at meetings away from the plant. They were Doug Dahn, a Detroit attorney, Neil McCormick, a labor consultant, and Bert Lawrenz, our Victor corporate personnel director.

ORGANIZED LABOR SEEKS FOOTHOLD

The 1970s were not the first time that organized labor had tried to invade the Bear Archery plant in Grayling. In April 1960, union organizers of the International Woodworkers, AFL-CIO, started contacting Bear employees about becoming affiliated with their group. They convinced about one-third of the employees to sign a petition to hold an election. Under the watchful eye of the National Labor Relations Board (NLRB) an election was held on Friday afternoon, June 10, in the glass arrow department of the plant. This timing permitted the departing day shift and incoming night shift to vote.

When all the votes were counted, the NLRB and union were surprised that the union organizers lost by a vote of 153 to 42. Many of the people who signed the original petition thought better of it by the time they cast their secret ballots and voted against the idea.

Later, when the UAW approached our production workers, the Bear Archery Employees Association (BAEA) was representing the workers. Bear management had signed an agreement on Dec. 4, 1969, with this internal group. On Jan. 14, 1970, Fred had talked to the employees face-to-face telling them why they had not gotten a Christmas bonus due to the financial condition of the company. He followed that up in writing to them all the next day. It is a lengthy letter with Fred's writing style and fingerprints all over it, so I know he must have written most of it. Here are just a few highlights:

TO ALL EMPLOYEES:

When I spoke to you before Christmas I had no good news since there were no profits for the year 1969 and, therefore, no bonus. Most of you took this announcement in stride, remembering the warning in my talk to you in July. Others, however, reacted with grumbling and with anonymous notes on bulletin boards to the effect that I had lied to you concerning the profit picture for '69, and that "Santa Claus was dead."

Painful as it is, I must remind you that Santa Claus does not bring the bonus, it is a share of profits. We had no profit last year. We lost money.

Fred then went on to list the reasons why Bear failed to show a profit for the year, saying there were three major reasons—an inability to raise prices; improper sales forecasting to the new mass merchant market Bear had just entered; and, third, poor morale of our company. Here's how he tackled that one:

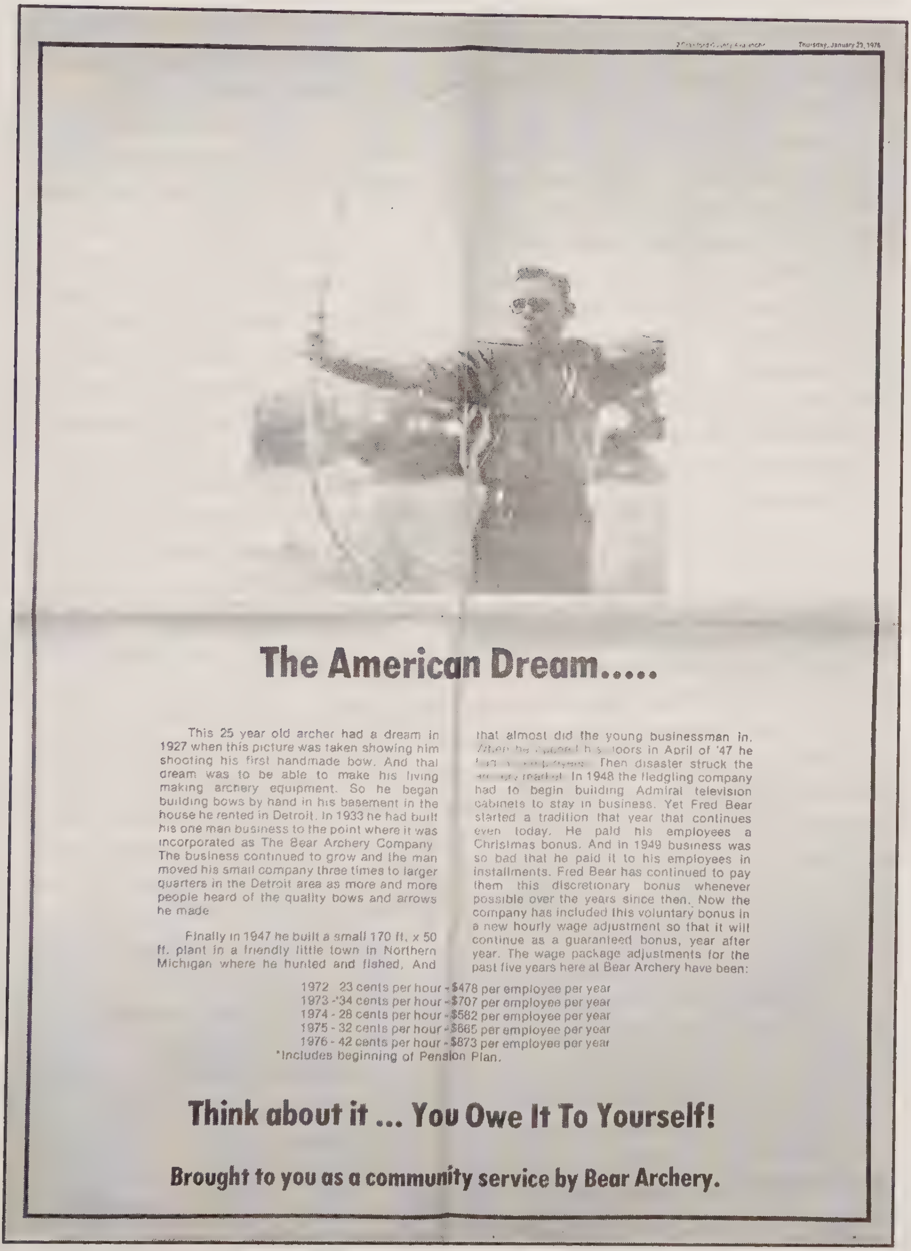
We are not a close-knit group as we once were, working in harmony for the mutual benefit of all. Management can only do so much. They can benefit from mistakes and forecast more accurately. Sales can be improved and costs cut. Improvements can be made in design, engineering and in providing tools to save labor costs ... but management cannot work miracles. A great burden rests also on you people at the machines. We need more cooperation and harmony between all levels of the business to be as successful as we have every right to be. I want to ask your help in knitting us more closely together, all working for the same goal and participating in rewards. The Christmas bonus has not been a gift from Santa Claus. It has been a share of the profits resulting from the efforts of all of us TOGETHER ... On the brighter side, we are making progress in improved relations amongst us. The first step is the Employee's Association that we signed December 4. Sincere and sensible negotiations are beginning to show fruit, along with this means for better understanding between all of us. I firmly believe that if we had this contact with you a year ago there would have been a bonus last month.

Fred then went over the economics of living and operating in the isolated community of Grayling, and here's how he closed out his letter:

My aim is to make this company the greatest in the business. My concern is to do everything I can to make sure that there will be jobs for all of us, at the best possible wages, under the best possible working conditions. I cannot do it alone, but working together—the sky is the limit.

Without this cooperation and without every individual resolving to deliver an inspired and honest day's work, it is not inconceivable that one day this building could sit here abandoned, with broken windows, a disgrace to the community. It could be a monument to the fact that free people, under a free enterprise system, could not collectively muster the initiative to rise above day-to-day problems and work together for a common cause.
Sincerely, Fred Bear

Sadly, Fred's prediction came true when we had to move our operation to Florida in 1978.



2 Crawford County Avalanche Thursday, January 22, 1976

The American Dream.....

This 25 year old archer had a dream in 1927 when this picture was taken showing him shooting his first handmade bow. And that dream was to be able to make his living making archery equipment. So he began building bows by hand in his basement in the house he rented in Detroit. In 1933 he had built his one man business to the point where it was incorporated as The Bear Archery Company. The business continued to grow and the man moved his small company three times to larger quarters in the Detroit area as more and more people heard of the quality bows and arrows he made.

Finally in 1947 he built a small 170 ft. x 50 ft. plant in a friendly little town in Northern Michigan where he hunted and fished. And that almost did the young businessman in. When he opened his doors in April of '47 he had [illegible] employees. Then disaster struck the archery market. In 1948 the fledgling company had to begin building Admiral television cabinets to stay in business. Yet Fred Bear started a tradition that year that continues even today. He paid his employees a Christmas bonus. And in 1949 business was so bad that he paid it to his employees in installments. Fred Bear has continued to pay them this discretionary bonus whenever possible over the years since then. Now the company has included this voluntary bonus in a new hourly wage adjustment so that it will continue as a guaranteed bonus, year after year. The wage package adjustments for the past five years here at Bear Archery have been:

1972 23 cents per hour - $478 per employee per year
1973 -*34 cents per hour - $707 per employee per year
1974 - 28 cents per hour - $582 per employee per year
1975 - 32 cents per hour - $665 per employee per year
1976 - 42 cents per hour - $873 per employee per year
*Includes beginning of Pension Plan.

Think about it ... You Owe It To Yourself!

Brought to you as a community service by Bear Archery.

I built this ad around Fred and all he had meant to the community, including the increases in wage scale during the previous five years. The photo is of Fred shooting his first bow in Detroit in the 1920s.

TOO BIG, TOO FAST

A year-and-a-half prior to the UAW strike, management had returned to Grayling from our large national sporting goods dealer trade show with a ton of orders for our new products, primarily the all-new compound bows. Bob Kelly was not yet running the company; he was the vice president of marketing at that time. The fellow in charge overreacted to all the orders and immediately put out the word to our personnel manager, Bob Gallandt, to increase our work force from about 300 people to 700!

Naturally, when word got out "down below" many people headed north to our pristine area to seek work. In order to quickly staff up to that level, Gallandt had to hire groups of friends who applied together, as well as families who came up. And many of them had been UAW members. You can probably read the writing on the wall. They immediately started talking up the benefits of belonging to the UAW and stirred up our existing employees. And when it later became necessary to cut back that huge work force, the situation was exacerbated.

Added to that is the tension that always exists among a large work force, when slights are exaggerated and grievances not always settled in the injured party's favor. Gallandt told me recently, not long before he died, that personnel problems are really magnified when one person in a family group is unhappy about something, it quickly affects all of the working members of that family and their friends. Just as I was finishing this chapter up, we lost Bob Gallandt to cancer. He was a good guy.

One of the department supervisors at the time also told me recently that the officers of the Bear Archery Employees Association approached the UAW about affiliating with them without even telling the rest of the employees they were doing so. Reportedly, when our employees returned from lunch one day there were notices all over the bulletin boards in the plant that there was going to be a vote that night on the idea. No discussion, just show up and vote. I have no reason to doubt that scenario.

"In September of 1974, the BAEA held a meeting and voted to affiliate with the UAW. After receiving complaints from some of our employees that the election was not held according to the by-laws of the BAEA," Bob Kelly wrote to the Grayling Business Community on December 11, "Bear Archery challenged the results of this election. The National Labor Relations Board assigned one of its people to deal with this challenge. Depositions were taken from management people and our employees regarding how this vote was conducted."

The vote to affiliate with the UAW was 329-67 in favor of the UAW.

COMPANY VS. EMPLOYEES IN COURT

When the company refused to accept the results of this vote, the UAW appealed to the NLRB. The first NLRB examiner's decision went against the company, and upon appeal to the full NLRB in Washington a 2-to-1 opinion was brought against the company. However, based on the ruling by the one dissenting NLRB examiner, Peter D. Walther, who took the same position the company had taken all along, the company again appealed the decision on the employee vote. Here's what NLRB examiner Walther wrote about the vote in question in his opinion:

1. The minimal standards of due process were not met by the circumstances surrounding the affiliation vote.

2. Bargaining unit employees were not given the opportunity to collectively discuss and consider the question of affiliation. Nor was there a "special membership meeting" as had been announced.

3. The voters were presented with only one side of the affiliation issue. Such an unbalanced presentation followed immediately by the voting surely had 'an unwholesome and unsettling' effect and tended to interfere with the sober and thoughtful choice which a free election is designed to reflect. The vote was not in reality secret. Clearly the balloting procedure does not meet the requirements of a secret ballot.

4. In my view, the procedure followed here could only have had a stifling effect on any employee inclined to oppose affiliation.

In view of this strong dissenting opinion that totally supported the company's view that our employees had been steamrollered into voting for the UAW, the NLRB decision was again appealed.

Almost a year to the day from the time that our appeal was filed, the Sixth District Court of Appeals in Cincinnati ruled in the company's favor, and the only recourse then left to the strikers was to appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court, which they did not do. It ended a 13-month labor dispute between Bear Archery and the new UAW Local 1903. But the angry picketing did not end with this court ruling. It continued until the last day the factory and offices were open in Grayling later that year around Thanksgiving.

BEAR WINS, EVERYBODY LOSES

"Bear Archery has won. The 180 strikers who had walked the picket line daily for more than 400 days have lost," Jackie Bonkowski of the *Gaylord Herald Times* wrote. She went on, "Local 1903 president Gary Swanson said, 'There is still a strong feeling of unity, and we are proud of what we stand for. But the courts have said we're wrong for the time-being, and we're willing to accept that.'" When Bonkowski asked Swanson about future plans, he replied, "We're playing it by ear right now. But first we're going to try approaching Kelly about the possibility of returning to work. In the meantime," he added, "we're going to keep the picket line. A lot right now depends upon what Kelly says."

Bonkowski also reviewed some of the activities of the past year this way: "But the turmoil of the 11 months between appeal and final ruling has left a badly-shaken community with an uncertain future. On Sept. 4, 1976, at the height of the Labor Day weekend tourism, strikers shut down the Fred Bear Museum as the result of a mass picketing demonstration. The facility, which draws 150,000 visitors to the area annually, remained closed to the public for four months, until January 1977, when it reopened for the annual Grayling Winter Carnival.

"In October, 1976, the UAW announced a national boycott of Bear Archery products and those of all Victor Comptometer subsidiaries in an attempt to force the company to the bargaining table.

"November was a month which demonstrated that UAW Local 1903 was a power to be reckoned with," Bonkowski wrote. "The clout of their intensive campaign to unseat local incumbents proved successful, and election results showed that all union-backed candidates had won."

GREENER PASTURES

In January Kelly announced a feasibility study regarding the relocation of Bear Archery from Grayling to a community outside of Michigan. Most of the places being looked at were in Florida, such as Lake City, Ocala, Gainesville and a couple of others. Now most local people naturally assumed that the strike was the driving force behind this feasibility study, but that was not really the case. When I left the Bear Archery advertising agency in Indiana in late 1971 and moved to Grayling, Kelly warned me that the company did not know how much longer it would be able to stay in Grayling. He wanted me to know that I could not count on living in Grayling for very long if the business climate in Michigan didn't improve and if Bear Archery's situation didn't improve. At the time Bear Archery's labor rate was a full $2 an hour higher than our competitors in the archery industry. This meant we had to charge higher prices for our products. Of course, we tried to justify this based upon the higher quality that Fred insisted be built into our product. But it still made us the highest-priced product out there. Another factor was the limited number of shipping options out of the Grayling area. There was only one truck line serving the factory in those days, as I recall, and we even ran our own group of 18-wheelers with Bear Archery logos on the side.

But don't take my word for it about the business climate in Michigan at the time. Here's what Elliot M. Estes, president of General Motors said in February 1976, just before some of our Bear employees went out on strike.

The question is: Can General Motors afford to expand in Michigan when it already costs more to do business here than in most states where we operate? And *why are costs higher in Michigan? ... When and where GM finally expands will be decided on straightforward, objective business considerations. We do not play games with either our employees' jobs or our stockholders' money. ... Worker's compensation currently costs Michigan business about $600 million a year. Legislation currently being considered may very well increase that to $1.2 billion annually. Opposition to the proposed measures has been virtually unanimous on the part of all business in the state–not just the larger employers, but equally important the small businessman. Some have testified that they either already have or are in the process of reducing their operations in Michigan. Some 71 percent of GM's total national worker's comp benefits are paid in Michigan although only 44 percent of our employees are in the state.*

UNION POWER

Naturally, when the UAW struck companies like Bear Archery they liked to portray it as a case of the little guy against the big impersonal corporation. You might be interested in knowing that at the time of the Bear Archery strike, the UAW had hundreds of thousands of members just in Michigan alone. And, in total, the UAW, as of 1972, the latest figures available at the time of our strike, had 1.5 million members. They allegedly had paid $196 million into their strike fund with a balance as of that date of $43 million. Their general fund at that time reportedly amounted to $58 million. At the same time, in all of its divisions Victor Comptometer, Bear's parent company, only had 5,978 employees and in 1975 their sales were down $31 million (13 percent) and they had a net loss of $6.2 million.

The UAW leaders' northern Michigan "retreat" was not too far from Grayling at Black Lake. And to cope with the declining UAW membership due to the incursion of the Japanese into the American automotive market and other factors, it was pretty common knowledge that the UAW had adopted a strategy of going outside its normal labor pool for members. We were told that they had targeted a number of companies in northern Michigan for membership, Bear Archery being one of them. In reality, Bear Archery was the "David" fighting the huge UAW "Goliath," and tiny Bear Archery eventually won.

WALL STREET WEIGHS IN

But it was a very costly battle for all involved on both sides. Here's how the prestigious *Wall Street Journal* reported on the UAW strike against Bear Archery.

> The Wall Street Journal, *Thursday, June 30, 1977*
> ***Strike Is Traumatic For A Quiet Village In Michigan Woods***
> ***Dispute at Bear Archery Co. Splits Families, Neighbors, Even Affects the Children***
> *By John R. Emshwiller, Staff Reporter of* The Wall Street Journal

GRAYLING, Mich—"This has always been a lovely, comfortable place to live," says Emil Kraus, a town judge and owner of several stores here. But now the air is thick with hostility.

Norman Johnson, for instance, is furious at his son Lee. "As far as I'm concerned, he could be starving and I wouldn't throw him a piece of bread," says the elder Mr. Johnson. The reason: There's a strike going on at Bear Archery Co., Grayling's leading business. Lee joined it; his father, an 18-year veteran of the plant, didn't.

The dispute at Bear probably won't earn even a footnote in the annals of labor struggles. Despite some fistfights, a number of slashed automobile tires and a prodigious pile of unprintable insults, it hardly qualifies as a violent conflict. The strikers only number about 175, and the company, although the nation's biggest maker of bows and arrows, isn't exactly an industrial giant. Annual sales total less than $25 million. Moreover, nonunion workers have kept the plant humming throughout the year-long walkout.

But the strike is tearing at the fabric of this community of 2,100 in the northern Michigan woods. Bear is by far the biggest employer and is a prominent institution here, where tourism, hunting and fishing are the other notable activities. This is the first major labor confrontation in the town's 105-year history, and many fear that it has broken, perhaps permanently, the small-town harmony on which Grayling long has prided itself.

Carrying the Battle

Families have been split as strikers watched relatives troop through the picket lines to work. Lifelong friends don't speak to each other. The children have carried the battle into the schools. And people with friends on one side or the other find their loyalties torn.

"I'm afraid the strike is going to leave permanent scars," Judge Kraus says.

In big cities, conflicts between impersonal business organizations and professionally run labor unions are more or less a part of the economic landscape. But labor strife in the closely knit, easygoing community of Grayling has produced emotional and wrenching personal experiences for everyone involved.

And almost everyone is involved, in one way or another. "Stay here three hours and you can meet everyone in town," promises Whitey Madsen, publisher of the Crawford County Avalanche. *And, indeed, in the course of an afternoon, visitors in a steady stream drop by the cluttered back printing room of the* Avalanche *to chat or help themselves to a cold beer from the refrigerator.*

Grayling isn't exactly a backwater. The interstate highway put through a decade ago brought tourists, followed by a Holiday Inn, a McDonald's hamburger shop, a shopping mall and even some crime, chiefly a rash of break-ins at vacant vacation cottages.

But people apparently weren't prepared for radical change at the town's biggest *business. When Fred Bear, now 75 and semi-retired, moved here 30 years ago and started his company, the archery firm was run more as a family enterprise than a hard-boiled business.*

Living in a Tent

Times were hard. Mr. Bear was so poor for a while that he lived in a tent. His workers helped out by not cashing their checks at various times until Mr. Bear had enough money in the bank to cover them. Even after the firm was prosperous and Mr. Bear had won a reputation as a big-game hunter, his workers still took their grievances directly to him.

But, in 1968, Mr. Bear sold the company to Victor Comptometer Corp., a big Chicago-based maker of business machines and recreational products. Victor changed Bear from a small, specialty bow maker to a large-scale retail supplier. There were efficiency studies, production quotas and new work rules.

The workers bridled. "They just kept upping production until you couldn't keep up," says Betty Sajdak, one of the strikers.

Robert Kelly, executive vice president and chief operating officer–and a 15-year veteran who began at Bear long before the takeover–counters that the company simply was introducing production methods that are standard in modern industry. "This used to be a small bow-and-arrow shop, but now it's a big business and we have to worry about things like cost and returns on investment," he says.

The workers produced an equally modern response: They signed up with a big-time union, the United Auto Workers. The strike began in April 1976, after management had refused to bargain with the UAW, contending that the workers' affiliation vote hadn't been conducted legally–a point still in dispute in the courts.

The union had hoped for a quick victory. But some 40 workers refused to walk out. And, with unemployment in the area then at 13 percent, management had little trouble filling the 150 or so jobs vacated by the strikers (at pay of $4.25 an hour).

Some union members argued that the plant should be closed forcibly. Cooler heads prevailed, and the long legal battle ensued. In the meantime, strikers and nonstrikers settled into Grayling-style trench warfare.

Zeroing in on the nonstrikers, union members produced leaflets providing definitions of the word "scab": among other things, "a two-legged creature with a corkscrew soul, a water brain," and a heart full of "rotten principles."

Attached to that piece of paper were the names of dozens of workers at the Bear plant. Feelings began to rise. Joan Rasmussen, vice president of the union, says that since the strike began, she hasn't spoken to her best friend or one of her nephews, both of whom stayed on the job.

Pat Kucharek, another union member, says she went over the invitation list for her daughter's wedding to weed out "scabs." Nor is the bitterness confined to one side. Brad Hatfield, whose family includes more than a dozen Bear workers still on *the job, says he has stopped going to some favorite fishing areas and the local bowling alley because union members are there.*

Down the Generations

The animosity even has touched children. Roger Ahrns, a plant supervisor, says his 12-year-old son has been beaten up at school by children of strikers. For a while the Ahrnses were driving the child and his brother to school. "They were afraid to walk," Mr. Ahrns says.

Random acts of violence have become a headache. Bear officials say the company has paid more than $2,000 to replace employees' auto tires damaged on company property. Many residents now routinely check their driveways for nails: one man says he has collected about 600 of them.

"This stuff may sound minor," Mr. Hatfield says, "but the tension is breaking up this town."

Literally, in some cases. Betty Sampsel, a lifelong resident who had worked at the plant for eight years, has her house on the market and plans to move to Florida, partly because of the strike. One son has joined her on the picket lines while another continues to work at Bear. The boys, she says, rarely speak to each other now.

Amid the trauma, however, shreds of small-town civility remain, as in the "arrest" procedure used in the nearly 100 misdemeanor complaints sworn out so far in the dispute. Police simply telephone the union or the company, whichever is appropriate, leaving word for the person charged to stop by the station house when it is convenient.

"These people are friends, and we don't want to embarrass them," police chief Peter Stephan explains. "So far, people have been very good about coming in."

A Delicate Balance

Local officials like Chief Stephan are having to steer a tactful course to remain neutral. The local prosecutor and the county sheriff were unseated in last year's election, at least partly because of union opposition. Merchants are feeling the pressure, too. "It's hard when you have friends on both sides and don't want to play favorites," says Douglas Wilson, manager of a local grocery store (one of whose cashiers quit because of the pressures of dealing with strikers and nonstrikers).

The whole experience is clearly painful for Mr. Bear. "You know, I never wanted the company to grow this big," he says, adding that the strikers "made a bad mistake going out." Mr. Bear's stature has largely spared him from criticism by strikers so far.

Despite the union's yearlong struggle, its chances of winning the strike seem to be dimming. A federal court recently upheld the company's contention that the union election was flawed. If the UAW doesn't win a reversal on appeal, the strikers may have to end their walkout and look for new jobs.

Or things may come to a more ironic end. The company says it seriously is *studying the possibility of moving the entire operation to the Southern U.S. where costs are lower. Officials say this isn't related to the strike, but many local people think otherwise.*

A move would be a grievous blow to the local economy. But it might be the only way to restore tranquility to Grayling.

This *Wall Street Journal* article was the "nice version" of what went on in Grayling. As the company's public information officer I was in a unique position, as were the other members of our strike committee, our security people, and the state and local law enforcement people in the community to know what really went on.

UGLY IMAGES IN GRAYLING

During just the first 130 days of the strike Bill McIntosh and I took more than 5,700 photographs of strike-related activity on the picket line, as well as of damage done by the strikers elsewhere throughout the community against the Bear Archery employees who had stayed with the company. These were to be used in court injunction cases. Of those 5,700 photos we made 2,230 enlargements for use with law enforcement, our attorneys and court officials. Due to our isolated location in the small town of Grayling we already had built a photography darkroom in "The Swamp," so that we did not have to travel all the way to Traverse City 50 miles away to have our product photographs taken. This darkroom was a major asset when the strike occurred.

We also exposed 1,000 feet of 16mm movie film during that same time and we videotaped crossings with some early videotaping equipment.

Once the UAW notified the company that it intended to strike, I met with the Grayling city manager and police chief, on behalf of the company and at Fred and Kelly's request, to notify them of the impending strike so they could make the necessary plans to monitor the situation in any way required for the health and safety, not only of our working employees, but also for the strikers as well, many of whom were longtime friends. Their picket line would be located on the busiest highway into and out of Grayling, M-72 West. I also hand-delivered press releases to city officials, the sheriff, the local newspaper, *The Avalanche*, and our small local radio station, WGRY, so that they might know of company decisions and actions prior to public announcements in order that they might be prepared to cover any eventualities.

Earlier, following the employee vote to affiliate with the UAW, I was asked to conceive and write four full-page company advertisements that ran in our local weekly newspaper, *The Avalanche.* One covered our payroll of $5.5 million a year in the Grayling area and our hourly rates. Another covered Crawford County's history (where Bear Archery was located), another our five-year wage adjustment history (this one featured a 25-year-old Fred Bear and told of his struggle to start the company and keep it here in Grayling), another covered "Why Bear Wants To Stay in Town."

Then, once the strike started, I conceived and wrote four more ads that ran in the month following the walk-out. One covered our dealers and competitors and the affect a strike could have on the survival of Bear Archery. Another was a Bear Archery strike diary to give the community some idea of the harassment the company's working employees were enduring, another included an employee-written letter, and a fourth covered questions to strikers. The UAW countered in all that time with just one ad titled "Judge for Yourself."

SPINNING THE STRIKE

Here's the Bear Archery ad copy that ran on May 18, 1976, the same day the UAW's ad ran. I've added a few explanatory comments for you in parentheses:

BEAR ARCHERY STRIKE DIARY...

April 25, 1976 (one day after the strike started) 9:20 a.m.–Butch Anderson's wife, Jean, received a telephone threat saying the union would get Butch and 16 others and their families and that they were watching their kids at school.

April 27, 1976–Norm Johnson's wife received a threat by telephone on Norm's life.

April 28, 1976–Bob Ahrns had four telephone calls last night, last one at 2:30 a.m. Two union members trespass on Bear Archery property to threaten Victor truck driver.

April 29, 1976–Julia Kroll received two telephone threats last night at 11 p.m. and 12:30 a.m. (This was not in the ad, but Julia Kroll was Fred Bear's stepdaughter, and lived in the house right next door to Fred and Mrs. B on the backwaters. Needless to say, this incursion on his family and home life really upset Fred, and the strikers lost a lot of ground with him because of it.)

May 6, 1976–Bill Sampsel was followed home by four union members who then drove around his house three or four times before leaving.

May 7, 1976–Four union members followed Warren Hatfield after he picked up Linda Hiveley. Two strikers followed Bill Sampsel down from Frederic. The Crawford County Federal Credit Union received a telephone call that there was a bomb at Bear Archery. Hiveley's were followed home and a threat was shouted "Have a good weekend, don't be afraid."

May 8, 1976—At 2:30 a.m. Linda Hiveley's car was damaged with the word "Scab" painted on it and sugar poured into the gas tank. Lynn Trudeau's new home and car were damaged with paint. Word "Scab" painted on car. Probably sugar in gas tank. Grace Feldhauser's home damaged with word "Scab" painted on it in two places. Dick Trudeau received a telephone threat at the bank threatening bodily harm to him and his family if Lynn does not stop coming to work. A high-pitched woman's voice.

May 10, 1976—Mary Siebel was followed home last night and later received two threatening telephone calls.

These are your friends, relatives and neighbors who are being threatened. And this includes none of the verbal daily abuse and threats that some of our striking pickets are making as our employees come and go. We deplore these strong-arm tactics, but recognize them, because we have been told to expect them. In spite of all these threats, the people mentioned above and many more are continuing to come to work. They are exercising their right to work and to earn a living here in Grayling.

THINK ABOUT IT ... YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF
Brought To You As A Community Service By Bear Archery

After this ad appeared in the local paper, our radio station in town, WGRY, received a call on the air from someone who identified herself as a striker. We were almost positive we knew which striker she was. Here's what she said over the air, directed at me: "Strong-arm tactics haven't even begun yet; he hasn't seen anything, if you read about other strikes there's been cars burnt, there's been houses burnt, there's been people beat up and nothing's happened ..."

At the time we had all of this kind of thing on tape just in case a sudden fire hit one of our houses or vehicles. She could easily have been identified by a voiceprint.

About a week later, I was called to the Fred Bear Museum out at Bear Mountain to photograph the strikers. They were harassing museum visitors. I advised Frank Scott, the museum director, to call our local attorney, and he and the sheriff came out to witness the activity.

The next day I was again called out to the museum for the same reason. That day I stayed with Frank Scott until closing time at 6 p.m. in case of violence.

Needless to say, all of this hurt Fred very deeply. They had taken their strike away from the plant and corporate management, and were now attacking Fred and for which he stood. And this all occurred on the Memorial Day weekend. Six weeks later, the Fred Bear Museum was shot at 19 times by a pellet gun causing $1,300 damage to its entry windows and doors. During the strike the windows in my own office in "The Swamp" were shot out about a half-a-dozen times, usually with heavy bolts, and the front of our small office was spray-painted with the words "City Hall."

FRED STATES HIS FEELINGS

Fred put together a letter addressing some of the facts in the case, but to the best of my knowledge we never sent it out upon the advice of our attorneys. Here is the letter Fred pecked out on his typewriter. You can read between the lines and see how deeply he was hurt by this strike:

Our business began in Detroit in 1933. The plant was moved to Grayling in 1947 because I wanted to live here. During those early years I worked long hours, missed some meals, and lived in a tent for two long summers. Business problems began to be resolved by 1955. Sales were good, profits were fair and bonuses were paid. We had a real happy family.

In 1961 we lost $180,000 due to failure of some bows that were defective and had to be replaced. We were in a precarious position. Banks ceased extending operating funds. To keep the business going I borrowed from my friends and secured help from a private loan company at an interest rate of 13 percent. This at a time when rates were normally 6 percent. My home, furnishings and automobile were part of the collateral.

I hired a new plant manager. He laid off one third of the workers, and we were amazed to learn, in two months, that we were turning out more production with this smaller work group. This plant manager left for a bigger job two years later. Up until 20 months ago when Bob Kelly became executive vice president we went through three managers.

It was during this time that another crisis developed. Again, a reorganization brought about a reduction of employee numbers and a significant increase in production.

We find ourselves in another similar situation at this time. Many of our former employees went on strike in late April and are still picketing. We hired new people and now find that July was our biggest month ever with less than 200 workers, as opposed to over 300 before the strike.

I am president of the Bear Archery Company. Bob Kelly is my right-hand man. He is chief executive officer. Normally only major decisions come to my attention. Our strike situation is a major problem. I back Kelly all of the way.

Victor Comptometer Corporation, which has owned Bear Archery since late 1967 is not taking part in the efforts of the UAW to organize our operation here. An attempt was made a few weeks ago by one of the strikers to have Victor become involved in this dispute. Being an owner of a few shares of Victor stock, he phoned Victor's chief executive officer to point out that he should investigate our methods of handling the strike.

Those of us here who are running Bear Archery are being guided by what we *think are the best methods of keeping the company here in Grayling. Our costs here are much higher than the costs of any of our competitors. Our selling prices are higher, but we have been able to continue to sell our products because we make a better product.*

We can continue to pay higher wages, but all of our employees must earn their wages. We cannot tolerate a situation where many less workers can produce more products. Just recently we lost several large accounts because our prices were too high.

I like Grayling. I hope to continue to live here.–Fred Bear

A DIFFERENT LIFE

It is important to remember that while all of this was going on we still had a company to run and I still had an in-house advertising agency and the Fred Bear Sports Club to run. Fred and I made a number of trips out of town that summer. Just four days after the six tires were slashed on my Blazer and my old VW in our driveway at home, Fred and I flew out to Snowmass, Colorado to attend the annual Outdoor Writer's Association of America meeting to help promote our sport and industry. He and I were both members of that OWAA group at the time. I even asked a friend from Ft. Wayne to come up and stay with my family while I was gone. An ex-Marine, I might add, who had spent a lot of time on the battlefields of Vietnam. I was taking no chances with my family's safety. This was in late June. Then in August Fred and I flew into New York City and met with the Doubleday people on his new "Field Notes" book. He and I spent several days there holed-up in a nearby hotel just off 5th Avenue proofreading the book and meeting with his editor, Ferris Mack.

Fred and I also greatly curtailed our flyfishing in the evenings that summer. Matter of fact, I only went flyfishing one night all year because I did not want to leave my family alone after dark. And I only took my youngest son, Scott, bowhunting one evening for the same reason. In the past I'd averaged fishing and bowhunting two nights a week. The fishing was usually with Fred, the bowhunting with my son or alone.

Remember, I was not the only one being harassed; a great many of our employees were as well. But since we had set the picket line crossing up right next to "The Swamp" so that Bill and I could document the crossings with photography and tape, I was very visible. In addition, we all had to cross the company parking lot many times a day to get to the main building in full view of the pickets and this almost always brought yelled threats or harassment.

Of the six people on our strike committee, two lived out of town and one had just joined the company, and the strikers didn't know who he was. So most of their venom and frustration was taken out on Bob Kelly, Bill Annin and me.

CAUGHT IN THE CROSSFIRE

In addition, the strikers knew that I had gone to court on June 9th representing the company along with our controller, Ben Apps; our security chief, Ed Mischnick; and our attorney, Nelson Miles. We had gotten an injunction to limit the number of strikers who could be on the line and to keep open a 20-foot-wide access driveway into and out of the plant that they were to honor. In return, the company agreed to limit the number of employees we hired in an attempt to keep the peace. It was about a week after this June 9th court meeting that the six tires were slashed at my house. I was positive I knew who did it, because I saw them running away in the dark after our German shepherd barked and I recognized the get-away vehicle. But, without photographic proof it was a moot point, my word against theirs, so I didn't pursue it. But I haven't forgotten who did it.

I also had to go to court and testify about some of the photos we had taken of excessive harassment at the picket line. The strikers did not like me one bit. I was a real thorn in their side.

On the evening of July 12 as I was dropping Bill McIntosh off at his house on Old Dam Road, a pickup truck full of strikers passed us and hollered at us. Bill and I thought they were heading for my house a short distance away, so we followed them, but they were not there when we arrived. Bill Annin lived just a hop-skip-and-a-jump away on the Au Sable River, and Bill and I sneaked through the woods with our cameras and observed 15 to 25 strikers, who did not see us, giving Annin veiled threats about his new house. Rocks were also thrown. About 10 minutes later two pickup trucks full of strikers and four car loads arrived at Bob Kelly's house and commenced with a great deal of shouting. By the time Bill Annin, Bill McIntosh and I arrived at Kelly's with our cameras, the strikers were gone. That same night a pickup full of strikers also followed Rusty Weaver down M-72, passed on the right side and threw rocks at him. A half-hour later two pickups full of strikers threatened to turn over Joe Adkison's car as he was talking to a friend at a local service station. Rocks were again thrown.

The next day city and Bear Archery officials met with the Michigan state police regarding the lack of local law enforcement manpower to handle this very explosive situation now that the strikers were taking the strike away from the picket line into the community and to people's homes. That night Bob Ahrns and his family were harassed by another pickup truck full of strikers, and his little girl was so frightened she fell and cut her leg trying to run away from them. And that same night, two of the loudest-mouthed strikers threatened to kill Dave Meyers. This was a threat that many of our people heard over and over again.

I'll just mention two specific examples other than the tire slashing and the broken windows that affected my family and me. And just about everyone working at Bear Archery during the strike can tell you of similar stories that affected them.

On July 14, 1976 the UAW filed an Unfair Labor Practices charge against Bob Kelly and me because of the letters and advertisements we had written to the community. It was Case No. 7-CA-13037. Nothing ever came of it. That same day we had again notified the Michigan State Police of the serious increase in incidents against our working employees throughout the community. That evening my wife and I drove down to Houghton Lake with two of our small children to eat and to get away from the strike for a little while. As we drove home we had to pass the plant and picket line. One of the strikers I knew hollered "scab" at us, and a pickup truck full of 10 strikers pulled out and followed us down M-72 to Old Dam Road, tailgating most of the way. As they followed us down Old Dam Road we passed the home of my assistant, Bill McIntosh, and luckily he was home and saw what was going on. Bill jumped into his vehicle and followed them with his camera. As we pulled into our driveway and stopped they started harassing us. Remember, one of the strikers had just said something on the radio, directed to me, about burning houses down.

"That's a nice house you got there, fella," one of them said. Another chimed in, "That's the Bear 'pitcher' taker." Someone else said, "scab kids" directed at my children. My wife, Alice, ran into the house, scared to death of these threats from 10 tough-looking guys, and brought out our German shepherd. When they saw that, one of the strikers yelled, "Wanta keep that dog, lady?"

I also had my camera with me and I took photos of the harassment as well. I was advised to file reports with both the sheriff's department and our local prosecutor, which I did. Warrants were issued for those involved. Ours was the first case in which prosecutor John Huss decided to use MCLA 750.352. A few days later, the UAW filed suit against 83rd judicial judge Francis L. Walsh, John B. Huss, sheriff Harold Hatfield and police chief Pete Stephan seeking to prevent enforcement on our warrants and those signed by others. On July 27 the UAW dropped its suit against the local officials after Judge Porter said that MCLA 750.352 was still a valid Michigan law.

Five days after the pick-up truck full of strikers followed us home, the strikers passed out a flier listing my wife, Alice, as one of the "scabs" working at the plant, even though she NEVER worked for Bear Archery. It was a very vile piece as you can imagine, full of vitriolic language, aimed at vilifying the people on the list. This flyer was passed out on the picket line, put into mailboxes around the county, into newspaper boxes and passed out in other ways. The next day our attorney, Nelson Miles, sent a letter to the UAW requesting a retraction. That night one of the leading strikers, the woman mentioned earlier, yelled at me from the picket line, "I'll see you in court, Lattimer. Go pick up your scabby wife!" The next day, another striker I knew yelled, "From school teacher to factory rat, to scab!"

KEEPING CONTROL

I really wanted to bust somebody in the mouth, but I had my orders to represent management and Fred to the best of my ability and simply document everything for use in court, and that I did for more than two years. I kept my mouth shut and kept my cool. But it was very difficult not to physically confront these obnoxious people at the time with their boorish behavior. Especially when my innocent wife and children were the brunt of their viciousness.

I was not accustomed to this kind of treatment from unions. My dad had been a union member all my life, and I have to admit I was taken aback by how vicious some of these people acted toward me, especially since I knew many of them as regular people before the strike. And that was one of the problems. Many of them had moved up to Grayling and northern Michigan to get out of the big cities "down below" with all of their urban problems. They wanted to be able to hunt and fish in the area, raise their families in a safe environment, and enjoy the outdoor life in the North Country. Unfortunately, some of them also wanted to make the wages they had been making working down in the big factories, especially those who had been UAW members working in the auto factories in Detroit and the other Michigan locations. They forgot that there had to be a tradeoff in order to live in "God's Country." For example, I, too, took a 33 percent pay cut just so I could work for Fred in Grayling and raise my family in such a pristine environment.

Here is how the strike was justified in the single ad that the UAW ran in Grayling during the strike. This is just a small excerpt of the entire advertisement:

> *Going on strike was our decision, made by secret ballot vote. We took this action because, try as we did, we couldn't get the company to correct the kind of actions that any reasonable person would want corrected–use of abusive language to women employees in the plant, ignoring our contract provisions in laying people off, in disregarding seniority, in ignoring job bidding procedures for employees.*

On September 4th, Labor Day weekend, we had another mob picketing scene out at the Fred Bear Museum. Approximately 50 strikers were there when I arrived. The pickets were carrying 2-by-4's, and threats were yelled at me regarding the lawsuit we had just filed. The sheriff and a deputy had to keep the mob away from my vehicle. Forty-five minutes later, Frank Scott and I decided we'd better close the museum since the strikers were drinking beer, sitting on the museum steps and threatening potential museum visitors as they approached the doorways. At 8 p.m. that night, Bill Annin and I decided we'd better post a 24-hour guard at the isolated museum location to protect it and its priceless contents. In addition to all of Fred's bowhunting trophies and those from other people, it also contained centuries-old archery artifacts that had been collected and loaned or given to the museum by others. I had to stop by and let Fred and Mrs. B know about this, and they were very upset. You need to remember that this museum was an extension of Fred Bear and his whole persona.

Fred finally agreed that we needed to close the museum to help protect its contents and to keep the visiting public from such obnoxious scenes and possible harm. We kept it closed for four months, until January 1977. It broke the old man's heart to have to do so, he was so very proud of the museum and what it meant to the community.

On Feb. 12, 1977, after we reopened, we again had mass picketing at the museum. This time I had a film crew in town along with astronaut Jim Lovell of Apollo 8 and Apollo 13 fame. We were filming segments of a movie we would title "The Good Earth," and it included scenes of Fred and Jim talking in Fred's living room about hunting and fishing and the benefits of the outdoor life. At the time, Jim was the chairman of the President's Council on Physical Fitness & Sports. While I oversaw the filming, I sent Bill McIntosh out to document the mass picketing by the 25 strikers out at the museum, and our security people out there had to keep the strikers from attacking Bill. Luckily I had taken Jim Lovell out to see the museum before the strikers showed up after stopping at our house on Old Dam Road to introduce him to Alice and my kids. Incidentally, between 1978 and 1983 alone "The Good Earth" had been seen by 595,000 students in 8,782 schools, by 19 million television viewers in more than 1,000 telecasts, and 200 community groups. Our Fred Bear Sports Club had spent $74,000 during that time to distribute the film through Modern Talking Pictures and other outlets.

Earlier, I mentioned nails being thrown in the plant driveway on almost a daily basis, and on the driveways of many of our homes. I'm sure our security people and those of us living in town picked up thousands of these during the strike. One day Fred even dropped a note on my desk in "The Swamp" with a worn-down nail taped to it. He had written—"Suggest that we supply strikers with nails with quicker action. Got 1,600 miles on this one. Fred."

FRED HURT, COMPANY HEALTHY

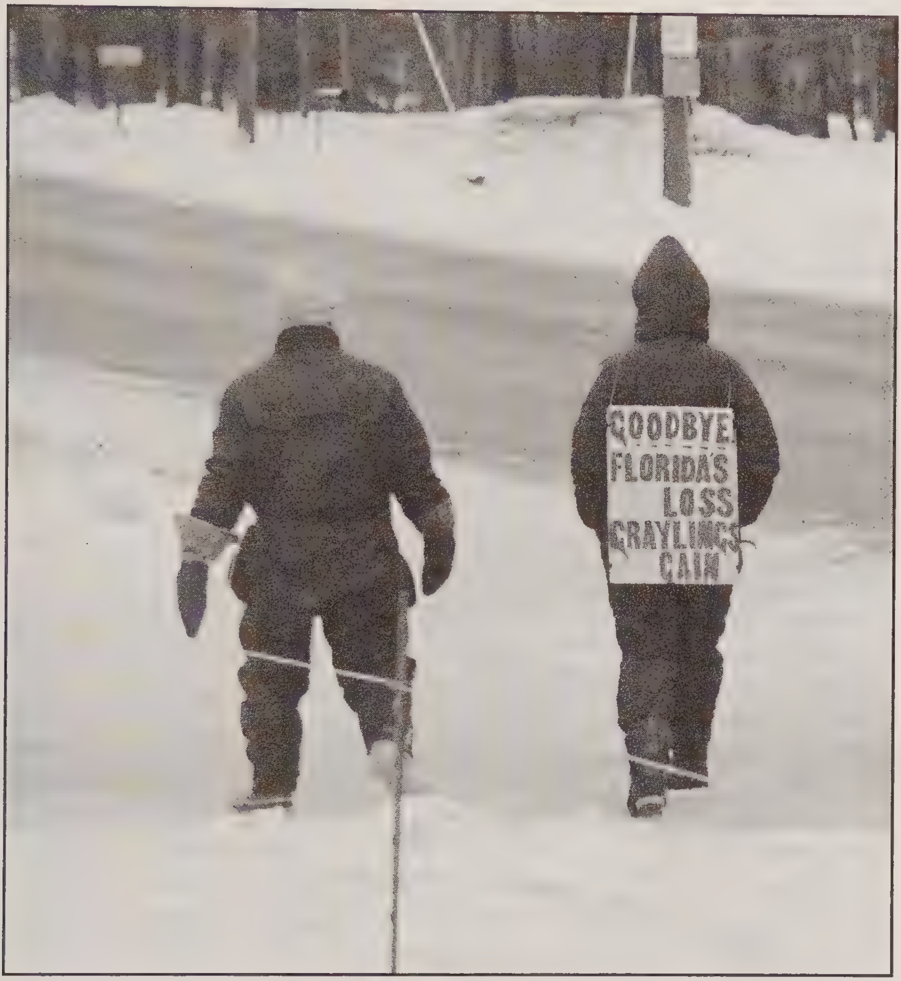
Why the strikers targeted Fred and the museum is beyond me, even now, more than a quarter-of-a-century later. Fred was 74 at the time and had given them all their chance to live and work in beautiful northern Michigan. He had always been very fair with them, and any hope they ever had of working again at Bear Archery hinged on how they treated he and his family. I can assure you, none of us forgot how they treated him during the strike and the embarrassment they caused him. Any chance they now had to approach him with an apology for going out on strike and getting their jobs back was gone, as far as I was concerned, once they violated the old man's privacy, attacked the museum, and made threatening phone calls to his stepdaughter, Julia Kroll. I just don't know what they were thinking. It's one thing to attack a company and its hired management, to be angry at replacement workers brought in to take over your job, and to be mad at old friends who chose not to go out on strike. But to attack a gentle 74-year-old man who founded the company in the first place, always treated them like a member of the family, and was as generous with them as was fiscally possible just didn't and still doesn't make any sense.

Now you may be interested in knowing how Bear Archery did as a business during the strike. In 1975 before the strike started our net sales were $17.4 million. Then, after the strike, and with many new replacement workers who had to be trained from scratch, we were able to increase our sales in 1976 to $18.5 million. And we built a record 360,000 bows that year! By 1977 we again increased sales, this time to $22.4 million. We started moving our plant to Florida that year and even with all of the turmoil, our 1978 sales only fell off to $19.8 million. By 1981, when we were well established in Gainesville with a well-trained workforce, our sales hit a high of $25.3 million.

You may ask how we were able to pull this off with all of the strife and confusion due to the UAW strike. Fortunately, the strike came at an ideal time, if any time with such a sad event can be called ideal. Up until 1974 100 percent of the bows we made were recurve bows. They required a great deal of hand workmanship and skill in forming and tillering them for maximum performance. It really was an art. But by the early 70s the compound bow came along. These were bows generally made out of cast metal handles, fiberglass or composite limbs, pulleys and cables. They were mechanical contraptions, as opposed to our traditional handcrafted products. They required assembly skills, not necessarily the old-fashioned woodcrafter's skills.

Fred was opposed to compound bows for aesthetic reasons. He loved the lines and feel of the traditional recurve bows, as did I. He thought the newly introduced compounds were ugly and ungainly. He worried that they would be noisy to use in hunting, and tough to conceal in a hunting blind with all the metal and cables on them. He turned down the opportunity to introduce this type of new product to the hunting public when the product was first brought to him by the inventor.

But finally Fred realized that there was a big demand for compound bows and that he had better offer them to the market if we were to stay competitive and remain atop the archery business. In 1974 when we first began to build them, they represented less than 2 percent of our business, but after our 1975 catalog hit America, this jumped to 28 percent of our business. We anticipated at the time of the strike that 40 percent, or more, of our sales would be in this



The strikers remained defiant until the very end, even after the NLRB and federal courts had ruled in the company's favor—"Goodbye: Florida's Loss, Grayling's Gain." Bitterness had taken over for common sense. So the strikers and community lost its biggest private employer.

kind of product. Not only was it easier to build, but our gross profit on a compound bow was much better than on recurve bows. It took about half the labor to build compound bows compared to conventional recurve bows.

If we had been forced to continue to build recurve bows during the strike there is little doubt in my mind that we could not have been nearly as successful and probably would have gotten into serious financial difficulty. But, as the old saying goes, success is often just being in the right place at the right time, and unfortunately for the strikers and the UAW they picked a lousy time to strike Bear Archery.

CHAPTER TWELVE

THE MOVE

Moving was nothing new for Bear Archery. Fred had moved from his first small plant on Tierman Avenue in Detroit to a second location on Burlingame and finally to Philadelphia and Lindwood to an old Maxwell automobile garage. But the lure of the North was too strong, and he wanted desperately to get out of the big city and back to his small-town roots. He first considered moving north prior to the start of World War II, but had to put it off until that national emergency was over. During the war he got an assignment from General Motors in Detroit to make wooden models of anti-aircraft guns for use in training. He also made instructional models of 2-cycle engines for use by the military. He handled these projects himself as his employees continued to make archery equipment. This is where his pattern-making experience really came to the forefront for the war effort.

LET'S MAKE A DEAL

Finally, in 1947 he moved Bear Archery to Grayling, Michigan into a 170-foot by 50-foot facility he had built, just up the road from his old hunting area in the swamps around St. Helen's, Michigan. St. Helen's, incidentally, was the small village where actor Charleton Heston grew up. Here's how the story of when Fred got the property in Grayling was told in the *Grayling Centennial.* Fred loved to tell this story, and I must've heard it a dozen times at least.

"Sometime during World War II (John Bruun, the president of the Grayling State Savings Bank) came to know a fisherman from Detroit who managed to eke out a living making bows and arrows for his friends. Fred Bear came often to the Grayling area, wading the streams, stalking game in the woods with his primitive weapons and generally enjoying the North. Bear had expressed a desire to move his small business to the Grayling area, where raw materials would be closer at hand and a readily accessible market for his bowhunting equipment could be found. It is only a matter of passing interest that the location on the Au Sable provided excellent fishing and hunting.

"Shortly after the war, Bear made an appointment to see Bruun one Sunday morning to look at a possible site for Bear Archery. At the proper time, Fred Bear showed up at John's apartment above the Salling, Hanson & Co., offices. But, according to Fred, Bruun was not one to rush into business matters without a few "social amenities." So, after a couple of hours of this, Bruun asked Fred if he knew how to ride a horse. Fred said he did, that he

HASKELL
FRED BEAR

Papa Bear putting on a good face during the groundbreaking in Gainesville, Florida for the new plant in 1978. He really didn't want to move, and it broke his heart to leave Grayling, but he didn't have a choice. The strikers had forced corporate's hand, wouldn't give in, and so the decision to move had been made for him. He was a good sport throughout it all, but it hurt him deeply to leave the northern Michigan area he loved so very much. And it hurt him terribly that many of his old employees had turned against him and the company when they were wooed by the UAW. One reason I took his remains back home to the Grayling area after he died.

liked it and that he had had some experience in the U.S. Calvary. So they went to John's private stable back of the office, saddled up a couple of fine, spirited horses and rode off toward Lake Margarethe. Bruun decided at that point that Fred should meet some friends of his at the lake, so they stopped to visit, tying the horses to a tree in the middle of the lawn. It was long after dark when they left, and Fred does not recollect whether they decided to leave or whether the wife of the man they were visiting threw them out. The latter is probably the case, since the horses, being tethered for so long, had pawed great holes in the well-kept lawn and had generally behaved as horses do.

"When they remounted, John Bruun's horse took off for town at a dead run right through the woods. Fred Bear couldn't see a thing in the darkness, so putting his head down, he let his horse go, figuring it would follow John's. It did, and somehow they managed to get back to Bruun's stable, without injury to selves or horses. Bruun loved horses and was very fussy about them, so he and Bear unsaddled them and gave them a rub-down after the long run through the woods.

"By this time it was nearly one in the morning, and John announced to Fred that they were going to look at the property. Fred reports that all he wanted to do was go to bed, but Bruun was insistent, so they got in Bruun's car and headed toward the site, a plot of land slightly more than eight acres.

"Bruun stopped his car on M-72, where the plant is now located, and said to Bear, 'How does this look to you?' Fred stated later that only the tips of the trees were visible in the darkness but that he knew it was high ground. Bear, wanting to get it over and get to bed said, 'This looks OK.' Bruun replied, 'Well, what is it worth to you?' 'What do you want for it?' replied Bear. 'How's fifteen hundred dollars?' said Bruun. 'That sounds OK,' Bear replied. 'OK,' said Bruun, 'you can have it for twelve hundred.'

"Bear didn't figure that Bruun would remember the deal at all, and as he headed back to Detroit the next day, he imagined he would have to drive back the following weekend and go through the deal again. But Bruun did remember, and two days later came a letter of confirmation. Thus, was born Bear Archery in Grayling, due to the foresight of John Bruun who knew that Fred Bear would bring to Grayling a business which would grow and would provide jobs for many local people. That he was right cannot be doubted, for Bear opened his new plant with eight employees in May of 1947. Today (1972) the Bear plant provides steady jobs for some 350 people, does millions of dollars worth of business a year world-wide and is acknowledged as the world's largest manufacturer of archery tackle."

MAKING ENDS MEET IN GRAYLING

Thus ends the official Grayling history of Fred's move to the North Country.

He had been able to pull this off thanks in great part to the fact that his old business partner, Charles Piper, sold their former Bear Products Company in Detroit and put the money into the newly incorporated Bear Archery following the war. Fred's patient investor and hunting partner, Ken Knickerbocker, also invested in the project. In total they had $40,000 to build the new plant, handle the move 225 miles north and get into production. Fred brought eight or nine employees with him on the move from Detroit, including Frank Scott. He then hired 35 people from the Grayling area to complete the work force.

It was a difficult first few years in Grayling, and the company came close to going out of business on several occasions due to lack of funds. Largely due to the employees' loyalty to Fred, they were able to make it through some very trying times. That, plus, a crucial loan from a friend in Grayling at a critical moment in Bear Archery history.

The company slowly continued to grow, thanks in great part to Fred's determination to make a go of it, plus his genius in knowing what target archers and bowhunters needed and wanted, and in getting free publicity for archery and bowhunting by going on hunts and writing about them in the national outdoor magazines. Then, too, he was a great judge of character, and when he hired Bob Kelly as his sales manager in May 1963, the company really took off. Kelly, through his marketing savvy, took Bear Archery to an entirely new level.

In 1962, the year before Kelly was hired, Bear Archery sales were $1.8 million, and the company lost money for the third year in a row. Losses were $181,700 in 1960 and approximately $45,000 in 1961 and 1962. Kelly and Fred, working together with the hard-working captive Bear Archery sales force and their new advertising agency, Bonsib, (the outfit which I eventually joined) immediately turned it around. In 1963 sales grew to $2.2 million with a healthy profit of $144,000. In 1964 sales were $2.7 million with a profit of $258,250. In 1965 sales increased to $3 million. That's the level the company was at when I joined Bonsib in 1966 as the Bear Archery advertising account executive. Al Mitchell was the executive vice president of the company at that time.

In all fairness, I can't tell this story without mentioning Fred's first advertising agency, Paxton Advertising, of St. Joseph, Michigan and its owner, Howard Paxton. They were a big help to Fred in the 1950s and early 60s by relieving him of this part of his workload.

By 1969 our Bear "team" had more than doubled sales to $7 million; unfortunately, we lost $203,000 that year. But that profit picture went back into the black in 1970. When I say the Bear "team," I mean everyone involved in the company, from production people through the office staff, to our Bear Archery sales force out in the field, and finally our excellent cadre of some 6,000 Bear Archery dealers across the world. Interestingly, in the archery industry it seems that sales are strongest during slow national economic times. Perhaps people then have more time to hunt. Many might try to cheer themselves up when out of work or on short hours by treating themselves to new archery tackle. Then, too, successful bowhunts can sure help out with the family's food bill.

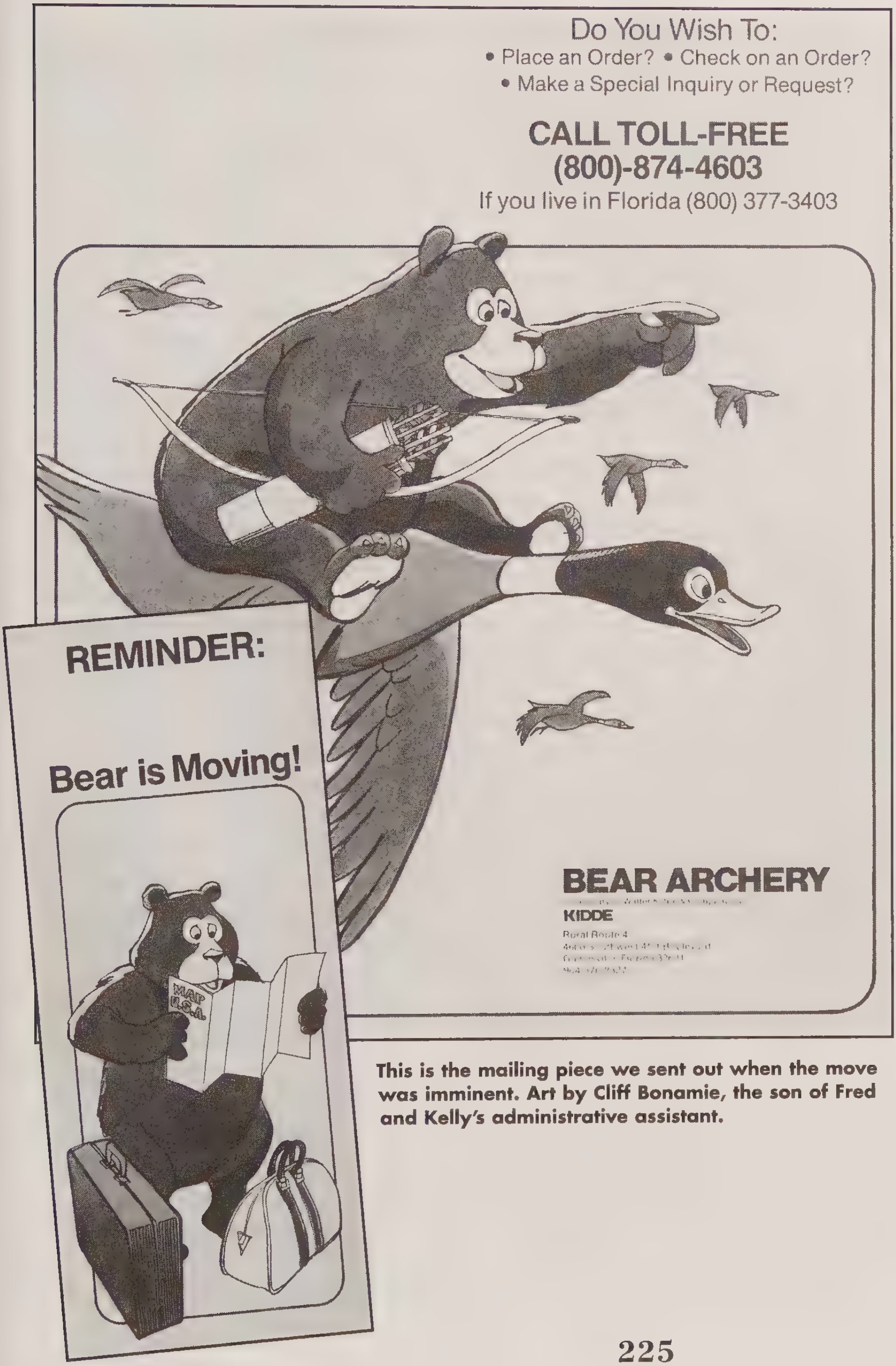
After Al Mitchell left the company that summer, a fellow from the Olin Corporation by the name of Ralph "Hank" Benedict was hired. He had spent 16 years with Olin and at one time was the director of special marketing programs for Winchester-Western. I don't know anyone who didn't like Hank. He walked through the shop all the time and seemed to know everyone by name. So Fred had a "Hank" (Henrietta) at home, and a "Hank" at the office. Hank Benedict was running the company when I left the Bonsib advertising agency to join Bear Archery full-time as vice president of its in-house advertising agency—Archery Development Corporation.

Unfortunately, Benedict had an opportunity to purchase his own company out East after a year-and-a-half or two and he left us. Alan Beatty, our head financial guy, then ran the company prior to moving on to our corporate offices in Chicago, and that's when Bob Kelly was promoted to executive vice president and later president of the company.

BUSINESS BOOMS, COSTS LOOM

By 1975, the last full year before the UAW strike, our sales hit $17.4 million! One reason for our dramatic growth by then, of course, is that we were firmly entrenched with the mass merchants, were now selling a hot new product in the new compound bows, plus Fred's popular new line of take-down recurve bows, and were devoting a serious percentage of sales to our advertising/sales promotion budget which I oversaw. At one time we were spending almost 7 percent of annual sales just on advertising. The highest our annual advertising budget reached during my years at Bear Archery was more than $1 million. We were advertising heavily in the national outdoor magazines going after present gun hunters to convince them to also take up the bow and arrow and become a "two-season hunter." And several of our press runs on our annual catalog hit 1 million copies. We were blanketing America with Bear Archery catalogs. And it was working beautifully.

As you can see, at the time of the UAW strike Bear Archery was financially strong, was number one in the archery market, and as I mentioned earlier, had begun to make a product, the compound bow, that was easier to build than handcrafted recurve bows. At the time we were making 200,000 bows and 3 million arrows a year, plus numerous archery accessories. We had about 30 percent of the total archery market at the time, more than that of just the bow market, as I recall, I think around 50 percent. And about 85 percent of our sales were in the U.S.



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BEAR ARCHERY
KIDDE
Rural Route 4

REMINDER:

Bear is Moving!

This is the mailing piece we sent out when the move was imminent. Art by Cliff Bonamie, the son of Fred and Kelly's administrative assistant.

It continues to amaze me how well we were able to do all during the horribly long UAW strike with all of its turmoil, management preoccupation, lawsuits, NLRB court action, and the daily harassment of our employees by the furious strikers outside our plant in this small northern Michigan town and at our homes. Yet, once we hired replacement workers and quickly got back up to speed, our sales continued to grow. In 1976, the first full year of the UAW strike, we increased our sales to $18.5 million and increased our profit. By 1977, with the strikers continuing to harass truck drivers entering and leaving our plant, we still grew sales to $22.4 million, and our profit increased! That brings us to 1978, the year we decided to move to Florida.

While those of us on the strike committee met almost daily, Bob Kelly appointed a relocation committee from our small management staff to look into that inevitability. On that small subcommittee were Bill Annin, vice president of manufacturing; Bill Granlund, general foreman; Gus Kilstrand, personnel director; and Bert Lawrenz, the corporate personnel director from our owners at the time, Victor Comptometer in Chicago. During 1977-78 these folks looked at numerous possible locations for Bear Archery. These included Gainesville, Ocala, Lake City, Madison and Monticello, Florida; and Indianola, Mississippi. The available labor market, wage rates, available land, building costs, local taxes, housing costs, special tax incentives, living conditions in the community, and other factors were considered. As they visited each location, they came back and reported to those of us on the management staff. Sometimes Fred sat in on our meetings, but generally did not, preferring to putter at his workbench off his office on new product ideas.

It finally boiled down to a choice between three of the Florida cities—Gainesville, Ocala and Lake City. All are located along I-75, just as Grayling is up in Michigan at the other end of this long interstate.

Fred leaned toward Ocala because an available piece of property there was just a short distance down the road from the popular Florida tourist attraction—Silver Springs. His thinking was that we would get a great deal of tourist traffic in our relocated Fred Bear Museum.

We had let the public know about our relocation study on Jan. 13, 1977. And by March we were being openly courted by a number of the Florida cities, who made no secret of the fact they'd like to have us bring our archery company to their communities. For one thing, we were a "clean" (non-polluting) industrial plant. In announcing the relocation study, Bob Kelly said, "We are evaluating the wisdom of remaining in Grayling for purely economic reasons. Michigan has the worst business climate of any state in the union and I would be derelict in my duty if I didn't explore the possibility of realizing increased profits elsewhere."

Our management staff, of course, also had to consider moving costs.

Here's the estimate by our controller, Ben Apps, presented at a staff meeting on May 3, 1977.

1. Severance Pay	$300,000
2. Employee Relocation	600,000
3. Land Cost	150,000
4. Site Preparation	130,000
5. Building Costs	4,100,000
6. Equipment Moving Cost	200,000
7. Equipment Installation	50,000
8. Maintenance of Grayling Facility for one year	125,000
ESTIMATED TOTAL	$5, 655,000

The costs of moving the Fred Bear Museum would be additional.

Also at that meeting, Bill Annin reported the findings of the relocation committee in Lake City and Gainesville, Florida; and Indianola, Mississippi. And Bill Granlund covered the findings in Ocala, Florida. Roger Wilcox, our plant engineer, went over the proposed building plans, and we all discussed those, as well the plot plan and the proposed pictorial renderings from the architectural firm. (Later, as we got into the final construction planning, corporate ownership decided to greatly reduce the size of the office area. This impacted the area that had been set aside for our in-house advertising agency, and I was not a happy camper, but it was either "grin and bear it" or not move down with the company.)

GREEN LIGHT TO GAINESVILLE

In the end, Gainesville won. Not only was its chamber of commerce more aggressive and helpful to us in providing information for our decision, but it was also the location of the prestigious University of Florida as well as a fairly new junior college on the north end of town—Sante Fe Community College. Sante Fe had the facilities to allow us to train new employees prior to our move. Once that decision was made, however, we needed to obtain corporate approval. And by that time Victor Comptometer, including Bear Archery, had been swallowed up by a larger conglomerate—Kidde, Inc. of Saddlebrook, New Jersey. That delayed the final decision by about seven months.

Earlier in this book I've detailed how many important Bear Archery issues were quietly discussed and decided upon while we were out bowhunting with our friend, Dick Mauch, in Bassett, Nebraska. That's where Kelly and I were when we received corporate's approval of the move.

Needless to say, Kelly had to cut his hunt short, but he insisted that I stay and enjoy the remaining few days of the hunt, which I did. Bassett had no regular air service, so he chartered a plane and flew back to meet with our new owners. I later flew back to Omaha on another chartered plane with Knick and Gordon Ford. Then when I was alone on the flight back to Grayling I wondered what it would all mean to me and my family. I loved Grayling and had hoped to live there the rest of my life. While I had been to Florida on several occasions during the Apollo launches, I was not too keen on moving there. However, as the old North Woods saying goes, "If you're a lumberjack you go where the trees are." And in this case my job–selling the idea of bows and arrows–was moving to Gainesville, Florida.

Kelly held a series of meetings with the salaried personnel in the plant in three groups on Nov. 22, 1977 to go over the move with them and to answer questions.

Here's how the local press in the Grayling area handled news of our decision to move. These are just excerpts from the *Gaylord Herald Times* of Nov. 17, 1977 and was written by Jackie Bonkowski.

BEAR ARCHERY CO. WILL MOVE
Grayling to lose firm next September

GRAYLING–The verdict came in at 7 a.m. Monday. Bear Archery Company, Crawford County's largest private employer, is moving its plant to Gainesville, Fla. The relocation decision, announced after 12 months of study, ended months of waiting and speculation and reaffirmed the worst fears of Crawford County economy watchers.

The loss of the archery company will be a serious blow to a community which has, for 30 years, been known as the archery capitol of the world. The plant presently provides approximately 342 jobs, expends a $4.5 million annual payroll and attracts more than 150,000 visitors a year via its museum.

Here's how the *Detroit News* handled it in their Nov. 20, 1977 edition:

The reason for leaving Grayling, according to Kelly, remains economic. "We're looking at the bottom line," he said. "We're paying an average $7 an hour, counting fringe benefits. Our nearest competitor pays $4. It's as simple as that. There's Ben Pearson in Arkansas, Jennings Archery in California, Precision Shooting Equipment in Illinois and Arizona. Every year the gap between what they pay their employees and what we have to pay ours gets wider. Overall wage rates in Michigan put us in a very noncompetitive position in our field. We have to hire labor in a market where the auto industry sets the pattern. We can't pay *auto industry rates and sell bows and arrows."*

When asked if the UAW strike was a factor in the decision to move, Kelly went on, "We would have moved had there been no strike. Except for the first three weeks, the strike had no effect on our operations. It's been no secret that we were planning to move. Townspeople have come to us and asked, 'What can we do to help you stay here?' Really, there was nothing they could do. It was a case of looking at the bottom line and finding that we could do better in a different location. It's best for the company, I'm responsible for the well-being of the company. Whatever is necessary, I will do."

AN UGLY BREAK-UP

In that issue of *The Detroit News* they also quoted Joan Rasmussen, the president of the Bear Archery Employee's Association at the time and one of the most visible strikers out front of the plant: "I don't talk to scabs. I'll never talk to them again."

She had been walking the picket line for 82 weeks by that time and continued for another year until we left town.

Rasmussen, a Bear employee for 26 years, went on, "I grew up in this town and I have a lot of friends here. I found out who they were that first day when out of 200 people, 40 crossed our picket line. My friends are all out here. Nobody in this town will hire us. They tell us we're unreliable because we're involved in a labor dispute. Sixty of our people were arrested for name-calling. Fifty-nine of the cases were dismissed as soon as they got to court. This town is getting exactly what it deserves from Bear."

And to put the state's spin on it, here's what Norton L. Berman, director of the Michigan Office of Economic Expansion, said at the time: "We are not going to repeal union shop legislation in Michigan. We are not going to change the state's climate. There are always going to be companies that are going to move. There are two big factors when you talk about the Sun Belt versus the Frost Belt: the climate and the South's labor laws. Companies which consider those items to be key factors will move. Those which consider other factors will stay and prosper in Michigan.

LOOKING DOWN THE ROAD

In the meantime, we had a plant to design and build in Gainesville and a huge job ahead of us in planning the actual move. I didn't have to get involved in any of that end of it, thank goodness. I could continue doing my normal advertising work, plus my political work in Washington, D.C.

I had a friend, Ron Fraser, with whom I served on the Grayling Regional Chamber of Commerce Board of Directors, who graciously offered me a position helping him at his new Holiday Inn in town in case I didn't want to make the move to Florida. I could've traveled the Midwest doing promotional work for Ron in bringing in conferences and the like to our Grayling area. But I decided to stay with Fred and the company. I just could not bring myself to leave Fred. He was not happy about having to leave Grayling either, and I was hurting to see him hurt. He did not make an issue of it and put on a good face to all in the community and company, but there were times when we were talking about it between us that I could see the anguish in his eyes. However, none of us involved really had a choice if we wanted to continue doing what we had been doing. And that included Papa Bear.

At our December 1977, sales meeting in New Orleans, I jotted down a note that sort of categorizes this whole sad string of years for all of us:

1976 - The Year of the Strike
1977 - The Year of Decision
1978 - The Year of the Move

One more note about that meeting in New Orleans. The King Tut exhibit was in town. In it were scores of beautiful items recovered from King Tut's tomb in Egypt. The highlight, of course, was the beautiful funeray mask taken from the tomb. But there were many other handcrafted items on display inlaid with valuable jewels and gold. Quite a sight. Breathtaking, in fact.

We all rode a bus together from the hotel over to the exhibit for a special after-hours evening viewing arranged for us by Hap Fling, our Bear sales manager. Of course, Fred was in the group. My wife, Alice, and I walked around the exhibit area examining the various items, totally in awe. And I noticed Fred over in a corner with his shoulders hunched up and shaking as he did when he was laughing. When I walked over to see what he was so amused about, he pointed to an ancient Egyptian bow hanging on the wall that had been taken from King Tut's tomb. "I wonder if the King knew he had a twisted lower limb," he chuckled. Sure enough, the bow had a deformed limb. Leave it to Papa Bear to spot something like that.

Finally, on Feb. 16, 1978, Kelly sent a letter to all of the employees bringing them up-to-speed on the move. Here are some excerpts from that letter:

"Today, we have signed the final papers on our 35-acre plant site, and our contractor will start moving some dirt to get the land ready for footings and foundations. Preston-Haskell, from Jacksonville, is the contractor we have chosen to do the job. They are now working with us on engineering and detailed specifications of the total job.

"We expect to complete the engineering and specification phase by approximately March 10. This will establish for us exactly what our finished job will look like and cost. From now until March 15, the contractor will be

Once established in Florida, Fred put on a shooting exhibition one day for our new Bear Archery employees and the supervisory personnel who had moved down with us from Grayling. We also played his hunting films for the employees over a period of weeks to help indoctrinate them to Fred's history and that of the company.

working ahead on the land preparation, pouring footings and floors, and is scheduled to start 'above ground' construction on approximately March 15. At this time we plan to have official groundbreaking ceremonies on March 17. Bear, Victor United, Kidde and Gainesville officials will be on hand for this event.

"The total building will be approximately 150,000 square feet, and we will have approximately 15,000 square feet in the office area. The contractor assures us that the production areas will be fully completed by September 1 and that the office areas will be fully completed by October 18.

"We will start moving our operation here in Grayling by production departments on September 1. And we would hope to start the office move on

October 18. Our goal at this time is to have everything and everyone moved by early December.

"Many of you have gone or will be going to Gainesville to get oriented and help yourself make the final decision. I fully understand that to most of you at least, the decision to go or not to go is probably the biggest and most critical decision you have ever made or might plan to make. I know that considering such a move has been of great concern to all of you, but would like to say that the company will be doing everything possible to make the transition as painless and orderly as possible."

FOR SALE IN GRAYLING

Unfortunately, our construction schedule got delayed due to unseasonably heavy rains early in the summer in Gainesville and our move-in dates were affected.

We had moved our arrow department and target line to Columbia, South Carolina, to get it out of the strike atmosphere, and so that production and income could keep flowing into the coffers during the production slow-down and move from Grayling. Finally, once the plant was completed in Gainesville the two product lines were finally moved to Florida in February 1979.

One of the tasks I was asked to manage prior to the move was to prepare a brochure to be used to try to sell our existing plant in Grayling. We decided that we would try to sell the property and buildings in one to three different parcels. At that time we had 114,930 square feet of space on 12 acres. The first part of the plant had been built in 1946. Additions were constructed in 1952, 1956, 1965, 1967, 1968, 1971 and 1974. Our city and county taxes per year paid to both the city and county amounted to approximately $55,000. And the Mackinaw & Detroit railroad line ran near the plant just on the other side of my office, "The Swamp." We had parking space for 300 cars. I lifted part of the introduction I had written for our 1976 Bear Archery catalog to give the piece some flavor and to communicate what it was like living in the Grayling area. We signed up with Milltown Realty in town to try to move the property.

Some of the pieces were eventually purchased, but most of the property sat empty after we left. Fred and I would always drive over and look at it when we were at Grousehaven on our annual bowhunting trips. And it was a sad thing to see sitting there so forlorn, slowly deteriorating. On those quick drives over from our hunting camp back to Grayling, we always stopped in to visit with our old friends Howard Hatfield and Bob Smock. And we'd drive out past my old house in Sherwood Forest, Fred's house next to the plant, and the now-empty Fred Bear Museum out at the old Bear Mountain. Fred's beautiful home along the backwaters of the old logger's pond on the Au Sable River was eventually sold to a dentist. Those were melancholy drives.

Finally, in the 1990s most of the Bear Archery buildings were torn down, and pieces of decorative broken tile from the old lobby that was first used as the Fred Bear Museum could be seen lying in the rubble. I was glad that Fred was no longer around to see it. I wept inside as I stood over it on a trip through Grayling that summer.

In preparing to move, Fred and Mrs. B went through all of their stuff and decided to have a garage sale, which they did one Saturday. I just could not bring myself to go over and see what all they were selling, but I know there were some real treasures among their cast-offs. Several people told me what they had purchased. It was just too darn heartbreaking for me to deal with that day.

We had our groundbreaking ceremony the week of March 10, 1978, and the Gainesville Area Chamber of Commerce announced that our annual payroll for the area would be $2.5 million.

Of course, the strike continued right up until the last vestiges of the factory and staff remained in Grayling. Strikers continued to walk up and down the road in front of the factory and were just as abusive as ever to those of us who remained working. One sign they carried at the end said, "Goodbye. Florida's Loss, Grayling's Gain." Another one read, "Goodbye, Bear Archery. Take all scabs." There was bitterness and sadness on both sides of the picket line. I was still stuck in "The Swamp" trying to function with my staff gone and most of my files and equipment already down in Florida.

FRED'S PAINFUL REMINDERS

One of the most poignant moments of all took place the morning Fred left the plant for good. It was Nov. 21, 1978, and he had stayed in the Holiday Inn the night before, since Mrs. B and all of their household goods had already been moved to Florida. He had flown up from Gainesville for the annual firearms hunt with his old buddies at Grousehaven, and I had picked him up at the Midland-Bay City-Saginaw airport the Saturday before gun season opened. He and I had then hunted at Grousehaven with Gen. Hank Everest and some of the other old gang before returning to Grayling.

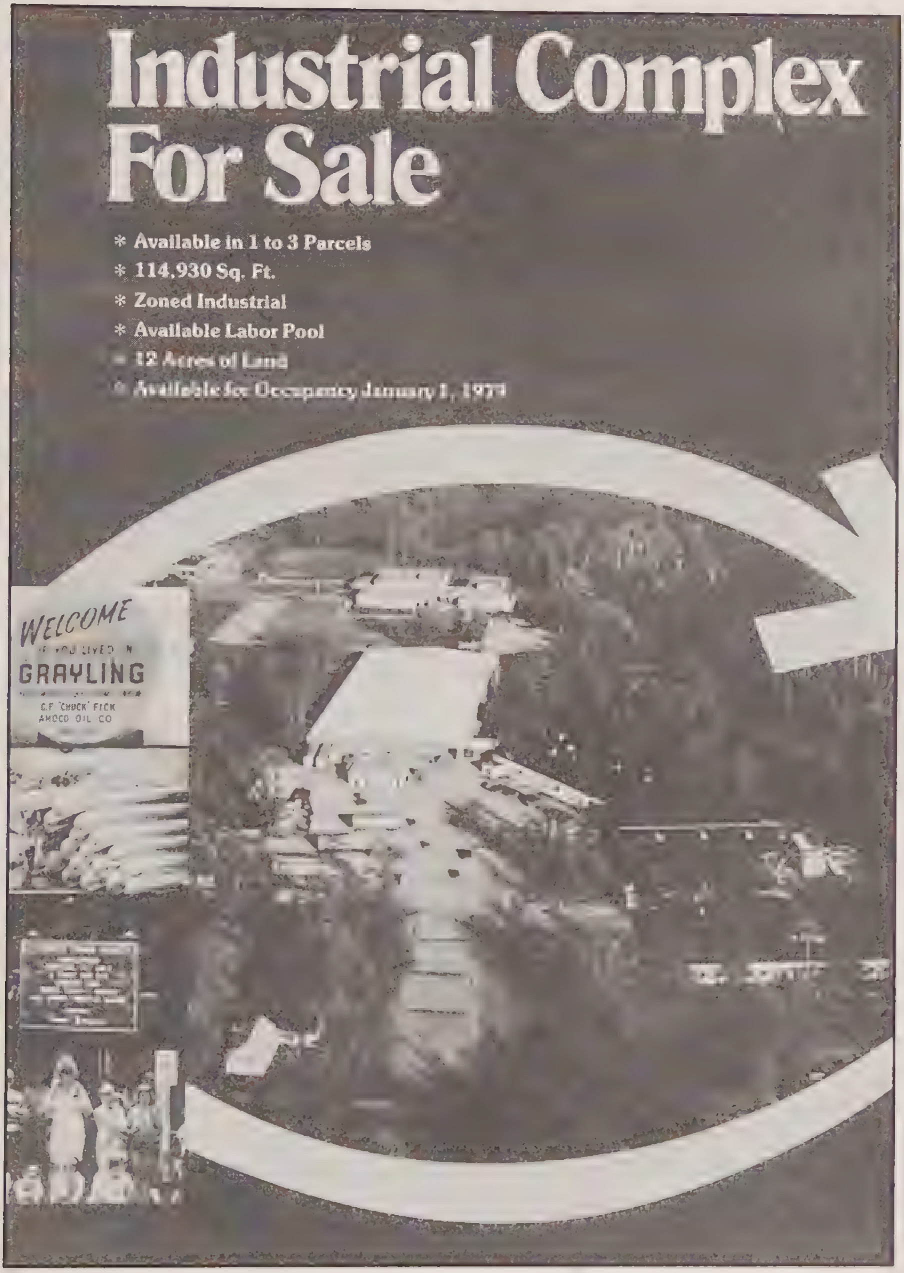
I knew it was terribly hard on him to leave the place that he had worked so hard to build, and to leave all of his many friends in Grayling. I couldn't even begin to imagine the memories swirling around his head that November morning as I watched him slowly walk out of the front office door that he had gone through so many thousands of times over the years. He quietly walked over to the waiting car arranged to take him to the airport for the flight to Florida. I snapped a photo just for the historical record and watched them slowly drive away. He waved to me, but I don't know if he shed a tear inside or not. I did.

Bob Kelly left for good the next day. And as he did, the strikers across M-72 from “The Swamp” pulled their small travel trailer away. They drove down the road at 10:15 a.m., it was a Wednesday and it was the official end of the strike. I took some photos as they left, leaving myself open for some parting uncomplimentary yells from the pickets. But I could tell that their hearts really weren’t in it either. They had all gambled and lost.

Finally, after everyone else had left town, but just a few of us, once the strikers living around Grayling had quieted down, I drove Papa Bear’s yellow Cougar down to Florida for him, leaving Grayling on December 4th and arriving on December 5th, the day before my 43rd birthday. I arrived to an empty house and was pretty depressed at the time, and very worried about my family still up in Grayling. We had gone on an extensive house search in the spring like everyone else who was moving with the plant, and just had not found anything we really liked. So in the end we had a new home built in the Emerald Woods development on the northwest side of town. Several other Bear management people also ended up in the same neighborhood. I had not seen the finished house until the day I arrived.

I returned to Grayling for the holidays with the family, and we finally moved our household things in a snowstorm, leaving Grayling for good late on the afternoon of Jan. 3, 1979. Before leaving town, however, I made one last trip over to the empty plant, climbed up on a ladder with Frank Scott and took the handmade wooden Bear Archery letters off the front of the building. Fred and Scotty had cut these out and put them up back in the 1940s. I lashed them to the top of my station wagon, safely wrapped in an old quilt, and we were ready to go.

I drove my old, rusty, blue VW bug with our sedated German shepherd, Heidi, in the back seat, our youngest son, Scott, in the front seat, and Alice drove our yellow station wagon with our two oldest kids, Mike and Beth. Snow and ice dropped off both vehicles until we were almost into Tennessee. We finally arrived in Gainesville, our new Bear Archery home, on Jan. 5, 1979.



Industrial Complex For Sale

- * Available in 1 to 3 Parcels
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- * Available Labor Pool
- * 12 Acres of Land
- * Available for Occupancy January 1, 1979

WELCOME
GRAYLING
C.F. 'CHUCK' FICK
AMOCO OIL CO

The brochure that I designed and wrote to try to sell the plant when we were in the process of moving to Florida. Only partly successful. Much of the plant sat empty for many years until finally being torn down.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

A TYPICAL DAY IN FRED BEAR'S LIFE

Fred came to the office every day, right up until almost the final week of his life at the age of 86. And he came to work—not to just be there—often putting in 18-hour days in his early years, designing archery equipment and new production techniques. He also wrote his own hunting articles in his start-up years and shot his own movie footage of his hunts. Then he took the films to sportsmen's groups and others to show them what a challenge and adventure they could have if they took up bowhunting. All that, while at the same time working hard each day trying to build and establish his struggling archery company in the isolated woods of northern Michigan where he had moved in 1947. I continue to be amazed by what this shy, gawky Pennsylvania farm boy was able to accomplish through sheer will and determination. His is truly a Lincolnesque story of achievement.

At first he and Mrs. Bear lived in a tent cabin out at what they called "Bear's Bend" alongside the Manistee River west of Grayling. In the winter when the arctic winds swept down from Canada, they would rent a house in town. Finally, once Fred had the new Grayling plant up and running, they built a beautiful ranch style house behind the plant alongside the Au Sable River on the old logger's pond that is known locally as the "Backwaters." He would be in the office early, usually go home for lunch, then back to work. In the evenings he'd often walk back to his office/workshop and seek new answers to product ideas that he was exploring.

When we moved the plant to Florida in 1978, Fred continued much the same pattern, even though by now he was in his 70s. He loved to have coffee with his friends, so every morning at coffee break time I'd walk down and stick my head in his office and remind him that we were all going to the lunch room for our break. He was the boss and did not want to impose on those of us who worked for him, but he always loved to be a part of our day and our lives, so he'd usually wait to be invited. That's when he'd catch up on whatever we were all doing or had done the night before. The people usually around the table in

A typical scene from almost any day Fred was in the office. He could be found sitting at his manual typewriter sometimes pounding out a story about one of his hunting adventures, or writing a memo, or perhaps helping write some advertising copy with which I needed assistance. I took this shot in the mid-1970s in his office in Grayling, Michigan.

Fred never missed a coffee break with his friends when he was in town. Here we are in Gainesville in the late 1970s shortly after we moved to Florida. Left to right: Charlie Kroll, Pat Wiseman, Dick Lattimer, Fred, Ray "Hap" Fling, Donna Patton and Bill "Apple" McIntosh. The best time of the day as far as I was concerned was when he was regaling us all with his stories.

those days were Pat Wiseman, Donna Patton, sales manager Ray "Hap" Fling, Charlie Kroll, advertising assistant Bill McIntosh, and myself. Oh, if I had only been smart enough to have tape-recorded those coffee breaks to record the old man's stories he loved to tell us!

FRED'S SIGNATURE BOWS

Fred's day in his later years was usually taken up working on a new method of attaching our Weathers™ to arrow shafts or on some other project. Particularly close to his heart was the Limited Edition Fred Bear Signature Bow. He put a great deal of time, thought and love into that bow, and it has become a very valuable collector's item. Fred personally signed and numbered each bow after he had inspected it with his extremely critical eye. And those who knew him can tell you that he was really tough on any imperfection he found, even the tiniest blemish on one of these Fred Bear Signature Bows.

One day, a year or so after his Signature Bow had made its debut, he called me to his office and told me that he had left something for me in the trunk of his Cougar out in the parking lot. I was to go out, transfer it to my trunk and not tell anyone that he had given it to me. He didn't want his other friends at the plant to know that he was giving me his own prototype of the Fred Bear Signature Bow. It is marked "O1X," in other words, Fred's first experimental prototype of his Signature Bow. Needless to say, I was thrilled when I saw it and cherish that bow to this day.

Here's a note that he put in with the Signature Bow. I've deleted the people's names he mentions to prevent any embarrassment. I might add, that the second prototype to which he refers in the note could easily have been stolen from the exhibit. It had happened at least once before with one of his prototype bows. That one had been stolen from the Kent Bank in Grand Rapids. The bow had won honorable mention in the Michigan Manufacturer of the Year contest in 1966. It showed up six years later when it was taken into Ken Inglebritzen's archery shop for a trade-in. Fred traded bows to Ken to get it back. He also gave that one to me for my growing collection. Here's the note he put with the Signature Bow prototype #O1X:

Dear Dick:

In the beginning, I made two Signature bow prototypes. The cases were made of walnut left over from my office walls.

One of these sets I loaned to (someone) for display in an art show. He says he returned it, gave it to (someone-B) ... I have never seen it.

Recently I have noticed you looking, rather covetingly, at the one here in my office.

With full knowledge that there are no more pieces of walnut, nor Brazilian Rosewood about, my move seems to be to give it to you before you steal it, which is what I hereby do.

Have fun, Fred

He had given me a Fred Bear take-down bow a couple of years earlier for Christmas with a note in it written on a Cape buffalo card saying that he hoped I, "could use this bow someday facing down one of these critters under a baobab tree" in Africa. And, on another occasion he walked into my office and placed one of his own left-handed Grizzly recurves on my desk for my collection. These bows will always have a special place in my heart and are kept away from my home at a secure location.

DINING WITH FRED

Quite often Fred would stay at the plant for lunch, and other times he and I would go down the street to a local restaurant. Sometimes others from the plant joined us. He loved fried clams and would always order a plate of them when they were on the menu. As I write this, my little Gulf fishing village that I now live in, Cedar Key, Florida, is the number one supplier of farm-raised clams from the Gulf of Mexico.

Speaking of his food preferences, a funny thing happened when Fred and I were in New York in 1976 working with his Doubleday editor, Ferris Mack, on the final galleys of his "Fred Bear's Field Notes" book. We were staying in a fancy hotel just off 5th Avenue around the corner from the Doubleday building. One evening at dinner he and I went into the hotel dining room, and I spotted liver and onions on the menu. My wife hated to fix them for me since she couldn't stand the smell of the liver in the frying pan. When I told Fred that's what I was going to order, he said he was going to do the same for the same reason. So we sat there in this fancy New York hotel eating liver and onions just as if we'd been in our kitchens back home, ignoring all the fancy offerings on the menu and enjoying every delicious minute of it with a cold glass of beer.

Most of the time, though, he carried a sack lunch to the office that Mrs. B would prepare for him. In his later years he'd always wait for me to come into his office to get him at noon before heading out to the lunchroom. Most of the same gang of people would sit with him at lunch as at coffee break, but often some others of his Bear Archery friends would sit with us. People like Anita Holle, Jackie Crews, Kathy McKewan, and others. Again, we'd usually be treated to some of his yarns and stories of the "good old days." He very seldom ate the candy or cookies that Mrs. B would put in his brown bag, and usually pushed them over the table to one or the other of his friends to eat.

When we were on the road traveling together we'd usually have a beer before dinner, but even when we were guests in his home at a gathering of some kind, or in a bowhunting camp shooting the breeze with the guys, I never saw him have more than one.

NO SLOWING DOWN

If Fred didn't go to lunch with us, then he'd drive home and have lunch with Mrs. Bear and take a short nap. Then it was back to work for the rest of the afternoon. In his later years, his lunch hours were often dictated by how much oxygen he had left in his portable oxygen tank that he had to wear constantly due to the emphysema he developed late in life. On those occasions he'd have to go home for lunch to replenish his tank. I still have a little note that he left on my desk one day when I was out of my office somewhere else in the plant—"Out of oxygen, going home for lunch."

This business of keeping up a travel schedule while on the oxygen was a real challenge for Fred, but he sure didn't let it keep him down or tied to the house. I can remember one trip when there was a sporting goods show in Atlanta when I drove him up there in his yellow Lincoln with a huge oxygen tank in the back seat. He had just read Lee Iococa's biography, and had it with him and read me large parts of it on the drive. This was during a time when he was very upset with the direction the current management of Bear Archery was taking the company.

LAVER'S
ACQUET

Almost every day someone wanted to meet Fred and shake his hand. His door was always open. Here he's greeting the Chinese and American diving teams who were in town for a competition at the University of Florida in Gainesville.

On that trip, as on some others, he and I roomed together just in case he developed a problem during the night, or had a stroke or other medical emergency. The public did not know how fragile Fred's health was in his final years, and how he bravely covered it up in order to continue to meet his public. They gave him strength and propelled him. He absolutely loved to talk to people; they energized him!

I was trained in CPR and prepared for any eventuality along those lines, but to tell the truth didn't get much sleep on those trips. I always kept one ear open to make sure he was still breathing OK. So I felt a great deal of responsibility in the nights I spent in motel and hotel rooms with him on the road. Thank the Good Lord he never stopped breathing on my "watch."

If we traveled by plane, the attendants were always very helpful with his oxygen supply. And, of course, travel oxygen bottles only hold a limited supply of oxygen and had to be replaced when we reached our destination.

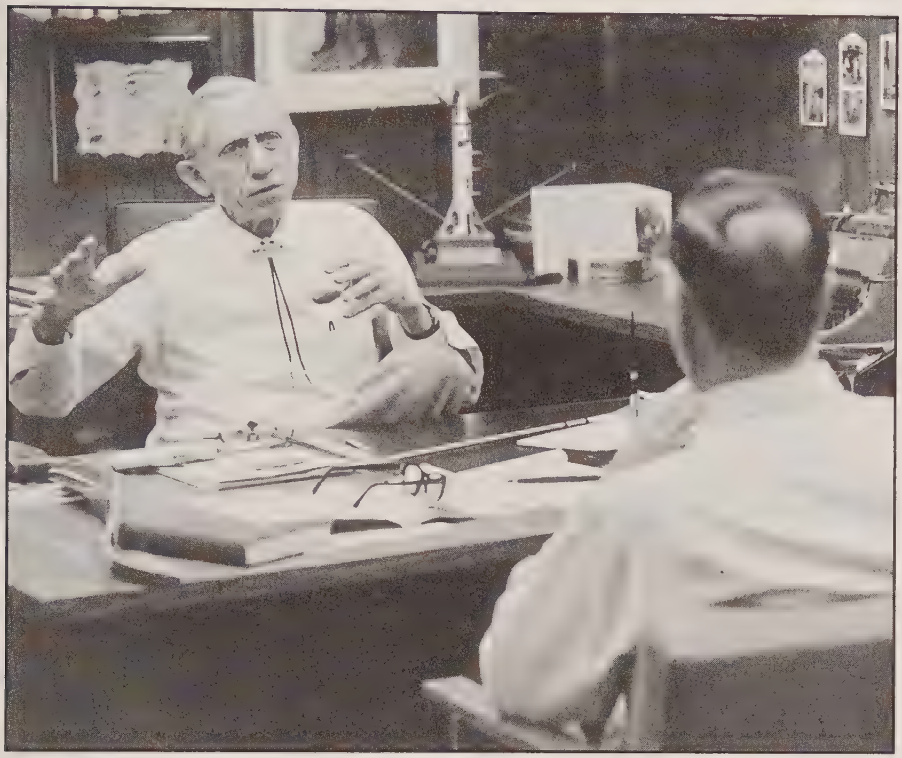
Fred made light of his having to wear the oxygen those last few years, usually telling people with a twinkle in his eye that he really had Schnapp's in his oxygen bottle and that it was his secret way of drinking on the job.

This man could have stayed at home, but, instead, he continued to live life to the fullest, and in doing so gave us all a lesson on how to conduct our final days. With hope, courage, dignity, and, above all, with humor. None of us gets out of this alive, you know. What a wonderful lesson he taught us all, I just hope I can remember it when my time has come.

TIME FOR ADMIRERS

Back in those days I always carried our Nikon F2 camera with me when traveling, for those folks who wanted a photo with Fred, and I was always careful to remind him to take the oxygen line off before we took the photo in case he forgot to do so, which wasn't really very often. This reminds me of Joe Garino, the astronauts' personal trainer in Houston. Whenever we were out with some of the astronauts at a sporting goods show or the like, Joe would quietly ease the cigarettes out of their hands when people wanted a photo with them since that was considered not to be the image NASA wanted to project with its astronauts in those Apollo-to-the-moon days. Incidentally, they had to give up all booze six months before they made a flight to the moon. Some of them did cheat and take a drink after that six-month cut-off deadline. Who among us would not love the occasional beer after a hard day's training, when our butts and mission opportunities were on the line? I know I couldn't have resisted.

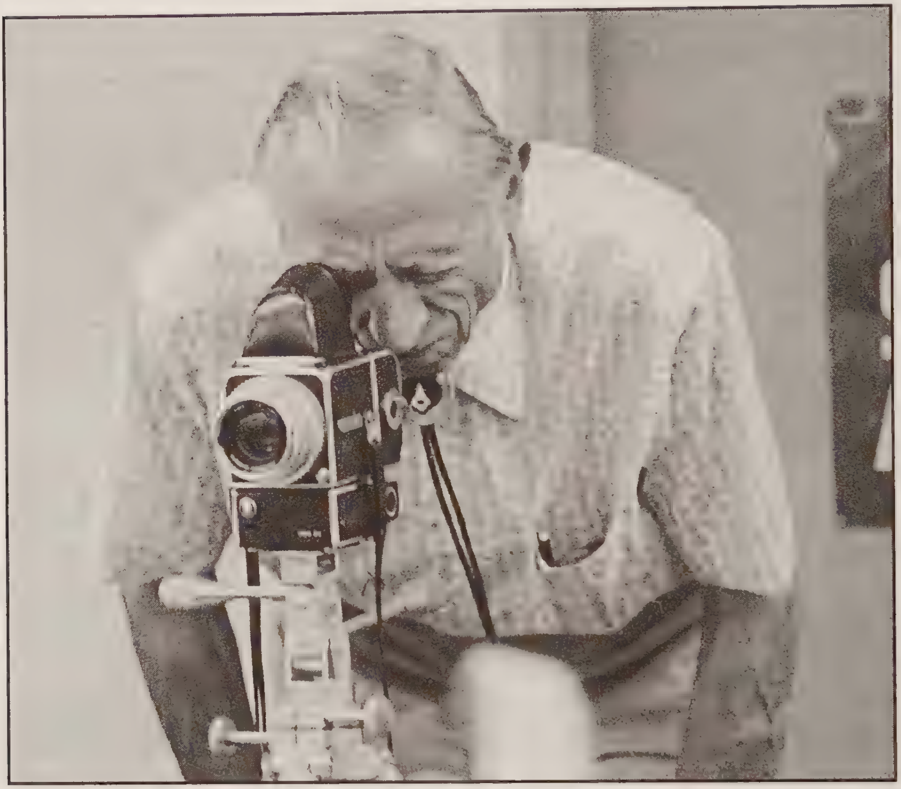
Bowhunters were always calling Fred trying to talk him into speaking at various events, and outdoor writers were calling for interviews. Then, again, he might get on the phone and call his two other "sons," Joe Engle in Houston, or Dick Mauch in Bassett. Frank Scott and I were handy there in the plant for him.



Here Fred is meeting with an outdoor writer, explaining something about one of his hunts. In the corner you can see the Saturn V rocket trophy given to Fred by the astronauts, supposedly powered by a Bear recurve bow to shoot them off to the moon. I shot this in his Grayling office in about 1973.

Often I'd walk into the office, and he'd be talking to our old friend, Glenn St. Charles, another icon in our archery fraternity who had been a Bear Archery salesman in the old days and was the founder of the Pope & Young Club. And Ted Nugent would often call just to check in. Ted generally hunted with us for a few days at Grousehaven each fall and was a big Fred Bear fan. Fred respected what Ted had done with his life even through some very tragic times with the death of his first wife and the children she left behind for him to try to raise alone while still maintaining his crazy concert schedule around the country. When you were alone with Ted, he was a thoughtful, quiet friend, nothing like he was on stage.

I remember, in particular, one day when he came to town after Fred was gone and asked me if I'd take him over to pay his respects to Mrs. Bear. Ted was deeply touched by that visit. He always kept in touch with her by phone after



Fred helping set up a shot out in the factory. Here he's looking through Jim Pond's Hassleblad in Grayling in the early 1970s while I recorded him doing so. Fred was an expert with both still and movie cameras, having done all his own film work in the early days of his adventures.

that, and she really appreciated it. Often a mark of a man or woman is what they do out of the public eye when no one knows that they're being caring or thoughtful. Ted Nugent fills that bill as far as I'm concerned. A wonderful guy.

I also tried to do the same, having a quiet lunch at the Bear home on Bivens Arm Lake with Mrs. B most Wednesdays when I was in town for many years after Fred was gone. Charlie Kroll, her son-in-law, who lived next door with Mrs. B's daughter, Julia, would often join us, too. If you've ever wondered how Fred Bear stayed so slim, even in his later years when most of us put on weight and acquire a generous gut, you'd understand if you ever had lunch with Mrs. B. She made tiny, dainty sandwiches that usually involved water cress and a thin slice of cheese on wheat bread, and there was always a small cup of homemade soup and some fruit for dessert. If I ate like that everyday I'd have Fred Bear's slim frame, too. But she and I enjoyed those quiet lunches togeth-

Of course, Fred would often go home for lunch with Mrs. Bear. Here the two of them are having a snack at one end of their kitchen alongside the backwaters of the Au Sable River in Grayling, Michigan in the early 1970s.

er, and I always kept her up-to-speed on what all was happening at the plant and talked about old Grayling friends as well. Fred always sat in spirit at the empty chair at the small table with us as we enjoyed our lunches together. She was a wonderful lady and friend. And I miss her still.

Frank Scott would also often drop in to visit her on those occasions when he would have a reason to drive over to the house on Biven's Arm. Sometimes he'd take some copies of the Fred Bear biography over for her to sign for people that had asked him to get them a copy. Other times he just popped in to let her know she wasn't forgotten. I know she really appreciated all these visits; she was so lonely after we lost Fred. She died at the age of 96 on Jan. 10, 1997, about eight years after Fred died.

I said earlier that Fred always told me that you can take the measure of a man by how he acts in a hunting camp. Does he voluntarily do what needs to be done without being told to, or does he sit around waiting for others to wait on him or to do all the work? I've always felt that you could also take the measure of a person by how well he or she quietly looked after people and showed them love and concern when they were going through rough times. That's when you know you have a true friend. Anyone can be a good friend during the good times. But it takes a special friend to reach out to others at the darkest moments of their lives and to give them comfort, even if it is only in sitting silently with them, holding their hand as they grieve. Words need not be spoken to be a comfort to our friends.

HISTORY ON VIDEOTAPE

But getting back to Fred's typical day. When not on the phone in his office, Fred might be signing some of the many autographed photos or books that people were always sending him, or signing and sending out copies of Aldo Leopold's book "The Sand County Almanac" that he thought so highly of and gave to his friends and new acquaintances to read.

Or, he and I might be planning out a video or film that we were going to be shooting. We spent a lot of time working on scripts, locations and camera angles together when we shot "Rural Route One, Grayling, Michigan," our plant tour film up in Grayling. The same is true of "The Good Earth" that we filmed with astronaut Jim Lovell. Much thought and planning must go into things like this so when you finally have cameramen, gaffers (set electricians and lighting people), directors, and talent together the day of the shoot everything will go as smoothly and economically as possible.

As Fred grew older, I knew we needed to get him to talk on videotape about his early days. So we shot a series of those videotapes in his office with one of our local videographers, Todd Rainsburger, from TV-20 in Gainesville. Here are the videos that we shot during Fred's last two years of his life ... 1986-1988. As a historian, I consider these videotapes to be some of the most meaningful things that I produced during my two decades with Fred.

"History of Bear Archery—Part 1": Fred reminisces about Bear Archery's founding and his first 60 years in bowhunting. He talks about his early days in Detroit, the move to Grayling, and brings you up-to-date on where Bear Archery is today. A fascinating collection of never-before-told archery history.

"History of Bear Archery—Part 2": Fred talks about the history of bows and arrows from prehistoric days to the present. How he developed the popular take-down bow; his important invention of fiberglass technology; and his own unique shooting style.

Sometimes Fred brought his work home with him during the day. Here we are during the videotaping with a crew from TV-20 between astronaut Joe Engle, center, and Papa Bear, right. Mid-1980s at his home in Gainesville. Elizabeth Rogers, the director, sits next to Fred. I'm on the left, and the other two fellows are sound technician and cameraman. Unfortunately, I've forgotten their names.

"History of Bear Archery—Part 3": The history of the Bear Razorhead®, the Converta-Point Arrow®, and his invention of the Bow Quiver are recalled by Fred. Fred also spins an Alaskan hunting yarn.

"From the Ground Up—Part 1": Fred and astronaut Joe Engle talk about their bowhunting trip to Alaska.

"From the Ground Up—Part 2": Fred and astronaut Joe Engle talk about Joe's X-15 and space shuttle flights.

Fred especially enjoyed working with Todd Rainsburger, since Todd was a true professional on both sides of the camera, as was Fred, and they related well together. Just a gentle hint of a camera angle needed, and Fred immediately supplied the shot. Same with the voice track. I can remember being amazed over the years when working on filming with Fred on how quick a grasp he had of dialogue, camera angles and lighting. For me a highlight was always when he was on camera with someone else who was also experienced in those areas, like Jim Lovell, Curt Gowdy or one of the Detroit Lions or Detroit Tigers. It was so much fun watching these professionals give the cameraman, director and producer (usually me) what we wanted quickly and without a lot of takes.

FRED THE CHAIRMAN

Often during the day, Fred would have meetings with people from production on whatever project he was working on at the time, or with whomever was the president of Bear Archery at the time. In his later years he was given the title of chairman, even though Bear Archery didn't have a board. Management met regularly to discuss projects, production output and problems, budgets, sales figures and the like, and Fred would sit in on those meetings when he was in town. He was always very involved when he did and always entered into the discussions no matter what the subject. I was always amazed at his keen grasp of just about anything about which we were talking. He saw things a lot more quickly than I did and was extremely sharp, even in his later years. I could see why he had been able to go from a shy Pennsylvania farmboy to a world-known celebrity and entrepreneur. He had not only created and made Bear Archery and much of the archery industry, but he had also created the legend known as Fred Bear. A public relations person like me who came along later in his life only built upon what he had already done. The Fred Bear "persona" was already finessed and polished by the time I came on the scene.

When I first started working for Fred, his private secretary was Lillian Hill, a small, slim lady who was always very pleasant and nice to work with, especially as I did in those first five years from a distance of hundreds of miles. She sat just outside his office door.

Once I went to work for the company full-time, Ms. Hill soon retired, and after awhile Shirley Bonamie left Bob Kelly in the sales department and took over as Fred's administrative assistant. Shirley had joined the company just a couple of months before I started working for them. Then, when Kelly was moved up to become only the second president of the company after Fred stepped down, she served both men.

Shirley is one of the finest people with whom I've worked. She almost always has a smile on her face and in her voice. She knew just how to work with the different personalities of both Fred and Kelly and the people in the office and factory. Kelly had a low boiling point and would often turn red in his face when he wasn't happy with someone or something. At those moments his lips would also turn white. He did not "suffer fools lightly" as the old saying goes. And it was not a good idea to be around him, especially if you were the reason for his unhappiness. Luckily, I was only in that position a couple of times in our many years of working together, most times we had a quiet father-son type relationship both inside and outside the office as I've mentioned before. But when Kelly talked, I always paid attention to what he said. Shirley knew just how to calm him down, as if gentling a fractious wild Irish stallion.

Fred, on the other hand, was slow to anger and seldom did. Almost never raising his voice. But he could be a stubborn old "Dutchman" sometimes with people in production or R&D, and I know they did not enjoy those times when he was insistent on doing things "his way." As I said in the beginning, his father's family was of English, German and Swiss extraction and his mother's English and Dutch. Fred was very meticulous about everything he did. When he was a young man running his trap line back home in Pennsylvania he would even iron his dollar bills so they were in proper condition after he sold his hides. So when someone in production or R&D wanted to take a shortcut with which Fred didn't agree, he would let them know in no uncertain terms. If you were called into his office and his brows were scrunched up together, you were in big trouble. Now on the other hand, if you could convince him you were right, then he was amenable to new suggestions and ideas. But you'd better have your facts right.

Here is a saying he had printed, up on his office wall, and that he gave out to some of his employees from time to time. I think this will help you understand the thoroughness that Papa Bear brought to his work every day:

> THERE ARE MANY WAYS TO DO
> A JOB, BUT THERE IS ONLY ONE
> RIGHT WAY. EVERY PROBLEM
> REQUIRES MUCH THOUGHT TO
> INVESTIGATE EVERY POSSIBLE
> APPROACH. THOSE WHO MAKE
> QUICK DECISIONS AND PROCEED
> ALONG THE LINES OF A FIRST
> SOLUTION WILL ALMOST
> ALWAYS FIND THAT THERE WAS
> A BETTER WAY ...
>
> FRED BEAR

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

“SEE YOU IN THE SPRING!”

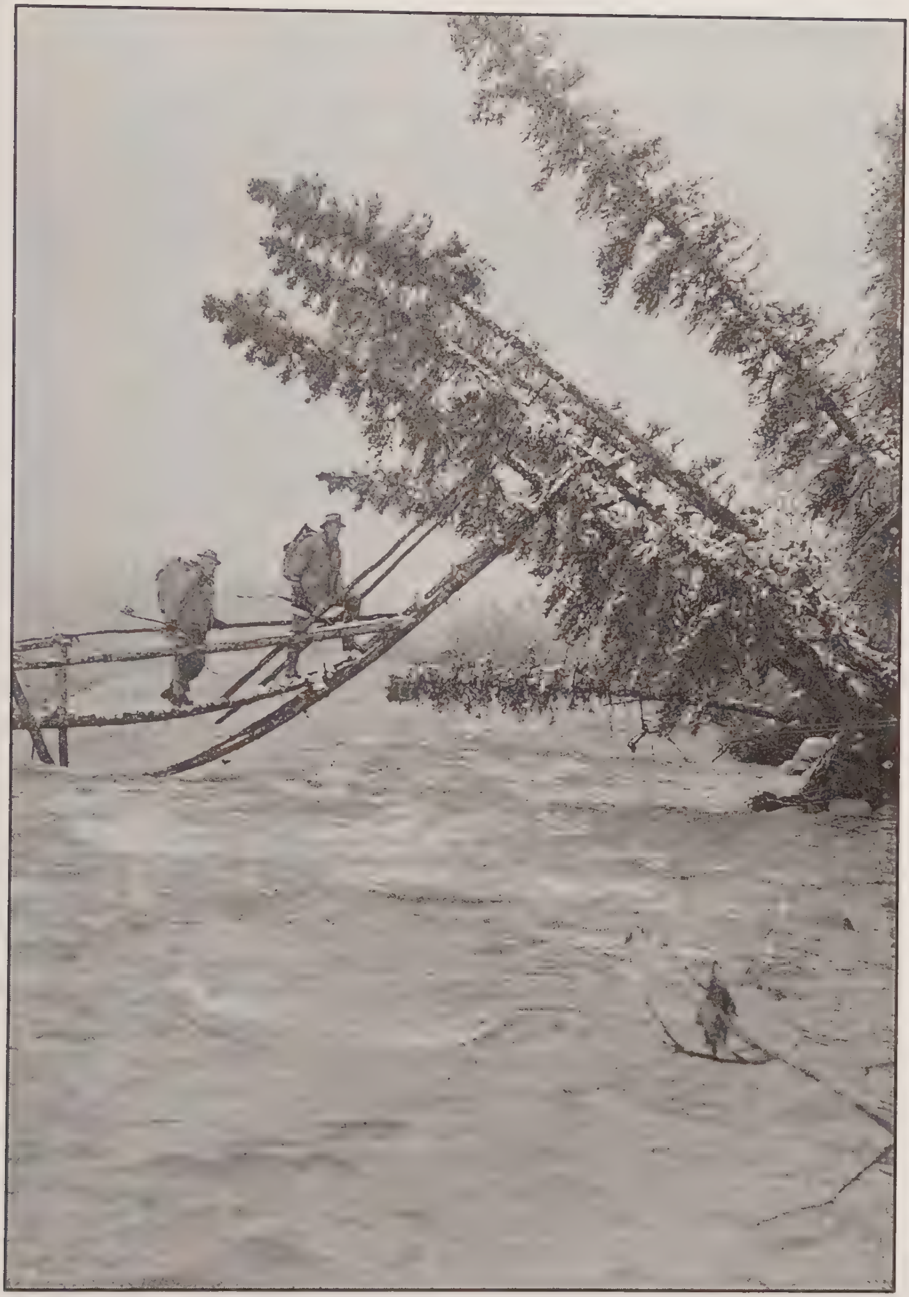
No book about Fred Bear could be complete without mentioning the man who probably had the most to do, next to Fred, with the growth of Bear Archery during the 60s, 70s and early 80s. That man was Robert Fenton Kelly. Most of us who knew and worked with him always simply called him Kelly; I don’t think in my 30 years of knowing him that I ever called him Bob. And he always called most of us by our last names as well. It got to be a joke with our bowhunting buddy, Gordon Ford, after awhile. I can remember him saying one day out in Nebraska, “Don’t you guys know one another’s first names?”

Fred met Kelly when Fred made his second hunt at the Little Delta camp in 1959. The camp was located 100 miles from Fairbanks in the Grubstake Area of Alaska alongside the west fork of the Little Delta River. Glenn St. Charles had found the area in 1957 and worked hard with two other fellows to build a landing strip on a gravel bar in the river that could be used by Super Cubs. He told Fred about it, and the two hunted out of the old trapper’s cabin on the site in 1958 along with a number of other bowhunters out of Seattle and Bud Gray, the president of Whirlpool Corporation in St. Joseph, Michigan. The cabin had been built by Russian trappers in 1927. It had an earthen roof over strips of birch bark laid on half-round timbers. Willows had taken root on the roof.

Fred enjoyed the area so much that he decided to make it his base for a bowhunt the next year as well. Glenn St. Charles hired Bob Kelly to serve as the camp roustabout and camp cook. Kelly ran a television repair shop in Seattle at the time and was an avid bowhunter. He and Glenn and two other bowhunters had built a cedar shake cabin in 1951 in the Nason Creek area of Washington State along the migration route of big mule deer out of the Cascade Mountains up into Canada. They called it the chalet and hunted out of it for many years. After he died, Jeanie Kelly and I talked it over and called Ronnie Raume, who had been a boy when he hunted with the gang out of the chalet, and another nearby cabin they called the fort, that he had helped build. Ronnie returned Kelly’s ashes to the area after I had done the eulogy at his funeral in Florida.

A BRIDGE FOR BOWHUNTING

Kelly impressed Fred with his enthusiasm and hard work around camp,



This is the suspension bridge that Fred's hunting party built over the Little Delta River in Alaska in 1959 during that year's bowhunt to get across the rain-swollen river. In my mind, the most classic bowhunting photo ever, and I used it often. Fred, right, and Bob Kelly, are returning to camp from the morning's hunt. Kelly, Jack Albright and Bob Arvine did the actual construction of this woodland engineering marvel.

This is the old trapper's cabin built in 1927 that Fred and his gang hunted out of during 1958 and '59 hunts along the Little Delta River in Alaska. Fred is shown here cooking some ribs over an open fire. One of his culinary specialties in camp.

always doing what needed to be done before anyone else had even thought of it. The two bowhunted together and became instant friends. One of the best-known photos taken during Fred's long bowhunting career shows Fred and Kelly crossing the Little Delta River on a homemade "bridge" the gang had constructed due to the high water that year that made it impossible to wade across the river in the usual hip boots worn in much of Alaska. I can't begin to tell you how often I used that photo in our advertising and catalog work, but it got to be so well-known that an outdoor writer even wrote a column about it. Here's the column that Terry Koper wrote about it in the *Milwaukee Sentinel* when Fred visited the area to talk to a group of archers:

The instant my eye settles on the men stepping up the primitive bridge, my feet start following in their footsteps.

It happens every time. We must be in Alaska. We must be. It's just that kind of picture.

Fred Bear's form is easily identified as he crosses the river. Who else would be *wearing that hat and carrying a bow?*

There's another man behind him. He is carrying a bow, and his back is bent a little under the strain of a pack.

He must be me. It's just that kind of a picture. Whenever I see it I'm off on another adventure.

"That picture was taken in Alaska, back in 1959," Bear said.

Fred and I were talking. I wish it had been around a campfire in Alaska, but we were sitting on folding chairs, in a maintenance room at the Waukesha County Expo Center. In the main halls hundreds of bowhunters were browsing through the bows and clothes and gadgets, waiting for Fred's presentation.

"We built that bridge to get across the Little Delta River," Bear said. "It took us about two days to build it, but it worked pretty well for the whole hunt."

The picture captures Bear breaking trail on another of the adventurous trips that have made his name synonymous with back-country big game bowhunting. Behind Bear was Bob Kelly, who'd been hired to cook and carry, and later became an executive of Bear Archery.

Fred has forgotten who took the picture. For years even the picture was forgotten, until Dick Lattimer, the company promotion manager, found it in a file. When his eyes settled on the men crossing the river, his feet automatically followed behind the hunters.

"This picture is the essence of bowhunting," Lattimer said.

So in the early 1970s, Lattimer began using the picture in company catalogs. Later it found its way into magazine ads and in 1974 was used as the cover for a reprint of Saxton Pope's book, "Hunting With the Bow and Arrow."

I know I'm not really in this picture, but it doesn't matter. Each time I see it I feel the live spruce boughs bending and bouncing with our weight.

It is August in Alaska. It gets cold at night, but during the day the sun is hot enough to melt the glacier. It sends the icy water roaring down the river, making it impossible to cross in hip boots, as the hunters had done the year before.

Somehow I suspected all this before, but now I know for sure, because Fred Bear told me. And even though he told me the spring flood washed the bridge away 25 years ago, it doesn't matter.

Thousands of bowhunters still use it. The bridge crosses the gap between the reality of the hunts they have at hand, and the fantasy of the ones they'll only make in their minds.

KELLY COMES TO WORK

A short time after meeting Fred on the Little Delta hunt, Kelly went to work for West Coast Engineering and gave up his television repair business so he could work full-time in the sport he loved. While working on the West Coast, he sold people on the idea of automated indoor archery lanes and did such a good job of it that Fred soon asked him to join Bear Archery in Grayling as its sales manager. This he did in 1963.

Kelly was a riverboat gambler as far as trying new ideas and products, and he reveled in that image and even wore an Eddie Bauer riverboat gambler hat most of the time I knew him. But he did not just blindly go off and try new things. He thought them through carefully, got lots of opinions from us all, and then moved forward when he was sure it was a workable idea or product. As far as new products were concerned, he would send test ideas out to selected people in the industry to have them evaluate and use them and report back to us.

Bob Kelly had an intuitive feel for what needed to be done to capture market share, and building on Fred's skill as an innovator and promotional genius, he and the marketing team he assembled in Grayling built Bear Archery into the number one company in the industry during my years with them. At the time I joined the two men in 1966, Bear Archery was second to Ben Pearson in sales and closing. As a result of Kelly and Tom Blee's marketing savvy, our strong emphasis on advertising and sales promotion, and Fred's national publicity, media exposure, and standing among the nation's hunters we were soon able to overtake Pearson. By then other companies had come along, and we slid into a new era in archery—compound bow manufacturing. Ben Pearson Archery never fully recovered.

Kelly was the man who took the Bear brand name to the nation's mass merchants, thereby bringing our sport to millions of additional prospects throughout the country at a time in the 60s when that niche of retailing was just moving into its prime. Of course, this did not ingratiate Bear Archery to its existing "mom and pop" cadre of small archery shops; however, it was an inevitable move for our sport and soon mushroomed our sales from $4 million to about $25 million by the time Kelly left the company. And the other archery companies soon followed suit by going after mass merchant business. At one point 40 percent of our business went through mass merchants.

Kelly also made missionary trips to Germany, Japan and Russia selling the idea of Bear Archery products, and archery and bowhunting in general. In 1975 our in-house staff and I even produced Bear Archery catalogs in French, German, and Japanese, in addition to our English language version to help support those sales trips Kelly made overseas.

ACCORDING TO KELLY

Kelly had many famous expressions that always set Fred and the rest of us to chuckling, some of which I can't put into print in this family book, but one "R" rated one, in particular, that I heard him use often when someone would try to put something past him was, "Don't try to shit this old Irishman, he's got a turd in both pockets."

Here are some more:

Inside the old trapper's cabin alongside the Little Delta River. Fred is fashioning a moose call out of some birch bark off the roof. One of Fred's party, Bill Wright, shot the world record moose the next morning that was coaxed within range with this moose call.

"You people are running around like a bunch of old women spreading manure!" (That one was to try to get us refocused on a problem or opportunity.)
"That's like pushing a rabbit out of a hole with a rope."
"Anyone who would do that would push little chickens in the crick."
"Finer than a frog hair split seven ways! "
"Like trying to put an oyster into a parking meter."
"That tastes like your foot's asleep."
"He's blowing smoke up your arse like a four-stacker going out to sea."
"Quicker than a spurt of duck shit."
"Slicker than snot on a doorknob."
"Your arse is grass and I'm the lawnmower."
"Happy as a dead pig in the sunshine."
"Prettier than 40 acres of red hogs."
"I saw three deer and 10 saw me."
"Big enough to hunt bear with a buggy whip."
Upon tasting your best culinary effort: "What do you think's wrong with it?"
After a big meal: "Somethin' spoiled my appetite."
Black coffee: "I'll take it barefooted."
When asked if he wanted water in a restaurant: "I'm thirsty, not dirty."
He called kids "Gravysloppers" and "Curtain Climbers."
About certain people: "He'd complain if you hung him with a new rope."
And a cemetery was a "Marble Orchard."

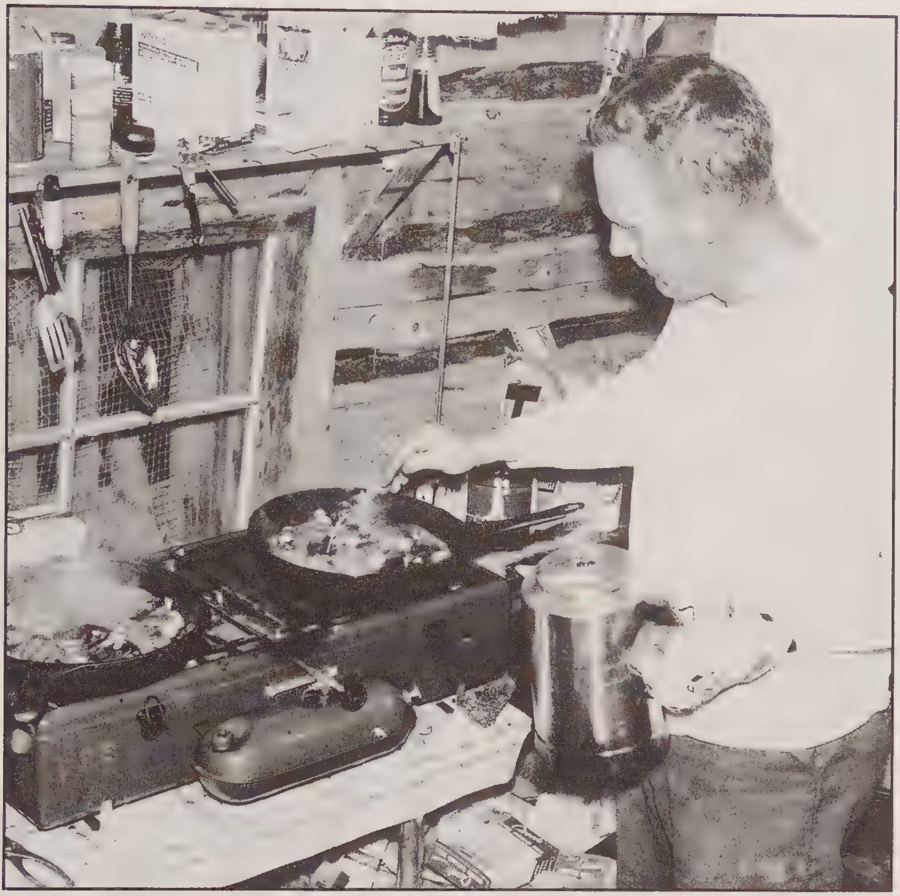
"See you in the spring" (His trademark goodbye, the sign-off on all of his Bear Archery correspondence. Referring to the fact that road salesmen often couldn't see their dealers in the winter.)

That's the kind of thing that was heard around the Bear Archery office nearly every day and always made Fred chuckle. And it always threw oil on troubled waters during difficult times when Kelly would suddenly express one of these and other colorful sayings, especially during a time of tension. He was a master at using these colorful sayings, one of the reasons Fred liked him so much. Kelly's small office cubicle was right outside Fred's office in Grayling. And right next to it in Gainesville. So the two of them had lots of opportunities to talk each day.

A STRAIGHT SHOOTER

One of the sayings I mentioned above refers to Kelly's attempt with humor to get us to refocus on a problem, or to help us see it clearly. I can't begin to tell you the number of times early in our relationship when I would take a piece of advertising ad copy or a sales promotional letter I had written over to him. He'd read it carefully, then tell me to pick out the most important points I was trying to get across in the material. He insisted these be put in bullet points at the beginning of each piece.

"Lots of people won't take the time to read this crap, Lattimer, but if you bul-



Bob Kelly fixing a meal in the old trapper's cabin during the Little Delta hunt in 1959. Hired by Glenn St. Charles for Fred to be the camp cook and roustabout, Kelly went on to later become the sales manager, vice president of marketing, executive vice president, and finally only the second president in the history of Bear Archery. Obviously, he made a great impression on Fred during this hunt.

let highlight your main points at the top they'll probably read at least those and remember them." I lived off that important copywriting tip for the next 30 years!

In 1968 Kelly was promoted to vice president of marketing, and in 1974 Fred selected him to be the executive vice president of Bear Archery at age 57. He later moved up to take over the president's title when Fred decided to step down.

A few people in our industry didn't like Kelly because he could be so outspoken and blunt at times in industry meetings. But he was almost always correct in the points he was trying to make by cutting through the meandering points being made by others. He knew better than anyone I know how to "cut

Some of the Little Delta bowhunters in 1959. Left to right, back row: Bob Kelly and Fred Bear; front row: Dr. Judd Grindell and Jack Albright, with Judd's two caribou.

to the chase." Joe Johnston of Easton Aluminum was another old friend of ours who was very active in the industry in those days. If there were two companies who had a real commitment to the good of the sport and put up their money to prove it over many decades, they were Bear Archery and Easton Aluminum. Between Bob Kelly and Joe Johnston, they kept the industry leaders on their toes and pointed in the right direction.

After Kelly retired from Bear Archery, he continued his activity in the Gainesville Rotary Club and started the Bob Kelly Wild Game Feast, an annual event drawing crowds of local politicians, good-old-boy hunters, wives and friends. Every kind of exotic game found in Florida, including the old standbys of venison, rattlesnake, armadillo and gator tail are featured. It continues to this day, long after he left us. Just this year they had more than 2,000 people attend the 20th Annual Robert F. Kelly Wild Game Feast. Over the past two decades, the Wild Game Feast has raised more than $1 million, the majority of which has been put back into the community in such projects as trailers for Habitat for Humanity crews, and a computer center and teen center for the Boy's and Girl's Clubs of Alachua County.

Bob Kelly died in 1993, and at his funeral we had a large copy of the Little Delta bridge photo of he and Fred next to his urn along with his hunting hat he

Following the Little Delta hunt, Fred and some of the gang left camp and flew down to Cordova to hunt brown bears with Ed Bilderback with his boat, the Valiant Maid. She was 58 feet long, 16 feet wide, and was Bilderback's commercial fishing boat in the summer, and an offical mail delivery boat in the winter. It was on this part of the trip that Fred got his first brown bear with a bow.

had on in the photo. At the request of the family it was my honor to do the eulogy at his funeral.

Later, in 1997, it was my melancholy pleasure to be the presenter when Bob Kelly was inducted posthumously into the Archery Hall of Fame. Margee Rymal, Jeanie Kelly's cousin, accepted Kelly's Hall of Fame plaque that evening on behalf of the family.

Fred Bear was the kind of man humble enough to understand that he needed to surround himself with incredible people. Bob Kelly was an incredible person who proved Fred right by helping to build the great Bear Archery and an entire industry.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

FRED'S HUMOR

A loud "SPLAT!" startled me as I typed catalog copy that day in the mid-1970s in my office "The Swamp" in Grayling, Michigan. As I swung around to see what the noise was all about, I immediately tried to claw my way through the wall of the small 75-year-old railroad house in which my office was located. Something resembling a huge rat stared back at me from my desk, looking for all the world like he was ready to lunge.

My first thought was, "Where the hell did he come from? He's the biggest damn rat I've ever seen!"

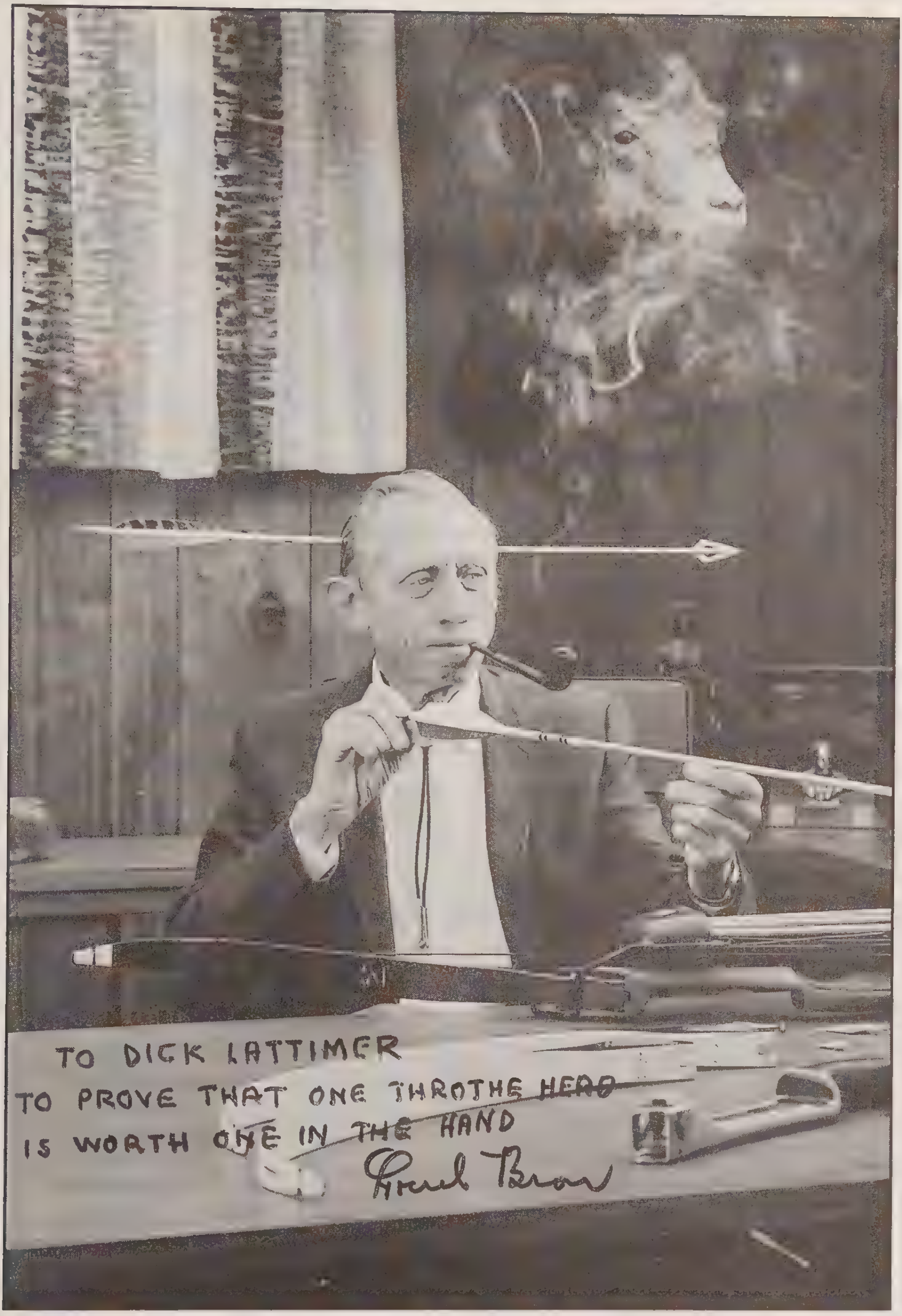
Then I heard the soft chuckle from just outside my office door and I knew I had "been had" again. Papa Bear stuck his head in with a huge grin and shake of his shoulders and said, "You take care of this one, and I'll go get another!" With that he hurried out of my office. By the time I could recover and realized that it was a huge opossum on my desk, Fred was climbing into his small yellow Cougar to drive the 50 yards over to the main Bear Archery plant.

That was just a typical day in my more than two decades as Fred Bear's advertising/public relations man, confidant and bumbling bowhunting and flyfishing companion. He loved practical jokes and had come upon the opossum in the middle of the road as he had driven back from our Grousehaven bowhunting camp that morning. Just one thing to do with a startled opossum, he thought, and that was to startle Lattimer even more with it.

POGO THE OPOSSUM

I didn't know what the heck to do with this opossum. They're really kind of cute once you get over the shock of them looking like giant rats. And I remembered the old comic strip, "Pogo," that had an opossum as its main character. So I took the critter home and let him loose in a huge brush pile that I had behind my home in the woods in Sherwood Forest. And I told Fred that is where I had put "Pogo."

A few days later Fred left town to return to Florida with Mrs. B where they were spending the winter, and I soon received a note in the mail from him responding to one that I sent him:


TO DICK LATTIMER
TO PROVE THAT ONE THROTHE HEAD
IS WORTH ONE IN THE HAND
Fred Bear

One day I came back to my office from out in the plant, and this was sitting on my desk. Fred had found this photo someone had taken of him and the fake arrow headpiece and couldn't resist laying it on my desk with this note on it. "To Dick Lattimer, To Prove That One Thru The Head Is Worth One In The Hand. Fred Bear."

Dear Browser:

You speak kindly of Pogo. I feel much better. Sweet, innocent, intelligent and speedy animals are in short supply. You lighten my mental load in writing in detail of his (?) happy life with your fine family. Please check the question mark problem. Hold by handle and look down.

If he (?) is still recognizing you as his leader when Bert McWilliams (one of our local barbers) gets back from vacation, put the little fellow in a box and take him to Al Seawert (loan only). He will slip him (?) in Bert's barber chair when Bert is having his coffee. This will be great fun, after which you may deposit him (?) back in your brush pile, and I will take over when I return in May.

If the little fellow (?) is frisky and you can't run him (?) down, there is a live trap overhead in my back storage room. Put meat in the center with both ends open. To get trap, turn ceiling hook 1/4 turn.

Hope your cold is about cured. I'll get you a coon this spring.

Love, Fred

I sent Fred the following reply a day or two later:

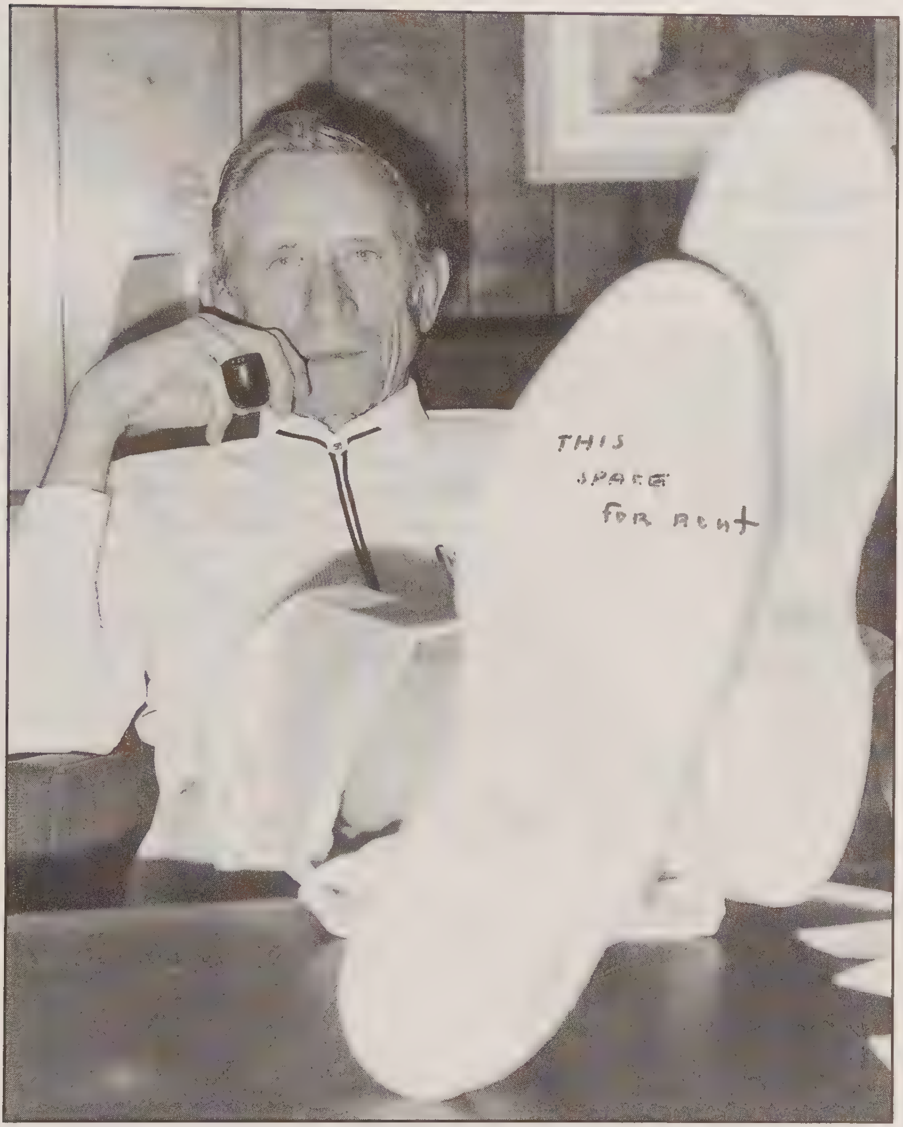
FBear: 3-10-76

We have a serious problem. Not only am I not a very successful killer, now I find I am also not even a mediocre trapper. How can I grab Pogo by his/her question mark IF I cannot trap him/her in your Haveaheart Trap? For five days now I have had it set (that's trapper talk) next to my brush pile with succulent chunks of T-bone steak in it. For five days now we have not even seen Pogo. Is it possible he does not care for the menu, or is it more likely he is just taking a winter snooze? I will keep trying.

Why you even put up with my incompetence is beyond me. Oh, and yes, the doors to the trap are open, not closed. Even I figured that out.

Dick
The Browser

Fred's reply on 3-19-76 was:



On another day, this photo was sitting on my desk. Obviously, just the thing to write on the bottom of your shoe in a bad photo angle to give to your advertising manager if your name was Fred Bear. On another day, he was working making a wooden model and cut into a bad piece of wood with a dead critter in it that had tunneled through the wood. He sliced it just so, left the dead bug in it in its tunnel and laid it on my desk with this written on it in ink: "Just another boring day at Bear Archery." Not long after that, the fellow running the company at the time stopped in my office, saw it hanging on my wall and took great offense, thinking I had lettered that on it and didn't like my job. Some people have no sense of humor!

How stupid. Opossums are way down the intelligence scale. Bait too exotic, try beef tenderloin.

Fred

FISHING WITH FRED

Fred and I also flyfished often for brown trout together on both the Manistee and Au Sable rivers there in the Grayling area, especially when the caddis hatch was on each summer. Indicative of his attention to detail, he even carried a small piece of carpet in his trunk on which we stood as we took off our street shoes and climbed into our waders. And the fat stub of a candle was always in his pocket just in case we got caught out in the woods during a rainstorm. He'd pile up a small handful of pine needles and twigs over the candle, light it, and we had an instant fire-starter.

I hesitate to talk about the evening we were out flyfishing a strange, to me, part of the South Branch of the Au Sable River, and Fred told me to go ahead of him as we neared a sweeping bend. He knew that there was a strong undercurrent at that location. So did I, once I suddenly found myself trying to walk on my tippy-toes as I struggled to hold onto my dignity and my flyrod at the same time with a tall lanky "bear" laughing behind me. Needless to say, it is very difficult to swim with one's waders full of water, while trying to paddle to shore with a flyrod in one's hand. Just another "gotcha" from Papa Bear. We laughed all the way home, just as soon as my breath returned. The next morning I found this note on my desk:

From the Desk of
FRED B. BEAR

To: Dick Lattimer:

Went fishing last evening.
No luck.
Some character swimming in my fishing hole.

Fred

After another evening of fishing a week or so later, I dropped this note onto his desk one day before he arrived at work:

Date: June 24, 1975

To: Fred Bear
From: Dick Lattimer
Subject: Marine Biology Research

Our Honeywell Computer has thoroughly sifted and analyzed the input from our marine biology research in the field Monday evening last.

The results of that empirical data indicate that some of the fish, as well as some of the fishermen, were aided with what we in the marine biology trade refer to as a "short rise." This evidenced itself in the fact that the seasoned veteran of the silent stream once again outgunned the eager greenhorn by a two-to-one tally. In some circles this is known as "Executive Fly."

Nonetheless, it is interesting to note that of three legal-sized creel coolers, yours were 38.10 centimeters and 30.48 centimeters in length. Mine was 34.29 centimeters long. Translated into the more traditional system of weights and measures, yours were 15" and 12," and mine was 13-1/2."

While interesting to contemplate, this data is far from inclusive, and a rematch is called for next week upon your return to town.

Until then, THINK RAIN!

Dick

Fred returned my memo with this note:

I realize that this was not a fair match on the basis that you have not yet gained full confidence in threading your way through dark water since your recent immersion.

A rematch is in order, but please, in stating results, use the metric system exclusively. I have so much fun in making the conversion.

I should have told you that rain does not prevent hatches, it only keeps fishermen from catching the fish.

Fred Bear, Executive Fly

I couldn't let that alone, and stumbled across a mention of Fred in Bert Stoll's "Northern Trails" column:

Fred Bear, Grayling big game archer and ardent trout fisherman, has been trying for several weeks to catch a big brown trout that he has heard rising at night from a deep hole on the Au Sable main stream, several miles downstream from Grayling.

One evening last week Fred fished with dry flies up past the deep hole with no action. On his way back downstream he decided to make one more cast over the hole and he hooked solid.

He called to another trout fisherman just below him on the stream that he was coming through with a big fish, and the man got out of the stream on a small island.

Seeing the difficulty Fred was having, the other angler offered to net the fish for him. But Fred said, "No, if I can't handle him myself, I'd rather lose him."

But, after battling with the fish for 15 minutes, light rod and light leader, Fred gave in and asked for help. He unhooked a flashlight from his fishing jacket and tossed it to the other fisherman. When the flashlight was aimed at the end of his line, Fred found that he had hooked a muskrat through the mouth.

Naturally, I had to leave the following note on his desk before he got into the office the next morning:

7-14-75
Mr. F. Bear:

Somehow or other our past always catches up with us. How can I ever explain adequately to my sons that the man who taught me how to fish for flys had this embarrassing thing happen to him? I suspect a fish yarn here for ink???

Dick

To which I got the following reply:

Sometime when I'm in the mood, and the moon is in first quarter, I'll tell you the story, and I might add, when you can get a muskrat to rise to the fly, you are a fisherman, wet or dry.

Fred

Several fishing seasons later I received the following letter on Fred's Bear Archery stationary:

7-2-78
Mr. Richard Lattimer
Bear Archery Company
Grayling, Michigan

Dear Mr. Lattimer:

Stockholders have asked me to see what could be done to stop the annual profit decline in late June and early July.

It is well known what the problem is. The Caddis hatch.

Nine years ago I invented the Caddisometer as described on the attached sheet. For nine years I have been trying to sell the idea with only negative results and to further promote the project I submit the prototype herewith.

As the purest of the unpure, I have selected you to cast the first stone. To do your utmost to have the idea adopted to save the Bear Archery Company from extinction.

As you know, the problem areas are sales, customer service, advertising, and purchasing. I cannot make suggestions as to your approach other than after the usual obstacles are cleared to turn to purchasing for the necessary equipment.

In the meantime, manufacturing should be alerted to have a crew standing by to rush installation on a number one priority basis.

When the system is in operation, anyone mentioning fish or caddis during working hours shall be immediately fired.

I trust that you will carry out this assignment with great vigor.

Sincerely,
FRED BEAR, Chairman

Attached to Fred's above memo was the following that he had written:

CADDISOMETER

The CADDISOMETER, a product of BEAR ARCHERY COMPANY, DIVISION OF VICTOR COMPTOMETER CORPORATION, has been designed to improve the morale of our employees, help the quality of our products, prevent air and water pollution, but most of all, to contribute to peace and harmony in the homes of our employees.

Before this great invention, of all the problems that confront and sometimes include management here at Bear Archery, the caddis fly has been the greatest.

During June and part of July, when the big hatch is on, our good employees race home at the 3:30 bell and are immediately hard put to tie enough caddis flies for the night coming. At about 7:30, having kicked all of the kids and cowed the wife, they sally forth at high speed, polluting our air, to a spot selected only after a great many hurdles throughout the day with the horde of experts here at Bear Archery.

Our good people flail the water, leave their flies in trees, stir up and pollute the streams to return home late at night and hopefully rise sleepily next morning. At least those who have not become lost in the woods at night.

The CADDISOMETER eliminates this confusion. It pinpoints the hot spot for the evening. It is relatively simple.

A radio transmitter is mounted on a stake driven into the stream bed. From this stake an arm extends on which there is the best imitation of a seductive female caddis fly that can be produced by our best fly tyers. The stage is set.

Under cover of the evening darkness, usually about 10 o'clock, the male flies begin their mad flight in search of female company and zero right in on our decoy.

Alighting nearby in their coy approach to rapid compatibility, our hero fluffs his feathers, blinks a shameless eye and wiggles his tail with a "Hi-Ya" nod of his head.

Naturally, there is no response from our dummy. This sets him in a frenzy and body temperature begins to rise as our instrument takes over. When a reading of 212 degrees is reached, the transmitter is triggered to tell the world that the hatch is on.

These CADDISOMETERS are placed at strategic spots on all rivers of the county. Each one is a different wavelength. Fishermen spend their evenings at home where they should be while waiting for the beep from their receivers that will tell them where the hungry 5-pound trout are eagerly awaiting their flies.

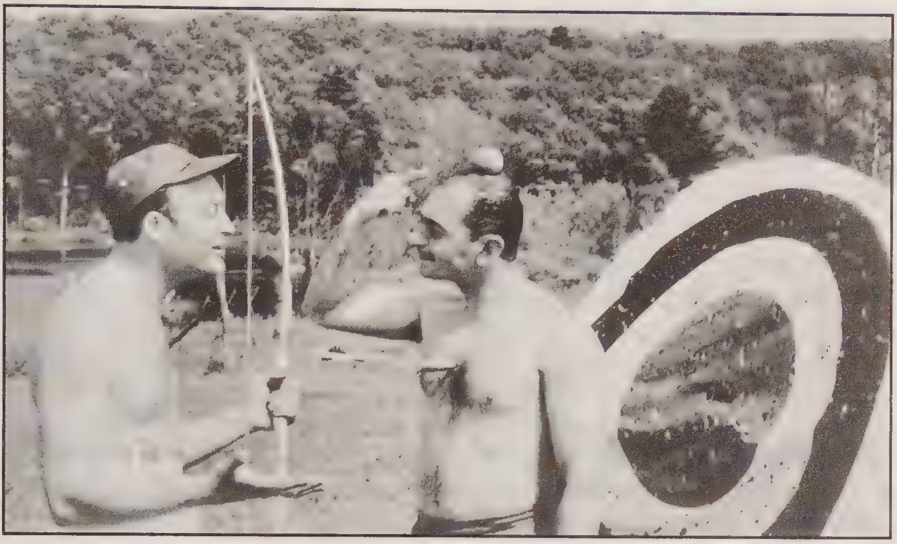
The sheriff's department is equipped with receivers also, and when the unit spills out the message, deputies are dispatched in fast cars to handle traffic at strategic spots. On their return they do a search and rescue for those lost in the woods.

Fred Bear

FRED'S FLATULENCE

One day Fred called me on the phone as he did many times during the day when he wasn't popping into my office to chat and asked me to come down to his office. His voice had that serious tone to it, not his usual self.

"Oh, boy," I thought, "now what?" As are many creative people, I have always been insecure to an extreme and all during my 45-year business career was waiting to be fired. Getting fired in the advertising business is fairly common, especially when new management comes into a company. And I served under many people during my years at Bear Archery with Fred—seven execu-



One of Fred's favorite humorous archery photos. I found a stash of these in his credenza drawer one day while digging out photos for our catalog.

tive vice presidents or presidents (after Fred gave up that title), and seven different marketing directors. Needless to say, I always felt during my 22 years at Bear Archery that I constantly had to prove myself to a new boss. The only constant in the equation was Fred. But I always feared that one of these fellows, knowing of my close friendship with Fred, would someday tell him that he had to let me go for one reason or another.

So when Fred called me down to his office that day, I was really apprehensive at the tone in his voice. His brows had that furrowed-up look, and he motioned me to a chair across the desk from him. He gave me a grave look and then rose one buttock off his seat and let out what sounded like a tremendous release of gas. I damn near fell off the chair and then he started laughing. "What'd you think about that?" he laughed, his bony shoulders jumping up and down as he chuckled, that mischievous twinkle in his eye as he saw my startled look.

I can't remember replying anything, other than a nervous laugh. Then he reached to his chair pulled out a wire and cardboard device that he had made and wound up tightly with a huge rubber band. He rewound it and replaced it on his chair and did it again. By then I was giggling and knew I'd been had. When one sat on the tightly wound piece of cardboard attached to the wire frame everything was OK, but once pressure was taken off of it, it unwound and due to the muffled effect of someone sitting on it, sounded just like you-know-what. "Here," he said, tossing it across his desk to me. "Have some fun with it!" Somewhere in all my junk, I think I still have that doggoned thing.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

FROM FRED BEAR'S DESK

Fred did not lecture people. Nor did he tell the people who worked for him at Bear Archery how to act. He let his own life and actions serve as the guide they were to follow. He let his own words during meetings and quiet talks provide us with the guidance and direction he felt we all should go, both within Bear Archery and in the outside world. When one works for a legend in a sport, the people with whom you come into contact watch you very closely to see how well you represent that person. And when you work with those outside the sport, you not only represent the legend, you also represent the sport. Unfortunately, some people I've known over the years do not grasp that fact. I always tried to remember it.

From time to time Fred shared with us bits of advice, wisdom, books, newsletters or articles that he felt were worth our time and effort to read and live by. I thought by knowing what some of these were you might gain more insight into his way of looking at things and in what he felt was really important in life.

ANOTHER LEGENDARY BOWHUNTER

One of his favorite books that he gave out to friends, associates and people in the wildlife community for many years was Aldo Leopold's "A Sand County Almanac" published in 1949 by Oxford University Press. If you've never read it, you need to track down a copy and do so. When the book was published, the San Francisco Chronicle wrote, "We can place this book on the shelf that holds the writings of Thoreau and John Muir." And a fellow by the name of Fairfield Osborn said, "The book is a revelation of the intimate feelings of a man who fully senses the wonders of nature. Further, it sings with Aldo Leopold's very special and rare sense of ethics and philosophy."

Leopold began his professional career with the U.S. Forest Service in 1909 and he joined the Forest Products Laboratory in Madison, Wisconsin in 1924. He died in 1948 shortly after he had become an advisor on conservation to the United Nations. Aldo Leopold was also a bowhunter.

As Leopold said in the Introduction to his book "There are some people who can live without wild things, and some who cannot."

Fred admired Aldo Leopold. Here is a letter that Fred gave me that Leopold wrote to a friend, Herbert Stoddard, in Tallahassee, Florida on March 26, 1934. This is from one archer to another.

Dear Herbert:

I am sending you by express a yew bow, which I have been making for you this winter. I have enjoyed it because it was a way to express my affection and regard for one of the few who understands what yew bows—and quail and mallards and wind and sunsets—are all about.

I cannot assure you that it is a good piece of wood. Staves, like friends, have to be lived with in many woods and weathers before one knows their quality. The fact that the stave is yew, has a specific gravity of .432, came from Roseburg, Oregon, and has been waiting for a job since 1930, is no more a test of how it will soar an arrow than the fact that a man is a naturalist, weighs 160, and has had time enough to season, is a test of the zest or nicety with which he will expend his powers in the good cause. All I can say of this bow is that its exterior "education" embodies whatever craft and wisdom is mine to impart. What lies inside is the everlasting question.

The bow is built for endurance rather than speed, hence the length. Its weight (in a cold cellar) is 50 pounds at 28 inches. This ought to temper down, in your climate, to a heavy American or light York. I doubt it will hold on the gold at 100 yards, but it might. Should you use it regularly for York, I would advise a lighter string.

If it proves a good piece of wood, it should be re-tillered after a season's use, to catch up any "hinge" which may by then have developed. I will be glad to do this for you. At that time, should it have proven a worthy stick, it may also be shortened to make a straight hunter, or a York.

I have tried to build into this bow the main recent improvements in bow-design, but since some of them are not visible, they will bear mention. The square cross section and waisted handle are, of course, visible innovations, but probably less important than the new location of the geographic center. In former days this was put close under the arrow plate, but in this bow it lies as near the center of the handle as is possible without overworking the lower limb. In a 3½" handle I have found this spot to be 1½" below the arrow plate. Some authorities make it 1¾", but I know from observation that these too-modern bows never appear at two successive annual tournaments, or if they do, they are "on crutches" and ready for premature pensioning to some idle peg on the bow-rack.

The horns whence came these nocks were pulled off the skeleton of an old *cow on the Santa Rita ranges by Dave Gorsuch. The slight flaws at the base of the upper nock are the measure of the seasons which bleached her bones before Dave found her. I doubt not that many a black vulture perched on her skull meanwhile, and many a quail and roadrunner, coyote and jackrabbit played their little games of life and death in the hackberry bush hard by her withering hide. Did that stodgy old cow, whilst living, know, or get any satisfaction from knowing, that within her growing horns she was converting her daily provender of desert grama and sun-dried mesquite into an enduring poem of amber light? Does an eagle know, or get any satisfaction from knowing, that in his incomparable pinions he is converting carrion into a structure so perfect that every breeze sings its praises? Does a yew tree glory in fashioning from mere soil and sunlight a wood whose shavings curl in ecstasy at the prospect of becoming a bow? Does a cedar's pride lie in his towering height, or in the fact—unknown to all save archers—that under his shaggy bark lies a snow-white wood that planes with the joyful sound of tearing silk—the sound that bluebills make when they hurtle out of the sky at the invitation of placid waters? These are questions meant for an archer to ask, but for no man to answer.*

One cannot fashion a stave without indulging in fond hopes of its future. I hope this one will one day sire a litter of six golds for you, and will many a time hear your gleeful chuckle as you add up the ends for a 500 score. On many a thirsty noon I hope you lean it against a mossy bank by cool springs. In fall I hope its shafts will sing in sunny glades where turkeys dwell, and that one day some wily buck will live just long enough to startle at the twang of its speeding string.

Among my more homely prayers are these: That the nock will never come off just as you start out for the woods or targets, nor the arrow plate spring loose just as you modestly explain to some visiting tyro that the inlay is of mastodon ivory which "stayed put" since the Pleistocene.

And, lastly, if the bow breaks, with or without provocation, pray waste no words or thoughts in vain regret. There are more staves in the woods than have yet sped an arrow, all longing to realize their manifest destiny. Just blow three blasts on your horn and I will make you another.

Yours as ever, Aldo Leopold

I think perhaps you can see from the above letter why Fred admired Aldo Leopold so very much and why he wanted us all to understand how he looked at things, especially as they related to our sport of archery and the outdoor world in general.

Leopold's writings remind me very much of an author I've admired and read many times over the years—Loren Eiseley. He was a naturalist, humanist and poet. His day job was as the Benjamin Franklin professor of anthropology and the history of science at the University of Pennsylvania. His book "The Star Thrower" is a classic.

Another book that Fred gave to many of us at Bear Archery was David Halberstam's "The Reckoning." This is the story of the Ford Motor Company and Nissan and how the Japanese took over the American automobile market. After a period of time went by each of us received this personal note signed by Fred:

Sixteen of our top people here at Bear Archery received a copy of "The Reckoning" by David Halberstam. I have heard from only one person who commented that it was most interesting and thanks.

This is a second attempt to arouse an interest in improving yourself, to be a greater asset to Bear and to upgrade your personal outlook. As you know, we are now a member of the Hanson Group who are portrayed so favorably in this writing. This information, plus the Royal Bank letter, and some time spent on the book will help you understand how it happened that we gave the auto industry to the Japanese, and how our standard of living can go only down unless we make a better product at a lower cost.

Fred

WORDS OF WISDOM

Near the end of his life, Fred wanted to share with those of us who worked with him, and who he considered to be friends, some of the thoughts he had collected over the years and kept stored in his desk drawer. I thought that by sharing this you might gain more insight into Fred's personality, ethics and focus. On Aug. 26, 1986 (just a year-and-a-half before he died) he sent us the following memo:

A COLLECTION OF SAYINGS
FROM FRED BEAR'S FILE

"Children today are too fond of luxury, have bad manners, despise authority and have no respect for their elders. What will they be like when they grow up?" This statement was made by Socrates who died in 399 B.C.

"Modesty is for those who have no talents."

"Chief Justice Earl Warren was addressing the New York City dinner of the Jewish Theological Seminary of professional 'counselors of ethics' who 'might well include the ministers of all faiths' as well as scholars. 'The world needs such counselors as much as it needs lawyers,' Warren argued, because 'law floats in a sea of ethics ... Society would come to grief without ethics, which is unenforceable in the courts and cannot be made part of law.'"

"People soon forget delays in doing a job, but they will long remember how well you did it."

"When one is consumed with envy and self-satisfaction, all around him is disorder and malice toward fellow man."

"There is no limit to what can be done if it does not matter who gets the credit." ... (This particular thought was one Fred drilled into my head over and over, and he had placed this quote on my desk several times over the years as I struggled to get the various factions within our sport and the conservation community to work together.)

"Let us not get a living by thy trade, but thy sport."—Henry David Thoreau

"Concentration translates into courage."

"Forgetfulness makes life viable."

"It's a short walk from Hallelujah to the Hoots."

"A book reflects the author's experience, knowledge, point-of-view and limits."

"We cannot demand, of any great person, that he be faultless."

"No man builds a business. A man builds an organization and the organization builds the business. It cannot be done any other way."

"The size of any business is limited only by the size of the man. No business long remains greater than the man who runs it."

"The man who has nothing for which he is willing to fight, nothing he cares about more than his personal safety, is a miserable creature with no chance of being free, unless made so by the exertion of better men than himself."

Here's another one Fred liked to give out to folks at Bear Archery when he wanted to remind them of our goal of making the highest-quality products, even though we might have to charge a bit more:

"Buying Bear Bows is like buying oats. If you want nice, clean, fresh oats, you must pay a fair price. However, if you can be satisfied with oats that have already been through the horse ... they come a little cheaper!"

FRED'S COMMANDMENTS

And here were our Bear Archery guidelines during the time I worked for Fred. Frank Scott put these together with Fred's input and approval, and they were sent out to all of our Bear Archery dealers.

Fred Bear's – Ten Commandments of Good Business

A Customer
is the most important person in any business.

A Customer
is not dependent on us–we are dependent on him.

A Customer
is not an interruption of our work–he is the purpose of it.

A Customer
does us a favor when he calls– we are not doing him a favor by serving him.

A Customer
is a part of our business–not an outsider.

A Customer
is not a cold statistic–he is a flesh-and-blood human being with feelings and emotions like our own.

A Customer
is not someone to argue or to match wits with.

A Customer
is a person who brings us his wants– it is our job to fill these wants.

A Customer
is deserving of the most courteous and attentive treatment we can give him.

A Customer
is the lifeblood of this and every other business.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

ARCHERY EXCISE TAX

In 2000, my final year as the president/CEO of the Archery Manufacturers & Merchants Organization (AMO), one of the highlights was an effort by the archery industry to increase the amount of money devoted to the future of archery from the 11 percent federal excise taxes collected since 1975.

The most defining moment for me in that process came when several of us were lucky enough to be able to meet with Sen. Trent Lott. At that time he was the most powerful man in the Senate and served as the Majority Leader. Our meeting was arranged by a former congressman from Montana, Ron Marlenee, and his wife, Cindy, with whom I served at the time on the Congressional Sportsmen's Foundation.

One of the most propitious moments of all of my years spent quietly working in Washington, D.C. for our sports of archery and bowhunting came that day when Sen. Lott started telling us about a meeting he'd had with an old college fraternity friend the previous weekend in Mississippi. He said his friend was a banker from Holmes County, Mississippi. Before he could finish, I blurted out, "You mean old Billy Ellis?" Sen. Lott's face lit up, and he said, "Do you know Billy Ellis?" And I told him that I'd known Billy for many years due to his long service to bowhunting and the fact that he had been an admirer and friend to my mentor and boss for more than 20 years, Fred Bear.

We had been meeting in Sen. Lott's conference room. That's all he needed to hear, and we were invited into his private office where he showed us a fine old rifle that hung on his office wall. Our proposed legislative change later sailed right through the Senate, without opposition, thanks to the help given to us by Sen. Lott in bringing the matter to the floor at just the right time. All of us in hunting should be forever grateful for his thoughtful help.

BETTER DEAL FOR BOWHUNTING

The result was that an additional $8 million is now devoted annually to hunter education and safety programs. The monies are on top of what had traditionally been apportioned to the states from the collected federal excise taxes. This actually started out at $7.5 million in both fiscal years of 2001 and 2002 and then increased to the $8 million per year in 2003 and thereafter! I won't quote all of the legalese language in the change to the Pittman-Robertson law, but thought you'd find these portions to be of interest:

> *(ii) the enhancement of interstate coordination and development of hunter education and shooting range programs;*
>
> *(iii) the enhancement of bowhunter and archery education, safety, and development programs, and*
>
> *(iv) the enhancement of construction or development of firearm shooting ranges and archery ranges, and the updating of safety features of firearm shooting ranges and archery ranges.*

And I would be remiss if I didn't point out the fine help also given to us by Rep. John D. Dingell, who at that point had served in the Congress longer than any other U.S. representative. He was from Michigan, knew Fred very well, and had been involved with us back when the tax was first proposed. Some of us also met with Congressman Dingell in his office in 2000, and he graciously offered to lend his full support to our archery legislative change. That meeting was also one of the highlights of my 25 years of working for our sport in Washington. I have a great deal of admiration for Rep. Dingell.

But what had brought us to that moment in Washington, D.C. in the year 2000 had begun 30 years before back in the early 1970s. And it was due primarily to Fred Bear's strong effort that the Archery Federal Excise Tax became a reality. Let me give you some more background so you'll appreciate the impact Fred had upon this effort, and consequently on the future and well-being, not only of our shooting sports, but of America's wildlife and wildlife habitat for both game and non-game species. Another example of what one dedicated person can make happen at just the right moment of history if he or she is smart enough to do so.

HUNTERS SAVING WILDLIFE

When our country was settled by Europeans there was a fantastic abundance of wildlife. The Native Americans, with their spears, atlatls and later their bows and arrows, did not make much of an impact on wildlife populations. They shot only what they needed for their families to survive. And they used every last portion of each animal taken—meat, hides, tendons, skulls, antlers and bones. As the white man came to this continent bringing firearms, the Native Americans soon started using those as well. But they still did not overhunt; it was not in their ethic to do so. They had a deep reverence for the animals they hunted, and it was a strong religious theme they practiced very seriously.

But the wildlife was worth more to the white man than sustenance, it was worth hard cash, and that is where the problem began. Had the settlers simply used what they needed as the Native Americans had, there would not have been such a problem. But there were those who began the horrible market hunting that would later decimate the huge herds of bison and other critters. We've all seen the old photos and read about these abuses. Fortunately, these "market hunters" bear no resemblance to today's sportsmen and women, but the anti's like to try to make that linkage.

As my old friend, Lonnie Williamson, of the Wildlife Management Institute pointed out in his piece "Evolution of a Landmark Law," "... something went wrong as civilization crept across the land. Wildlife was in the way. Much of it began to disappear with immigrating humanity, felled forests, plowed prairies, overgrazed deserts and market hunting. Wild creatures were no match for the unchecked invasion by ax, plowshare, livestock and gun. The 20th century arrived with wildlife flat on its back, badly in need of a lift."

Concerned sportsmen and politicians soon acted, and The Lacey Act was passed in 1900 making it a federal offense to transport wildlife across state lines if the animals were taken in violation of state law.

As Lonnie points out, "new organizations appeared to join the fight. Predecessors to today's National Audubon Society, Wildlife Management Institute and Izaak Walton League were organized. State wildlife agencies were formed. The conservation movement gathered steam and things began to happen. State wildlife laws were codified in many states."

During the boom following World War I, there were many more Americans hunting. This put more pressure on wildlife. Then the Depression hit, and people had to hunt to put meat on the table for their families—hunting for many went from a sport to a necessity. Unfortunately, there was much poaching. The dust storms of the 30s that John Steinbeck wrote about in "The Grapes of Wrath" wiped out large areas of habitat. Luckily, people like Aldo Leopold (a bowhunter whom Fred admired) began speaking out, and slowly things began to turn around. Thanks in great part to concerned sportsmen who had clout.

Lonnie summarized the rapid response of those days to the need. "In quick order, these conservation leaders and others spawned enactment of the Duck Stamp and Fish and Wildlife Coordination Acts in 1934, established the Cooperative Wildlife Research Unit Program in 1935, organized the first North American Wildlife and Natural Resources Conference in 1936, created the National Wildlife Federation that same year, and pushed the Federal Aid in Wildlife Restoration program to passage in 1937. All of these accomplishments were significant, but one stands out. The Federal Aid in Wildlife Restoration program, or Pittman-Robertson (P-R) program, as it is called in honor of its legislative sponsors, has proven to be the most productive wildlife undertaking on record. It has meant more for wildlife in more ways than any other effort."

P-R FOR WILDLIFE

A fellow by the name of Carl Shoemaker, who had been a lawyer in Ohio and then a newspaper publisher in Oregon is really the "father" of what became the Pittman-Robertson law. He wrote the original bill and then went out and convinced legislators to sponsor and support it. He had served as the head of the Oregon Fish & Game Commission and later moved to Washington, D.C. to work in the field. He also helped organize the first North American Wildlife Conference held in 1936.

The following year at the second North American Wildlife Conference in St. Louis, the year-old National Wildlife Federation participants decided to move forward with setting up an excise tax on sporting arms and ammunition. These funds would then be allocated to the states in some manner to support work in the wildlife area.

Shoemaker went back to Washington, wrote a draft of the legislation and came up with the formula that is still used to allocate the funds based upon the number of licensed hunters in each state and the area each state covered to help protect the large Western states with low populations but a large land area. Sen. Key Pittman of Nevada was the chairman of the Special Committee on Wildlife in the Senate and he agreed to help to pass the legislation in the Senate. On the House side, Rep. A. Willis Robertson of Virginia added a key element to the bill in discussing it with Shoemaker and then introduced the legislation on that side of the Hill. Robertson added 29 words that forever protected the funds from raiding legislators who would often divert hunting and fishing license funds to other uses. Here's what Robertson added: "... and which shall include a prohibition against the diversion of license fees paid by hunters for any other purpose than the administration of said state fish and game department ..."

The bills sailed through Congress and were signed into law by Pres. Franklin D. Roosevelt on Sept. 2, 1937. The fact that a few words could drastically affect legislation like this became painfully evident later when the P-R program was expanded to include archery equipment, and later under my watch at AM when we again attempted to improve the law's affect upon our archery industry.

In the 1960s several attempts were made to draft bills dealing with adding the excise tax to handguns, ammunition components and archery equipment. But they were not successful until Congressman John D. Dingell of Michigan introduced a bill in 1969 to do it one step at a time by first going after the handgun part of the equation. At the time he was chairman of the House Subcommittee on Fisheries and Wildlife Conservation. Senators Philip Hart (Michigan) and Hugh Scott (Pennsylvania) introduced about the same legislation in the Senate, and the idea passed. Pres. Nixon signed the handgun tax in 1970.

FRED FIGHTS FOR ARCHERY TAX

While this was going on, Congressman George Goodling of Pennsylvania introduced legislation to include an 11 percent federal excise tax on archery equipment. Goodling was the ranking minority member of Dingell's subcommittee. But some of the archery manufacturers were against the idea, and the bill died. Goodling introduced it again in 1971. And that's where Fred took over and made it happen. Here's how Lonnie Williamson wrote about it:

"... it was reported favorably (in 1971) by the Dingell subcommittee within a month. However, manufacturers' coolness to the proposal kept it bottled up in the House Ways and Means Committee. But Fred Bear, president of Bear Archery, came to the rescue.

"A well-known sportsman and dedicated wildlife conservationist, Bear exerted his considerable influence to lessen the archery industry's opposition to Goodling's bill. He wrote Dingell: 'In discussions and an exchange of letters with Mr. Dan Poole of the Wildlife Management Institute, we of Bear Archery feel that our industry should contribute to the Wildlife Restoration Fund. This we would like to do on the basis of the program outlined in my letter to Mr. Poole, a copy of which I enclose.'

"Bear also wrote letters to all members of the Archery Manufacturers' Organization and encouraged them to support the bill. Some responded favorably, and the bill passed the House without incident."

Sen. Frank Moss—Utah introduced an identical bill in the Senate, and it proceeded smoothly and was approved. Consequently, the archery gear tax amendment was signed by Pres. Nixon during the closing hours of the 92nd Congress in October 1972 ... thanks in great part to the involvement and foresight of Fred Bear."

ONE WRONG WORD

But what should have been a great success story contained a loophole. Let's go back a moment to Congressman John Dingell's subcommittee on July 9, 1971 when the suggested tax on archery equipment was being discussed. Here's what was said:

MR. DINGELL: "I have been in correspondence with Fred Bear who is the largest manufacturer of hunting archery equipment in the country, and Mr. Bear has, subject to certain qualifications which I propose to accept, indicated strong support for this particular proposal.

"It is Mr. Bear's suggestion, and I will insert his letter in the record at the proper point, that if we amend the bill as we did the legislation for pistols and revolvers last year, that he would support the legislation actively within the industry and, indeed, the Congress.

"All Mr. Bear wants is that these funds be permitted to be used, in addition to the purposes of the Pittman-Robertson Act, also for range acquisition, construction and hunter safety programs.

"I think this is an admirable suggestion and I propose to offer an appropriate amendatory language at the proper time."

Later in that same session there was this comment:

MR. GOODLING: "Mr. Chairman, I think it would be in order to insert a short statement from Glenn L. Bowers who is the executive director of the Pennsylvania Game Commission. I might say that Pennsylvania has more bowhunters than any other state in the Union and in line with what Mr. Lennon was discussing he has one paragraph which reads: 'Further, we would suggest an amendment to this proposal. This amendment would embrace the splitting of the funds derived—one-half for the purposes of the regular Federal Aid program and the other half for the acquisition and development of ranges and for course of instruction in the safe handling and use of archery equipment."

MR. DINGELL: "Without objection, the document alluded to will appear at this point in the record, and I think it will be very helpful."

Later in the session there was this comment by Dr. Laurence R. Jahn, vice president, the Wildlife Management Institute, Washington, D.C.:

MR. JAHN: "... in fact, Mr. Chairman, under the amendment we offer, it may be advisable for the committee and the archery industry to think in terms of applying the tax to all archery equipment and related gear that is used both for hunting and non-hunting purposes. We suggest that H.R. 761 be amended to provide that the annual income from the manufacturer's excise tax on archery items be divided as the handgun tax money was last year—one-half for the purposes of the regular Federal Aid in Wildlife Restoration Program and one-half for the acquisition and development of public archery ranges and for courses of instruction in the safe handling and use of archery gear."

As you can see, it was clearly the intent of everyone involved that one-half of the federal excise tax collected on archery equipment would be used for the construction of archery ranges across America. It was with that clear definition shown in Congress that Fred and Bob Kelly sold the rest of the industry on supporting this tax. And I know what I'm talking about, I was sitting across the desk several times when Fred and Kelly were talking to Rep. Dingell and his staff on the telephone about this legislation. Without this agreement from our industry this legislation would never have been passed.

Here is the full text of Fred's letter to our industry from Grayling, Michigan dated June 15, 1971:

GENTLEMEN:

I am enclosing a copy of a statement being submitted to the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries on H.R. 761 by the Wildlife Management Institute. This will no doubt result in a Congressional Bill and will probably be enacted into law.

This calls for an excise tax of 11 percent being levied on all archery equipment. Monies collected will be distributed to states on a matching funds basis under the Pittman-Robertson Act for wildlife and habitat work.

You will note, however, that like the handgun tax, half of monies collected will go for archery range acquisition and range installation and upkeep. It is estimated that about $2 million annually will be collected on archery sales. Half of this is $1 million, which would build a lot of ranges.

This tax is based on manufacturer's selling price and is passed on to the consumer. We are only the collectors. Aside from these collection costs, it costs us nothing.

We should not quibble and argue that many archery sets are never used for hunting. We should keep in mind that this is a worthy cause, monies are earmarked, and government collection costs have been averaging 4 percent. The arms people pay on all guns and ammunition. Trap guns, 22 rifles and even handloading components.

We, at Bear Archery, hope that the archery manufacturers will go on record with the Wildlife Management Institute as favoring this bill and that they would contact their representatives in Washington to this effect.

Sincerely,
Fred Bear
Bear Archery– President

After the legislation was finally passed, the federal excise tax on archery equipment went into effect in 1975. In the meantime, Earl Hoyt and Chuck Saunders, two of our most respected archery manufacturers, had been working with an architect in St. Louis, Missouri to design an outdoor target range that would serve as the model to be built around the U.S. with our half of the federal excise tax on archery equipment. When the design was set, Fred sent me to St. Louis to meet with Earl and Chuck about how we at Bear Archery could help publicize this new proposed range around the country. I was given the assignment following this meeting of doing just that. So I wrote a brochure and press releases and we took off. Pat Wiseman and I coordinated the publicity to all the archery media, archery clubs, state fish and game departments and the like.

The next year, after the archery excise tax had been collected for awhile, Fred asked me to drive from Grayling down to Lansing, to talk to the Department of Natural Resources people there about when we might expect to be able to start receiving the funding to build all the archery ranges with our half of the archery excise tax money.

That's the first hint we caught of a problem. I was told by our DNR that the wording of the legislation had been changed from "shall" to "may." In other words, instead of saying, one-half of all archery excise taxes collected "shall" be used for archery ranges, someone along the line had slipped in the word "may" in place of "shall." And no one ever caught it until it came time to divvy up the money.

So we had egg on our face. It was not a case that we could not obtain some of this money for archery ranges, I was told in Lansing, it was a case of whether or not the state fish and wildlife agencies considered archery ranges a priority or whether they needed to spend this money on other wildlife or habitat projects. Well, you can guess the rest of the story. Only a limited number of the St. Louis designed archery ranges were ever built.

FIGHTING FOR FRED

This festered with Fred, Kelly and me throughout all the intervening years. After Fred died, and I went to work running the archery trade association, AM, I decided to make some waves. Kelly had also passed on not long after I accepted the AM position. By then I was on the board of directors of the Congressional Sportsmen's Foundation on Capitol Hill. I began by writing Rep. John Dingell about our industry's concerns.

I started this wave-making in 1996. By that time we in archery had paid in $201,809,038 into the Pittman-Robertson fund. Can you imagine how many archery ranges we could have built and maintained with $100 million?

Congressman Dingell kindly wrote to Mollie Beattie, then the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service director, asking for a full report on the matter. And, believe me, when someone in Washington, D.C. gets a letter from the longest-tenured member of Congress it brings them and their staff to attention.

Here's part of Ms. Beattie's reply to Congressman Dingell:

"Between 1972 and 1996, States were apportioned in excess of $448.3 million for hunter education training and the development, construction and operation of shooting ranges. The hunter education apportionment is comprised of one-half of the handgun and archery excise tax with the remaining half going to the wildlife restoration fund. Of this apportioned amount, an average of 54 percent has been utilized by States for hunter education training and shooting ranges. The remainder of the hunter education apportionment is used by States for wildlife restoration purposes. The 54 percent includes an average of 5 percent spent on shooting ranges.

The amount of hunter education funds expended by States does not reflect a high percentage of Federal Aid funds being used for their intended purposes. There are two major reasons for this: 1) The Pittman-Robertson Act does not require States to use the funds for hunter education training or shooting ranges so, States elect to use the apportionment for wildlife restoration purposes; and 2) many States choose to use State monies to avoid the compliance requirements associated with Federal funding."

Later she states:

"Because nearly one in every five hunters hunts with a bow, bowhunters and the industry are receiving a significant benefit from the portion of excise taxes being used for wildlife restoration. ... It is unfortunate that the Archery Manufacturers and Merchants Organization feel they are not getting what they bargained for. Clearly, the legislative outcome differed from Fred Bear's idea that one-half of the excise tax would be used for archery range development and maintenance. However, the Federal Aid in Wildlife Restoration Act, as amended, presently gives States the option to use monies apportioned for hunter education and ranges for either that purpose or wildlife restoration. The Service has encouraged States to acquire and operate more firearm and archery ranges with shooting range seminars, range development training and motivational workshops, but Service encouragement has not increased the number of range projects significantly."

As I reported earlier we did finally get some relief for all of this frustration with the changes that we lobbied for so hard during 2000 and that were finally made a part of the Pittman-Robertson Law by Congress in November of that year. Thanks to all of the AM people involved, those from the Congressional Sportsmen's Foundation that helped, ex-Congressman Marlenee and his wife, Cindy, and especially Sen. Lott and Rep. Dingell and their staffs, and all the Congress for voting favorably to pass these remedies on our behalf.

PERFECTING P-R

Another aspect of the federal excise tax that we tried to straighten out during my term as president/CEO of AM was to move the collection of the tax on finished arrows away from the thousands of small archery dealers and back "up front" to just the handful of arrow component manufacturers. This took a number of years to accomplish and was shepherded through the Senate for us by Sen. Orrin Hatch of Utah. This was Senate Bill S. 815. Sen. Hatch's office hand-delivered a "Dear Colleague" letter to all U.S. Senators urging passage of our bill with an actual arrow stuck through it. This was in 1994.

In the House, our bowhunting friend, Congressman Jim Barcia from Michigan introduced H.R. 59 that would accomplish the same goal. The bill was co-sponsored by Congressman Dave Camp of Michigan and Congressman Bill Brewster of Oklahoma.

Many small dealers at the time were no longer making arrows in their shops because of the archery excise tax collection on finished arrows. It was having a chilling effect, as the lawyers like to say, on the production of arrows for our industry. And without a steady affordable supply of arrows, our bows are worthless. The bills proposed to move the collection from the thousands of archery dealers who made finished arrows back to about 65 companies who made the arrow components.

The bills finally made it through Congress in 1997 after we had been working on them for more than three years. And they were signed into law by Pres. Clinton when he signed the Taxpayer Relief Act of 1997. Peter Weaver of Easton, who was serving as our AM chairman through much of this time, actually helped construct the wording of the new law. He and I met many times with both Sen. Hatch's and Congressman Barcia's staff.

Unfortunately, long after the change was made, and after I retired from AM, some people realized there was a loophole in this law, too. And that was that it did not cover finished arrows imported into this country from overseas. That controversy persists to this day as I write this and is in the process of being addressed. So, you see, writing legislation can be tricky, and if there is a way for people to find a way around it they will search until they do. That is why our U.S. tax code is so thick and complicated.

During 1999, my last full year running AM, I was a member of a working group that was looking at abuses in the Pittman-Robertson fund and worked in conjunction with the Congressional House Resources staff to help identify how the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service had been spending the administrative funds available to it from our excise taxes. We worked on proposed legislative changes at these sessions, and I made five trips to Washington, D.C. in just an eight-week period for meetings on these issues. The head of the House Resources Committee at the time was our old friend, Congressman Duncan Hunter of California. He, Congressman Jim Barcia of Michigan and I had first thought up the idea of forming the Congressional Bowhunters Caucus, and the two of them "made it happen." Both are avid bowhunters.

I hope you now have a better idea of the important role that Fred Bear played in establishing the Archery Federal Excise Tax. It did not totally turn out the way he wanted it to, but on the other hand, it has provided almost a half-billion dollars in funding for our state fish and wildlife departments to use on wildlife restoration, habitat protection, hunter education, shooting ranges and all of their other important programs.

In 1920 there were only 500,000 white-tailed deer left in America; today their numbers are back up to 14 million or more. In 1920 there were fewer than 25,000 pronghorns, today there are more than 750,000. And in 1930 wild turkeys were almost non-existent in all but a few Southern states. Today there are more than 2 million. In 1930 the wood duck was almost extinct, today they are our most common breeding waterfowl in the Eastern part of the country.

Untold millions of Americans have been trained to hunt safely and ethically in hunter education classes in all 50 states. This has saved hundreds, or even thousands, of lives and prevented huge numbers of unnecessary crippling injuries. And large chunks of wildlife habitat have been preserved and enhanced, all through the use of these same Pittman-Robertson funds.

That is a huge legacy in which Fred Bear played a key role. Let's also remember all of the other archery manufacturers who voluntarily went along with this tax on our products and continue to do so to this day. The list is too extensive to list all of our fine archery companies who participate. A tip of Fred's Borsalino hunting hat to them all!

P-R'S IMPACT IN YOUR STATE

To show you how very important these excise taxes are to our state fish & game departments, here's how much of your state's annual operating budget comes from these Pittman-Robertson funds, excise taxes and license fees paid by sportsmen and women.

Our top five bowhunting states average 83.5 percent of their operating budgets from P-R funds and license fees. And they account for 39 percent of our total number of bowhunters. Here's the list:

State	% of Budget
Alabama	73.7
Alaska	44.5
Arizona	65.1
Arkansas	88.8
California	66.5
Colorado	66.5
Connecticut	87.6
Delaware	75.8
Florida	31.6
Georgia	64.8
Hawaii	53.0
Idaho	95.5
Illinois	86.6
Indiana	68.5
Iowa	85.9
Kansas	62.7
Kentucky	90.6
Louisiana	45.2
Maine	78.6
Maryland	82.2
Massachusetts	69.2
Michigan	86.3
Minnesota	83.9
Mississippi	83.9
Missouri	29.3*
Montana	91.3
Nebraska	74.1
Nevada	72.2
New Hampshire	74.6
New Jersey	90.5
New Mexico	93.8
New York	79.1
NorthCarolina	61.6
North Dakota	88.4
Ohio	92.9
Oklahoma	78.1
Pennsylvania	73.1
Rhode Island	74.7
South Carolina	41.6
South Dakota	92.1
Tennessee	89.9
Texas	88.1
Utah	69.7
Vermont	81.1
Washington	46.8
West Virginia	87.2
Wisconsin	92.0
Wyoming	83.4

* Missouri has a special sales tax that provides its state fish and game department with 63.4% of its funding, a unique state. Some other states receive a much smaller portion of its funding from their state sales tax and/or state income tax.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

BECOME A TWO-SEASON HUNTER

When I was first offered the position at Bonsib Advertising in Ft. Wayne, Indiana handling the Bear Archery account in 1966, something immediately caught my eye. Looking at the Bear Archery ads that the agency had already produced, I went right to the Bear address: "Rural Route One, Grayling, Michigan." What an exceptional address. It really portrayed the perfect image for an outdoors company.

But, if I were asked to name one factor, and only one, other than Fred Bear, himself, that led to the dramatic success and growth of Bear Archery from the 1960s through the 80s, it's this phrase: "Become a Two-Season Hunter."

We hammered that marketing message in our media selection, advertising theme copy, our illustrations, our films, and our publicity. Not all of our advertising actually used those words, but we certainly followed that strategy in our media placement and many of our themes.

MORE SEASON, MORE CHALLENGE

Many hunters, like Fred had done, eventually tire of shooting deer at long range. After Fred shot a 285-pound buck in 1933 that was the largest deer he ever shot with a rifle, he really wanted to get closer to his game. Many rifle hunters experience this at some point. Tom Blee, Bob Kelly and Fred discussed this marketing approach shortly before I joined the agency. Fred also mentioned the fact that many firearms hunters resented the fact that bowhunters got to be out in the woods first each fall. Tom thought of the "Become a Two-Season Hunter" line and marketing strategy. The copy stressed that one could hunt with the bow and arrow at the beginning of the fall hunting season, while the woods were quiet and the fall colors at their peak. Early in the season deer are more calm and following their normal feeding routines on game trails that they've followed the prior nine months of the year.

We put forth the idea that even if these new bowhunters did not score on

The Bear Archery advertising department's key people, mid-1980s. Left to right: Bill "Apple" McIntosh (asst. ad manager), Gawayne Kinsey (art director), Dick Lattimer (advertising manager/creative director), Pat Wiseman (advertising office manager). Shortly after Kinsey returned to Ft. Wayne, Indiana, after this photo was taken, he died of a massive heart attack. He was a wonderful friend and colleague. "Apple" was his son-in-law.

a deer with their bow, they at least would become better hunters by developing short-range skills that would stand them in good stead when firearms seasons rolled around later in the hunting season. Because of the limited reach of the bow and arrow, bowhunters must develop and discover new strategies for getting as close to deer as possible before loosing an arrow.

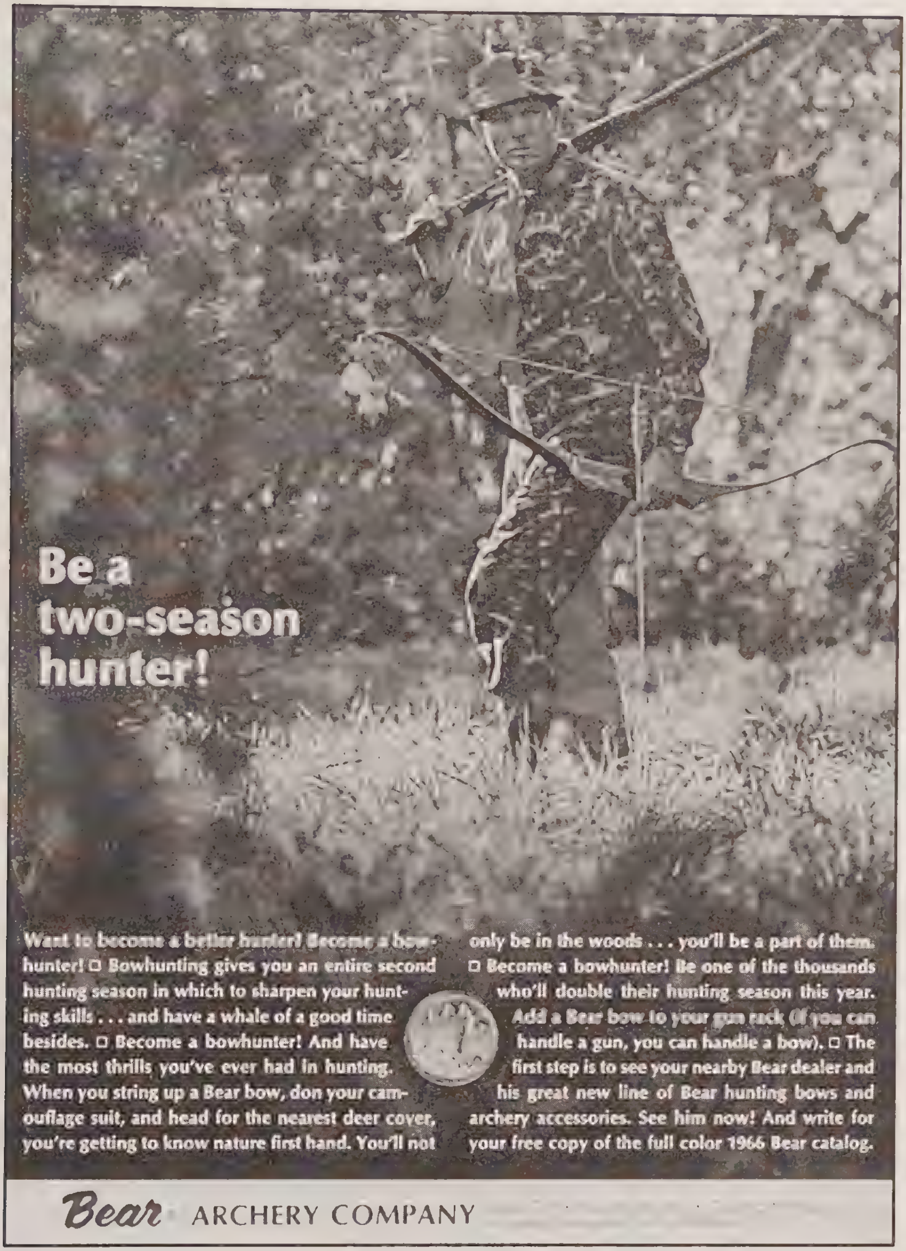
For example, I shot the largest white-tailed buck I ever shot with my bow one day in the rain from an old logger's stump blind in the Grayling area at a distance of about 12 feet. And the deer had come even closer to me than that before he slowly walked away and turned for my best shot. The rain had held down my scent and the noise of the raindrops and accompanying wind had covered what little noise I made with my old Fred Bear magnesium handle takedown bow as I drew the arrow and shot. That's also why bowhunters wear camouflage clothing with face paint and sit in treestands or on the ground in blinds.

This "Two-Season Hunter" marketing approach helped build the number of bowhunters in America from fewer than 500,000 when Tom thought of it in the early 60s to more than 3 million annually a couple of decades later. Of course, some people drop out of bowhunting or any sport for that matter. Our old friend, Sherwood Schoch, former archery editor, Bear Archery salesman, and then with Tom Jennings the first true salesman of the new compound bows, says that he thinks that we have an annual dropout rate of about 10 percent, and that sounds reasonable. Also, his logic is that every 10 years our bowhunting population has turned over. In other words, in my estimation this would mean that over a 30-year period we've probably had a total of 6 to 9 million bowhunters take up our sport.

We also sold the nation's fish and wildlife departments on the fact that bowhunting was not only another wildlife management herd control tool with a minimum impact upon the environment, but that it also provided maximum utilization of the resource, and increased revenues in the form of bowhunting license sales.

Shown is the "Be a Two-Season Hunter" ad from *Outdoor Life* in 1966 that had already been prepared and was running just as I began to work for Fred. This was a major investment for Bear Archery in those days to run a full-page, four-color ad in such a mass circulation magazine directed at the current firearms hunter and bowhunting prospect. But it paid off very big for us.

To help support and promote this "Two-Season Hunter" idea out in the archery shops and sporting goods stores, Bonsib had "Two-Season Hunter" jackets made up for some of our salesmen to wear when they called on their archery shops ... half camo, half red. A real eye-catcher and conversation starter. This campaign, of course, was also supported by dealer versions of the "Two-Season Hunter" ads and point-of-purchase materials.



Want to become a better hunter? Become a bowhunter! □ Bowhunting gives you an entire second hunting season in which to sharpen your hunting skills . . . and have a whale of a good time besides. □ Become a bowhunter! And have the most thrills you've ever had in hunting. When you string up a Bear bow, don your camouflage suit, and head for the nearest deer cover, you're getting to know nature first hand. You'll not only be in the woods . . . you'll be a part of them. □ Become a bowhunter! Be one of the thousands who'll double their hunting season this year. Add a Bear bow to your gun rack (if you can handle a gun, you can handle a bow). □ The first step is to see your nearby Bear dealer and his great new line of Bear hunting bows and archery accessories. See him now! And write for your free copy of the full color 1966 Bear catalog.

Bear ARCHERY COMPANY

The first color, full-page national advertising by a bow company trying to attract the gun hunter. This ran in 1966 in *Outdoor Life*. Bonsib's Tom Blee was the architect of this ground-breaking ad and marketing strategy. I just spent the next 35 years keeping the idea going.

FOCUSING ON FRED

When I started running the Bear in-house advertising agency in 1972 after five years at their Ft. Wayne advertising agency, I did not really feel that we were taking maximum advantage of Fred's worldwide image in our advertising. Although I had handled the Bear advertising for five years before moving to Grayling, an account executive can influence an advertising agency creative department only so far. They, too, have their own ideas on what ads should look like and what copy should be. But once I arrived in Grayling, then I could do it my way, as the old Sinatra song goes.

Also, I did not feel that we were making our advertising work hard enough for us. It is nice to have pretty photos, good copy and exciting new products in ads, but without some communication back from the reader it is a one-sided exercise. So I wanted to include coupons for people to bounce back to us requesting catalogs. I also wanted to start asking a couple of simple demographic questions in those coupons to build our knowledge of who was responding to our advertising. This meant more work on the part of our office staff, but was well worth it in the long run.

It's difficult to talk about our space advertising without at least mentioning our catalogs for the same year. During 1972, my first year in Grayling, I built our 1973 catalog around Fred and his hunting career. And said that it was a Commemorative Issue. I cherry-picked the hundreds of Fred Bear photos I found buried in the company vault for safe-keeping, using only those that I felt told the story best. If you have a copy of that catalog in your collection, the photo on the cover shows Fred at the age of 13 right after he had taken his first deer with a firearm, as well as a photo of Fred, the adult, during one of his Alaskan hunts. Fred was really tickled that we did this catalog, especially while he was still alive to see it. He let me know by giving me a large copy of the Alaskan photo of he and Bob Kelly crossing the handmade bridge that they and their party had built over the Little Delta River in 1959. Here's what he wrote on it: "To Dick Lattimer, who created our 1973 Commemorative Catalog. In appreciation. Fred Bear."

BICENTENNIAL BOWHUNTING

That year we introduced our beautiful red, white and blue Futurewood® bows. This was a unique production process that used big vacuum chambers to force colorful impregnating dye into the kiln-dried maple. Jim Helmick of our R&D department came up with the process. One of the reasons we went to that process was that the exotic woods we had been getting from Africa and India got scarce and very expensive. By purchasing the kiln-dried maple from Wisconsin, we had a more available and less expensive supply of bow material.

That year we also introduced our low-cost takedown magnesium handle, fiberglass limb bows, also in a red, white and blue color scheme.

In view of these two new colorful products, it occurred to me that playing on the upcoming U.S. bicentennial would be a neat thing to do. So we named the bows the 76er, the Patriot and the Custom Viking. Later that year we also came up with the Minuteman low-cost takedown in the same color theme.

In the 1960s noted White House historian Dr. Eric Goldman accepted for study my proposal on how America should celebrate the bicentennial. So I had a head start on ideas on where to shoot this 1973 campaign—right where it all began, the heart of New England. And it just so happened that I had been there before doing a photography session at Francestown, New Hampshire, a revolutionary war-era village.

So my wife, Alice, and I piled into our Chevy Blazer with a ton of archery equipment and cut across Canada to New England, leaving our three children in the care of her parents back in Grayling. We stayed with Ozzie Sweet in Francestown for most of a week as we shot this campaign. Working from early in the morning until late at night. When one does a photo shoot like this hundreds and hundreds of shots need to be taken in order to later winnow out the very best for use in the finished ads.

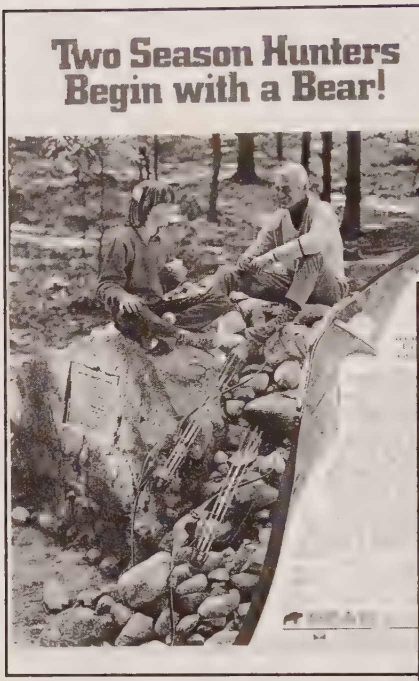
We photographed at a number of locations: on Lexington Green in Massachusetts where the first battle of the Revolutionary War occurred; at the statue of Captain John Parker, the leader of the Minutemen in Lexington; at Paul Revere's house in Boston; at a 200-year-old revolutionary war-era house in Francestown; and at the site of Henry David Thoreau's cabin at Walden Pond. Our headline of "TWO-SEASON HUNTERS BEGIN WITH A BEAR!" was used since this ad was run in two of the major outdoor magazines to reach the rifle hunter—*Outdoor Life* and *American Rifleman*. It also ran in some of the archery magazines.

The "Meet Bear 76er" ad was produced to run in dealer magazines and was to introduce our new low-cost line of magnesium handle takedown bows with matching quivers. It was shown at the exact site of the Minutemen's line the morning of April 19, 1775 at Lexington, Massachusetts where the revolutionary war began.

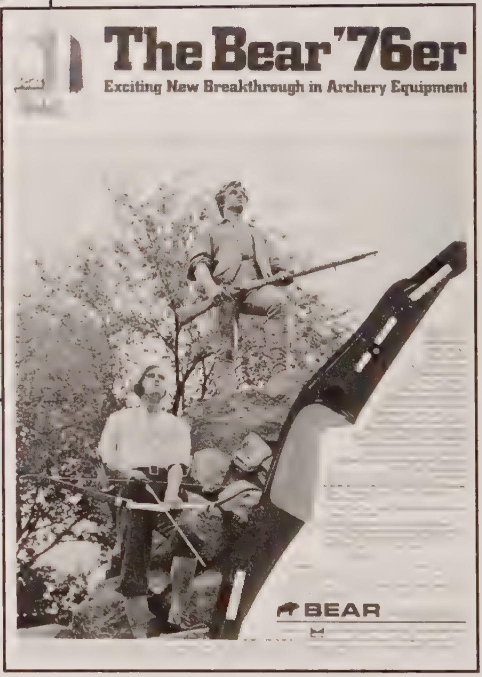
The locals told us at the time that we were only the second company to do any photography there in anticipation of the forthcoming bicentennial, and that company had been General Motors. So we ran our bicentennial campaign in plenty of time to get the reader's attention. Later, the impact of such a campaign would have been greatly diluted as 1976 arrived, when more companies thought of the idea. These 1973 ads are shown on the following page.

FRED'S IN CHARGE

Then we were able to work with Jim Pond on our next campaign for 1974.


Two Season Hunters
Begin with a Bear!

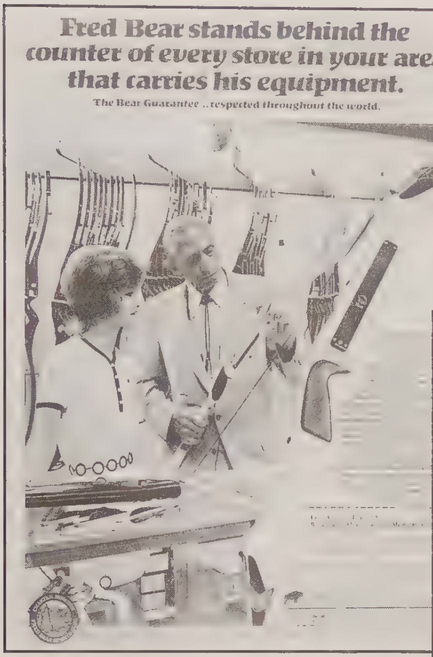
Our 1973 Bear Archery campaign shot in New England in honor of the forthcoming bicentennial of the United States. Some of these ads ran in general outdoor magazines to reach the firearms hunters, some in archery publications, and some in dealer magazines. Photographs by well-known photographer, Ozzie Sweet, Francestown, New Hampshire.


The Bear '76er
Exciting New Breakthrough in Archery Equipment
BEAR

I had Jim shoot Fred at his workbench, out in the factory, and behind the counter of our pro shop at the Fred Bear Museum to simulate his being in every archery shop in America. The other people in the ads with Fred were Bear employees—Neil Byce, Glen Cotton and Nancy Wrona. The fourth fellow worked in production, but I just cannot bring his name to mind.

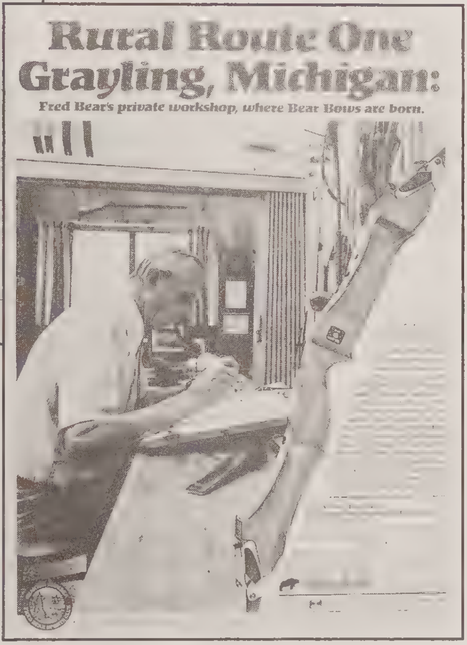
I was trying to get the idea across that even though Victor Comptometer owned Bear Archery, Fred Bear was still very much in charge and overseeing the final design, production and sales of Bear Archery equipment.

You'll notice that I like to use big, bold theme photographs, large product photos and eye-catching headlines. I want the reader to remember all three of these elements, even though they might not take the time to read the body copy in the ad, which many people do not do. We also included the Fred Bear Sports Club logo and invited the reader to get an application form for the club at their local archery dealers. This logo idea took a lot of selling on my part to



Fred Bear stands behind the counter of every store in your area that carries his equipment.

The Bear Guarantee ...respected throughout the world.



Rural Route One Grayling, Michigan:

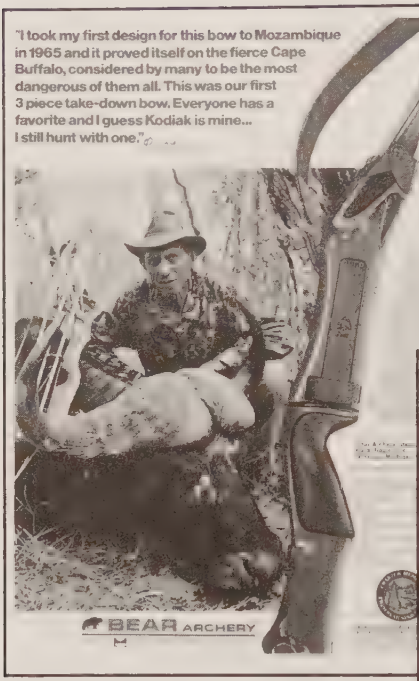
Fred Bear's private workshop, where Bear Bows are born.

We had Jim Pond of Dallas, Texas, shoot this campaign in Grayling. Our 1974 Bear advertising campaign (Jim was a protege of Ozzie Sweet's). These are actual Bear Archery employees in the photos with Papa Bear.

convince Fred to let me include the Sports Club logo in the ads. I wanted to do it for the obvious reason that the Club was new and I was trying to build membership and dealer store traffic with it. But Fred was dead set against using the Fred Bear Sports Club in a commercial manner. He felt the FBSC should concentrate solely on conservation issues. Finally, though, he allowed me to include the logo and a brief pitch on the Club in our product advertising. But you would seldom, if ever, see any mention of our products in our FBSC newsletter, "The Big Sky." That was a no-no.

FRED'S INFLUENCE

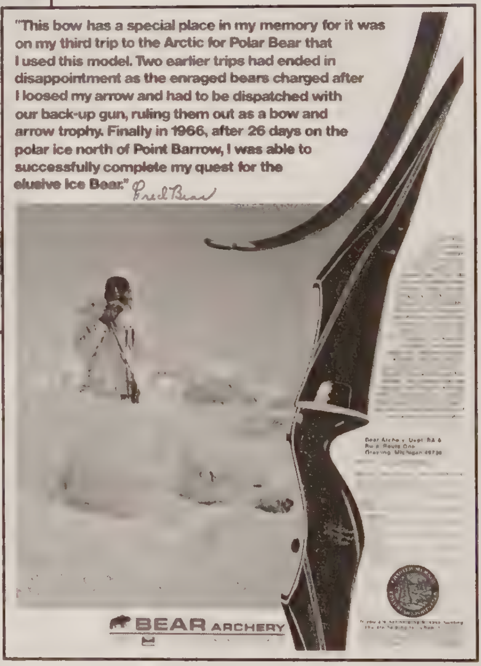
The strongest proof that we had of the value and durability of Bear bows were the worldwide hunts that Fred had taken them on to prove their toughness and effectiveness. So for the next campaign, in 1975, I used some of the photos from Fred's better-known hunts, along with a quote from him that he and I worked on together. In this campaign we figured out a way to not only



"I took my first design for this bow to Mozambique in 1965 and it proved itself on the fierce Cape Buffalo, considered by many to be the most dangerous of them all. This was our first 3 piece take-down bow. Everyone has a favorite and I guess Kodiak is mine... I still hunt with one."

BEAR ARCHERY

We capitalized on Fred's worldwide hunting adventures in this 1975 campaign. Note the unique way that our art director, Gawayne Kinsey, was able to work in the ends of the bow limbs and show the bow in as much detail as possible. This detail was not possible when one tried to show the full length of a bow in an ad. A stroke of genius on Kinsey's part. Fred and I worked on this copy together. His hand was always in our advertising, and I welcomed it. It was a love of his.

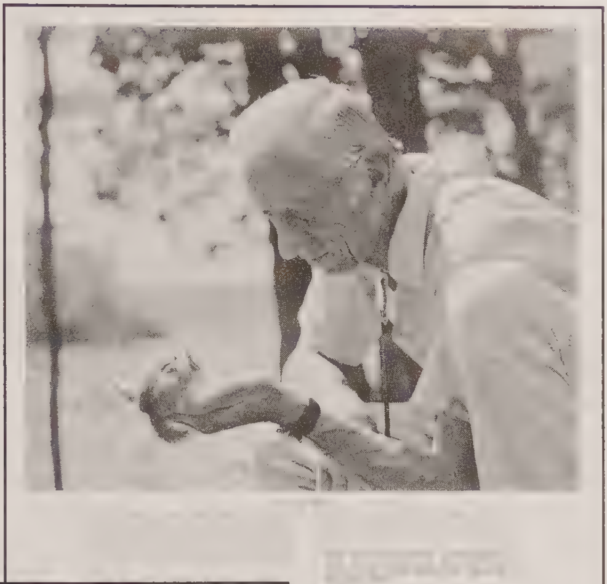


"This bow has a special place in my memory for it was on my third trip to the Arctic for Polar Bear that I used this model. Two earlier trips had ended in disappointment as the enraged bears charged after I loosed my arrow and had to be dispatched with our back-up gun, ruling them out as a bow and arrow trophy. Finally in 1966, after 26 days on the polar ice north of Point Barrow, I was able to successfully complete my quest for the elusive Ice Bear." Fred Bear

show the riser section as large as possible in the layout, but our art director, Gawayne Kinsey also discovered how to show the bow tips as well. Think about it, it isn't easy to show a bow full-length on a page and have any real detail pop out. These ads showed Fred with his Cape buffalo, his world record Alaska brown bear, his elephant, tiger and polar bear. After we produced the ads, and we always tried to produce them all at one time to save money, we learned that there was a flap over people hunting polar bears. And even though Fred had worked hard for many years hunting in the bitter cold of the arctic to get his bear, we felt it best to pull that ad from our schedule.

In 1975 we also ran a full-color ad in the state archery publications promoting The Fred Bear Sports Club, showing Fred with a chipmunk he had tamed at his home. The ad featured facts about how much hunters were doing to help pay the bill for preservation of our game and non-game

In 1975 Bear Archery developed this ad promoting the Fred Bear Sports Club and the fact that hunters provided the funding to protect both game and non-game species of wildlife. Fred had tamed this chipmunk at his home.



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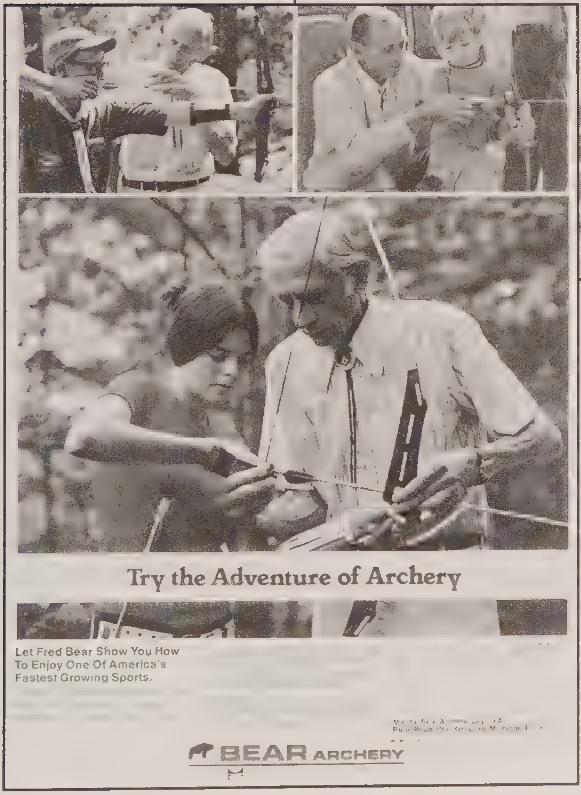
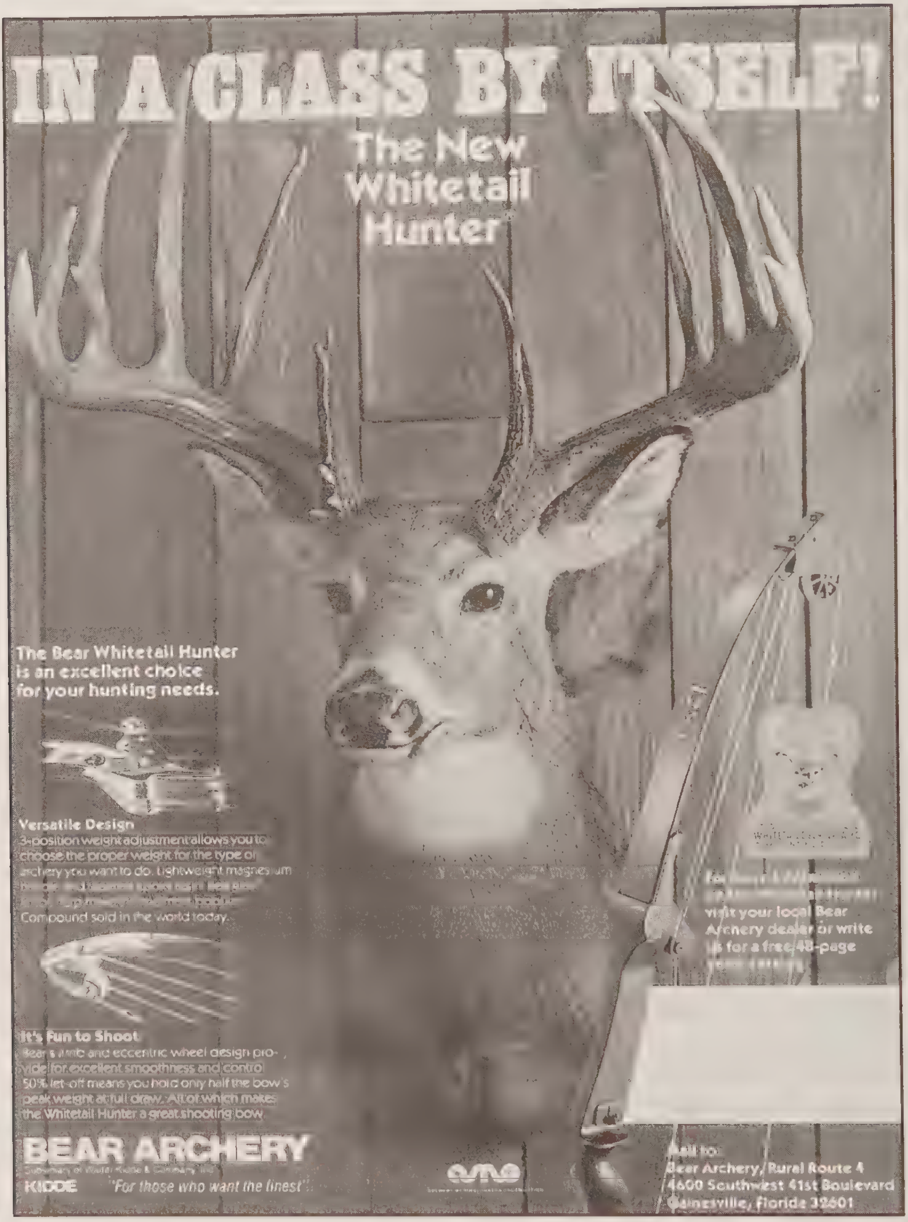


Try the Adventure of Archery

Let Fred Bear Show You How
To Enjoy One Of America's
Fastest Growing Sports.

BEAR ARCHERY

In 1976 we used a combination of classic Fred Bear hunting photos, as well as current photos, to get across out point. This ad showing Fred teaching the young lady, Bridget Hoffman of Grayling, to shoot a bow, ran in "Young Athlete" and some other publications directed at teenagers.



IN A CLASS BY ITSELF!

The New Whitetail Hunter

The Bear Whitetail Hunter is an excellent choice for your hunting needs.

Versatile Design

3-position weight adjustment allows you to choose the proper weight for the type of archery you want to do. Lightweight magnesium [illegible] Compound sold in the world today.

It's Fun to Shoot

Bear's limb and eccentric wheel design provide for excellent smoothness and control. 50% let-off means you hold only half the bow's peak weight at full draw. All of which makes the Whitetail Hunter a great shooting bow.

BEAR ARCHERY

Subsidiary of Walter Kidde & Company, Inc.

KIDDE *"For those who want the finest"*

[illegible] visit your local Bear Archery dealer or write us for a free 48-page [illegible]

Mail to:
Bear Archery/Rural Route 4
4600 Southwest 41st Boulevard
Gainesville, Florida 32601

Our 1980 Bear Archery campaign featured trophies from our Fred Bear Museum. This ad features Mel Johnson's world record typical whitetail taken in 1965. These ads were run in our traditional archery magazines using the "In a Class By Itself" headline. When we ran them in the general outdoor publications directed at firearms hunters we used the headline "Bowhunting is Fun!" and we dropped in our "Be a Two-Season Hunter" line.

wildlife—at that time $108 million a year from hunting license sales and another $32 million from the 11 percent excise tax on bows, arrows and firearms. We pointed out that there were 914 species of mammals in North America and only 35 were hunted. Our headline for the ad: "THE NEXT TIME YOU FEEL SORRY FOR OUR WILD ANIMALS, DO SOMETHING POSITIVE ABOUT IT...BUY A HUNTING LICENSE." Jim Pond shot the photo of Fred and the chipmunk on Fred's patio in Grayling.

In 1976 I again capitalized on Fred's past, present and future. We showed him in our R&D department with Norm Groner, in an Alaskan hunting cabin in 1959, in western Ontario in 1944 and 1974. Obviously, the idea being that Fred was still very much involved with our product design and testing. "Somewhere in a small room in Grayling, Fred Bear's 3rd generation of Compound Bows is now being born." For the ad running in the general outdoor magazines to reach the rifle hunters we used the headline: "For more hunting adventure try hunting with a bow. You will enjoy the woods in Fall coloring and find a real challenge stalking deer Indian style. And you will learn much that will help you later in the gun season. Be a Two-Season Hunter." We also built an ad to run just in *Boys Life* magazine directed to Boy Scouts. In it we showed Fred when he was hunting when he was a scout in 1916 in troop 2 in Carlisle, Pennsylvania where he grew up. Again, we urged the readers to learn to hunt with both a firearm and a bow. And our headline hammered home our "Be a Two-Season Hunter" theme.

Over a 22-year period working for Papa Bear I wrote literally hundreds of ads for the company, scores of catalogs, point-of-purchase posters, newsletters and on and on. I've selected just these few campaigns to give you some feel of how I worked with Fred in those days in selling the idea of hunting with the bow and arrow. This is another facet of his life that most people have never stopped to think about, or to know how very involved he was in this end of Bear Archery and the formal promotion of his products. As I've stated earlier, back when he started his archery company in Detroit he wrote and designed all of his own advertising. He cared about every facet of his company, and I was glad to have him so involved and so willing to participate in the marketing and advertising. He made my job easy!

CHAPTER NINETEEN

BEAR ARCHERY CATALOGS

Shortly after college I moved my wife and 6-month-old son, Mike, back to my hometown of South Bend, Indiana, where I finally got a job in November 1959, as a market analyst for the Studebaker-Packard Corporation. Jobs were difficult to come by in those recessionary days in the late 1950s, and I just couldn't find a position in my preferred field of advertising. While there, however, I was able to dabble a bit in writing an advertisement for the Mercedes-Benz folks who were located on the same floor in the old Studebaker administration building. We were the North American distributors at that time for Mercedes-Benz, a company just getting a toehold in the U.S. market. The advertising I wrote for them sold the idea of people traveling to Europe, picking up their new Mercedes-Benz automobile at the factory, then touring Europe with it and bringing it back to America. I was just a green 26-year-old kid at the time. What a thrill to have Mercedes-Benz copy on my resume'.

One day an older friend there at the company told me that he needed to clear out the old Studebaker Library on the top floor. He also had to move many of the old advertising files out of the basement to another location there in town. Knowing of my interest in history, he told me I could dig through the books and take a couple, as well as look in the old advertising files down in the dark basement bowels of the old building. That was where I first really developed a fascination with sales catalogs. The first one I picked up showed the old horse-drawn farm wagons that were built by the Studebaker brothers before they got into the automobile business at the turn of the 20th century. Incidentally, my grandfather, Ray Lattimer, worked at Studebakers briefly when they first started building cars. I worked there just as they were about to go out of production. Many other relatives also worked there over the years.

I realized when holding that early Studebaker catalog that it was a piece of history, and it really grabbed hold of me and fascinated me. It wasn't just a bunch of old photographs and old-timey advertising descriptive copy to me, it was also a way to travel back in time.

CATALOGS THE BEAR WAY

When I first got involved in the Bear Archery account I realized that their catalogs were pretty much composed just of product photos and descriptive copy. There was nothing about them that made me want to continue on through the catalog and thereby see all that the company had to offer. And so, over the coming years after I moved to Grayling and opened Fred's in-house advertising agency I began to develop themes to each catalog, to make the customer want to continue turning the pages.

When I joined Bonsib Advertising in 1966 work was already underway on the 1967 Bear catalog. As the account executive working with Fred and Kelly, it was my job to sell the ideas the agency developed when I went up to Grayling, along with my account supervisor, Tom Blee. Here are the major ideas for the Bear Archery catalogs during my time serving as their advertising agency representative:

1967: "A Man's Game, A Woman's Sport, A Child's Play." I really had zero input into the 1967 catalog other than to play a part in its final production. It had already been designed and written before I started working for Fred in June of that year. About the only thing that I handled was the inset photo on the back cover of Fred and the polar bear that he had just taken. We were able to work that in at the last minute prior to press time just to let our customers know that he had finally been successful in this long pursuit.

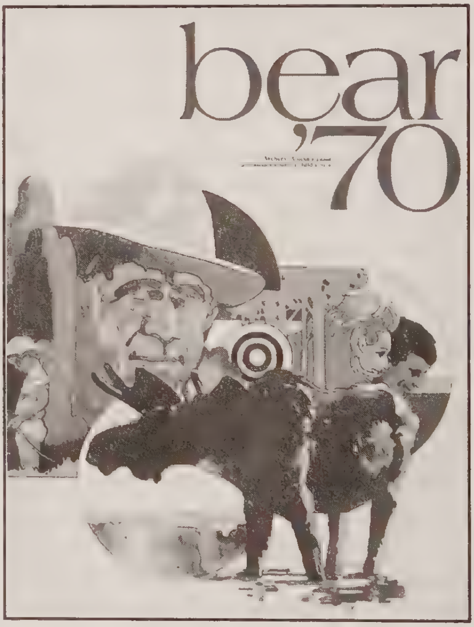
1967½: A decision was made to introduce the new hunting line mid-year 1967, and we took original four-color photography in the Grayling area for this one using Bear Archery employees as models, plus our own Tom Blee in one memorable shot. I journeyed to Grayling for this shoot and enjoyed meeting and working with so many of the folks at Bear Archery. This was my first real taste of professional outdoor photography.

bear
archery 1968

1968: This was the first major color photography coverage of archery shot on-location, and with professional big-city models.

We photographed the 1968 catalog in Oakbrook, Illinois. Howard Osborne, who was an art director at Bonsib, and I supervised the shoot with Jim Pond. We used some of Chicago's top models. Fred and Bob Munger arrived in a private plane and landed on the Oakbrook polo course for a portion of the photography. Julius Butler was an avid archer who loaned the facility to us for our shoot. In this catalog we introduced Fred's Converta-Point arrows. These were arrows into which you could interchange target, field and bowhunting heads on the same shaft.

1969: We again used the Oakbrook photos in 1969 and added more color photography from the Grayling outdoor settings. In this catalog we introduced the Fred Bear "Secrets of Hunting" record promotion.



1970: We used original artwork in the 1970 catalog by noted illustrator Doug Johnson. We introduced Fred's new Takedown bow that he had been working to perfect for so many years. Fred and I flew to Dallas, Texas to work with Jim Pond to take many of the photographs. This catalog was printed utilizing the gravure process in Louisville, Kentucky, and our catalog run topped 1 million copies. It cost us more than $200,000 to produce, but by going gravure we got our cost down to 19.5 cents each. That 1970 catalog was far and away the biggest run we ever did with a Bear Archery catalog up to that time.

If you're wondering how much paper it took to print this many catalogs, it was 11 boxcars full. When we flew into Louisville to do the press check, the printing company salesman pointed out the boxcars on our way into landing. We wanted to really get the word out about Fred's new Takedown bow and its interchangeable limb system with different handle lengths.

If you're a Bear Archery catalog collector, you might not have noticed that this is the only Bear catalog that does not have the Bear logo on the back cover. An oversight that none of us caught until the press run was over.

Our Bear Archery catalogs and advertising won scores of advertising awards during the 22 years I worked for Fred, but the one of which I'm most proud is the first place that this 1970 catalog won in the American Advertising Federation's 6th District competition as the best catalog. And this included entries from all of the large Chicago advertising agencies and national companies. Our Doug Johnson artwork also hung, by invitation, at the New York Illustrators show.

1971: Louis Centlivre was our new creative director at Bonsib, coming home to Ft. Wayne from a prestigious New York City advertising agency. In the 1971 catalog we employed unique low-angle photographs of our bows and other archery products, a technique that Louie and his staff came up with. This year we introduced the Bear Bow System.

CATALOG, ADVERTISING MOVE IN-HOUSE

1972: I was off the Bear Archery account briefly at the agency while I helped our account supervisor, Jack Kerley, save one of our other major accounts in 1971. In the meantime, Fred and Kelly decided to save money and produce the 1972 catalog in-house. The printer designed it. But it served its purpose for that one year. Late in 1971 is when Fred and Kelly invited me to come to Grayling to eventually set up the Bear in-house advertising agency-Archery Development Corporation.

This happened because I lost my job at Bonsib, along with a good portion of the staff, when they lost the North American Van Lines account. Even though I didn't work on that account, they had to chop staff. For me, what were the blackest days of my life, and what seemed like the end of my career, turned to "gold" when Fred and Kelly soon called me, with Tom Blee's blessing, and asked me to come up to Grayling and work directly for them. Evidently, they had liked my many years of work for them and wanted me to become "family." What had seemed like the end of my career ended up with my eventually being inducted into the Archery Hall of Fame for my subsequent work for Fred, our sport. and our industry. Incredible, the way life can work out. Like the basketball coach Jimmy Valvano said before he died of cancer, "Don't give up, don't ever give up!"

Here is a list of the themes I eventually developed and wrote for the Bear catalogs I produced for Fred in those days after I moved to Grayling. In those days I came up with the ideas for the catalogs, wrote the copy, did thumbnail sketches of the layouts and then turned them over to Gawayne Kinsey in Ft. Wayne, Indiana for the final design after Fred and Kelly had approved the initial idea. Kinsey did beautiful felt-tip marker layouts in about half-size that I would then use to “sell” Fred and Kelly on the final design and layout. These felt-tip layouts even included representations of what all of the photography would look like. Kinsey was a wonderfully gifted artist and a fine friend. These layouts were truly a work-of-art and I still have a few of them in my possession as a keepsake.

We’d then turn our products over to our photographer for that critical process of color photography, then all would go to Mike Haller in Ft. Wayne to work with Precision Lithograph on the pre-press. Dale Stedman was our photographer in the early years, later his son, Jim, took over, and after that Kathy Saenz.

Special Fred Bear Commemorative Issue
Bear
1973

1973: I utilized all of the great photos of Fred’s career that were in our Bear Archery archive and built this catalog around Fred’s life and called it a commemorative catalog. Fred was really tickled that we did this while he was still alive. While Fred and some of his critters had been shown in earlier Bear catalogs, nothing like this 1973 catalog had ever been done. I could never understand why no one had thought of doing it before.

1974: Due to corporate budget cuts from Victor in Chicago, we simply updated and reprinted our previous year’s catalog in 1974. Also, this was the year we produced our first four-color college, school and camp catalog. It was shot on-location by Jim Pond in the Dallas area.

1975: This was the year we produced our catalog in English, French, German and Japanese. The catalog theme was built around Fred Bear’s “Tips on Hunting White-tailed Deer.” Bob Kelly had made sales trips to sporting goods shows in Germany, Japan and Russia, and we produced these catalogs to try to capitalize on those foreign markets. After they were printed, we learned that the translators did a very poor job of translating some of the archery terms into the various languages.

1976: "Rural Route One, Grayling, Michigan" was the theme that I had selected for 1976, featuring the sights of Grayling, our Bear Archery people, and local townspeople.

Here's the introduction to our 1976 catalog that I wrote that year. Incidentally, Fred and Mrs. B always reviewed all of my advertising copy and helped me tweak it, so his fingerprints and hers are also on the following. Matter of fact, I had him hand print the "Dear Friend:" words at the heading of this copy and the signature at the end "The Employees of Bear Archery." Thought that might interest you if you have a copy of our 1976 Bear Archery catalog in your collection. Here's what it was like for Fred and the rest of us living in Grayling, Michigan:

Rural Route One, Grayling, Michigan
Dear Friend:

Those of us who work at Bear Archery take care and pride in the products we handcraft for your enjoyment. And we try our best to provide you with the finest archery equipment you can get anywhere. We hope that when you have read through this booklet you will have a better idea of who we are and why we take such pride in what we do.

Bear Archery is located in the Au Sable River Valley formed some 12,000 years ago when the last glaciers left this area. We are about 75 miles south of the tip of lower Michigan and 220 miles north of Detroit, in the center of the state. Another great river, the Manistee, is just west of town.

Grayling grew up on an ancient Indian portage from the Manistee to the Au Sable, and the deposits of arrow and spearheads in the area suggest an Indian battleground or factory, or both. The Au Sable is one of the three most famous trout streams in America and in days gone by drew fishermen from around the world after its renowned Grayling—a cold water species of trout. When the area was logged about 100 years ago, the small village which sprang up along Milepost 92 of the Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw railroad was named for this game fish. (A small settlement earlier had simply been named "Forest.") Grayling was a milltown, and each year in August we celebrate our Lumberman's heritage with a MillTown Festival.

When the timber went and the stream was no longer shaded by the towering white pine and giant red Norways, the water temperature went up. That, coupled with the destruction of the spawning beds by the log drives down the river ended the Au Sable as a home for our world-famous Grayling. Yet brown, rainbow and brook trout live and thrive in its sporting, cool depths. The stream has several branches. The river runs through town where it is joined by the East Branch and farther downstream by the South and North branches and empties into Lake Huron 100 miles away. Second-growth Norway pine, oak, birch, quaking aspen (or popples as we call them) and jack pine cover the high areas with white cedar, spruce and tamarack in the lower regions.

Seeing the black squirrel at your window feeder can start the day off with unexpected pleasure. Or seeing the great blue heron take off in the early morning fog from the lumberjack's Old Stump Pond on your way into work are among the fringe benefits resulting from living in the "North Country" and you might think of them off and on all day.

Not only are we aware of our close relationship to nature up here, but as in all small towns we are extremely aware of how we as individuals tend to be interrelated.

We have a weekly newspaper with local news in it and depend upon papers from "down below" for our national and world news. The closing of business places when a time-honored citizen is buried, the 4th of July parade, the late fall buck pole, the quiet dusk on the trout stream—all are Norman Rockwell and Andrew Wyeth slices of life.

We dislike pretentiousness most of all, and then greed, bad manners and disrespect for nature. We accept people for what they are and are grateful to the power company foreman who comes to replace the line we downed with our new chain saw because he understood our embarrassment at having caused the power blackout in half the town, including the county jail.

Important social events of the year include the DNR hearing on removing the historical Old Loggers Dam in town or a heated town hall meeting on whether there are too many canoeists on the river or too many trout fishermen standing in their way in the stream. A local high school basketball game with boys of such talent as might be found in any town of 2,000 population takes on exciting importance because you know that little else is going to happen during that long mid-winter week.

There are a few of us who are doctors or lawyers or policemen, but for the most part we either work for the largest plant in the area ("The Archery" with 500 employees) or for the Department of Natural Resources, the local National Guard camp, or we own a motel or restaurant or souvenir store.

One becomes acutely aware of everyday scenes around you in this quiet, country town. You notice the red oak leaves as they stay on all winter until the new leaf appears in the spring. You notice the blue snow at dawn as you drive into work. There is no pollution up here other than that caused by the dreaded forest fire that occasionally darkens the evergreen skyline. You notice the dry winter atmosphere and the fact that 30 degrees below zero really isn't too uncomfortable. And you delight in the sudden display of the aurora borealis, a backdrop for the crystal-clear scattering of stars that seem so close in this black, Northern sky.

We read every word in the *Crawford County Avalanche* just as soon as it comes out each week. Want ads, Board of Commissioner Meeting Minutes, Trout Unlimited Minutes, Camp Shawono Minutes and the little bit of news that we have quite likely already heard.

The Village buck pole that the members of the chamber of commerce promote each opening weekend of deer season attracts us, as well as the tourist hunters gaping at the size of the antlers on display for all to admire. It would be hard to find a freezer up here that didn't have some venison, brown trout, or partridge hidden away in it for that special Northern evening meal.

We commiserate together every summer when the short growing season fails to produce the succulent sweet corn or luscious tomatoes that we yearned for during the late-spring snows. Yet, we'll try again next year, willing to gamble a few cents for seeds on the off chance that one of these years we'll have a warmer summer.

We love the lonely lovely winter evenings when we run our four-wheel-drive into town to exchange books at our small county library. Now we know that it is the dead of winter. We are between skiing-snowmobiling season and trout-trailbike season and the land, in its frozen, frightening simplicity, is ours at last to enjoy all alone. Few tourists ice fish or wander through the swamp on Sunday afternoons after snowshoe rabbits or walk the snow-covered old logger's trails deep within the forests. We listen to the creaking popples talk to us competing with the chattering chickadees and worrying purple finches overhead.

Our group of 2,000 can swell overnight to 20,000 when the "Guards" are here for summer camp. When they mingle with the tourists and clog the beaches and perspire in the jack pine boonies on their yearly refresher course in the North. During free time they congregate in the Plaza Saloon, The Legion and Spike's Keg-O-Nails. We warn our daughters, "now don't talk to the Guards" and their wives in turn tell them somewhere down in Indiana or Ohio or wherever they come from as they climb aboard the headlighted slow convoys heading North, "now don't talk to the local girls." And not very much of either happens.

This is a land where we need not cultivate flowers although some of us do. And often the most spectacular display of color and variety lie just at the edge of our yards and sometimes creep into them. The wild daisies, violets, Indian paintbrush, buttercups, lady slippers, wild roses, arbutus, bracken and wintergreen have little real competition among the domesticated plants. There is one, however, that flourishes in our sandy soil and short summers, the petunia. And each year we laboriously plant them along the main street through town, a ribbon of color that delights our residents as well as the thousands of vacationers who pass through here each season.

This is the land of the deer, the otter, the bear and the bald eagle. Here lives the wild mute swan, the red-shouldered hawk, the endangered Kirkland warbler that chooses the Grayling area from all the world in which to nest each year in its fragile battle to survive. Here is the black, yellow and white evening grosbeak to which we feed tons of sunflower seeds each winter and the fastidious nuthatch who walks down the tree upside down. Goldfinches, jays, downy woodpeckers, pine siskins, purple finches, killdeer, partridge, wild turkey and whippoorwills. The list could go on and on. Our neighbors are the mink, the beaver, the muskrat, the black, red and grey squirrels, the raccoons, the bumbling porcupine and the great horned owl that lives by the stream.

We seldom see the bear that live in the swamp. We stop at the Old Stump Pond to see the Canada geese, the myriad ducks and other waterfowl on their annual journeys to and fro, but we seldom see the big northern pike that glide deep in the holes in Lake Margarethe.

This is the land of wild strawberries, blackberries and blueberries. A land where fishermen wander up and down the treacherous stream, sometimes in the dark, tottering on the edge of hidden holes, as evening bats whiz overhead, just because they've seen clouds of fragile lace-like caddis, stoneflies or mayflies in the fading shafts of sunset.

Here we live off the land. Whether it be the bows and arrows we craft for you to use on the world's game trails or tournament lines, or whether it be the annual Trout Festival, Tip-Up-Town, Dog Sled Races or Lumberman's Festival. All are related to the land.

The fall color tours, the Fred Bear Museum visitors, the berry pickers, the hunters, the snowmobilers, the skiers, the flyfishermen, the bait fishermen, the hikers, trail riders and canoeists. All are here because of the land. All come to relax, breathe deep of our clean fresh air and sleep well in our cool summer nights.

That is what it is like to live and work at Rural Route One, Grayling, Michigan.

THE EMPLOYEES OF BEAR ARCHERY

This particular catalog was written about six months ahead of our printing date, as were all of them in those years. It featured tons of theme photos of people and places around the Grayling area to flesh out the idea of what it was like to live and work in Grayling. I took almost all of those photos over a period of about five years always knowing that some day I'd use them in just such a catalog. My assistant, Bill McIntosh, took the group photos of the people in the plant that appeared on many of the pages as well as most of the individual photos of some of the people that we used on each spread talking about their jobs.

These were to show the reader what nice people they all were, people you'd like to get to know better and go hunting or fishing with. People you'd trust to make the bow and arrow you'd like to purchase. Fred really liked the idea of featuring our "hometown" and the people who worked with us.

I absolutely drove Gawayne Kinsey, our art director, and Mike Haller, our production manager, wild with this one. It had so many theme photos in it to get across the message, that Kinsey had trouble working them all in, but bless his heart he knew that I loved each and every photo I took for that particular catalog and he did his best to fit them all in.

Unfortunately, we lost him to a sudden heart attack several years later after our move to Florida was completed. After he died, Mike Haller took over our art director duties and did a fine job for us.

Unfortunately, after the 1976 catalog had been out a few months, and after some of these same people had been wooed by the powerful United Auto Workers (UAW) union from downstate, some of them ended up on the picket line out in front of the plant in a strike so vociferous that it ended up being written about in the prestigious Wall Street Journal.

How does one pick a favorite child out of a family? You really can't, or at least you shouldn't for the mental well-being of all concerned. But if I had to pick one favorite Bear Archery catalog that I conceived, wrote and produced during my two decades of doing so it would have to be this one for 1976. I loved Grayling, Michigan, the people of Bear Archery and everything connected with that area. I had hoped to live and die there. Now that we are retired, we still return there every year to visit. Grayling is a part of my soul. Just as it was Fred's.

1977: We featured the bowhunting organizations as our theme. Our purpose was to try to help stimulate membership in all the organizations as well as to provide new people looking into our sport a better understanding of what all they could get involved in. This catalog was actually produced in 1976 while our strike with the UAW was going on which represented special problems for us in catalog photography and production.

1978: Our theme for 1978 was "America's Archers and Bowhunters." And I let Bill McIntosh run with this one. Apple even did some of the feature photography on location and did a fine job. As I mentioned above, at the time I was extremely busy running the American Archery Council with my friend Gordon Bentley. Apple did a great job on the catalog and I was proud of the way he grabbed the ball and ran with it!

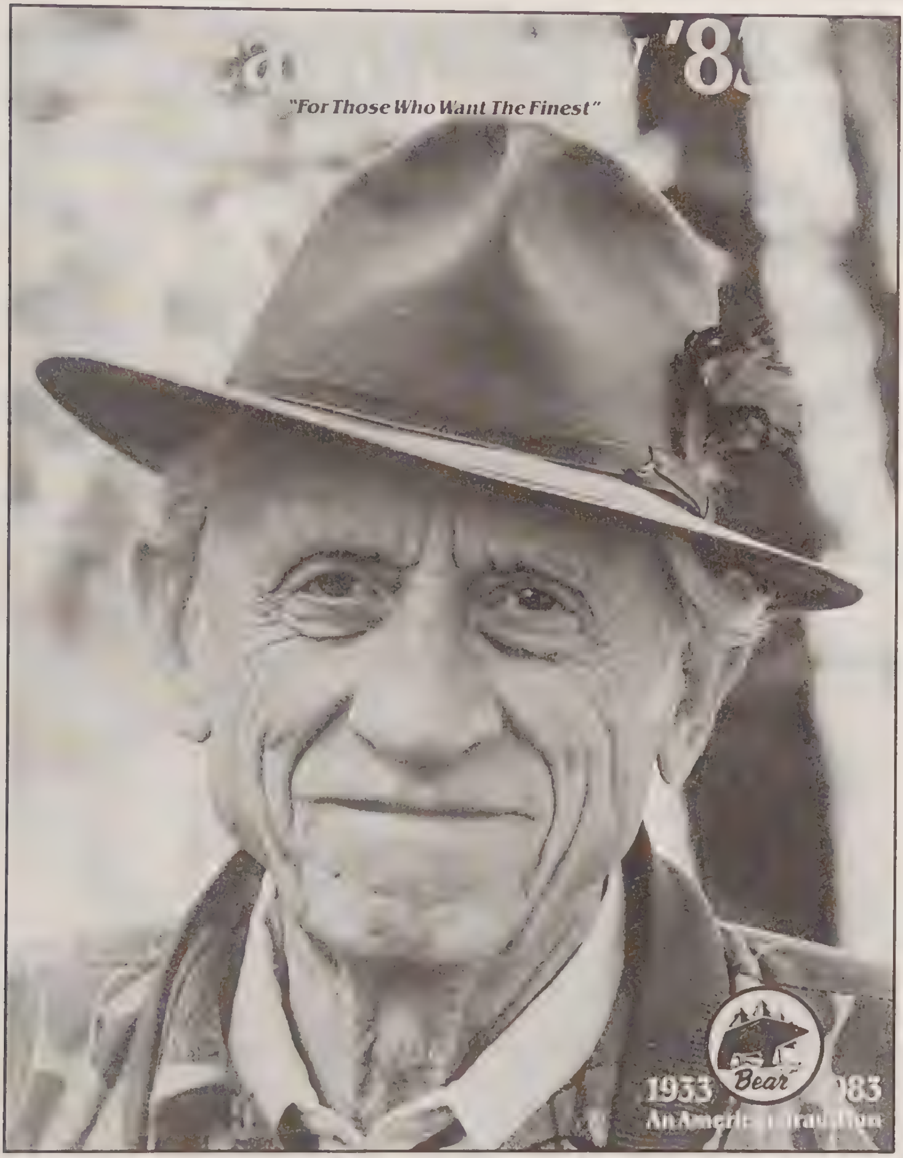
1979: "Bowhunting the Wild Turkey" was our theme in 1979. Not only were we trying to interest bowhunters and existing firearms hunters in a new species to hunt, but by so doing we would help even out our sales over the course of the year by promoting spring turkeys and bowfishing. A young, talented artist in the Grayling area, Rod Lawrence, did beautiful color renditions for this catalog. The lead-in illustration showed Fred and Kelly with Fred's wild turkey.

Become a Two-Season Hunter
Bear Archery 1980
BROWN BEAR

1980: "Become A Two-Season Hunter" was our theme in 1980. We featured "Old Mossy Horns" on the cover. This deer was the world record nontypical deer. Inside we provided the reader with lists of hunting seasons by species, again, to appeal not only to existing bowhunters, but also with the idea in mind of converting many firearms hunters to also try the bow. And we were again trying to spread out our archery sales during the year by promoting additional bowhunting opportunities.

1981: "Become A Two-Season Hunter" was so strong that we utilized it again in 1981, but graphically we featured Fred's trophy animals. His favorite, the Stone sheep, was on the cover of the catalog along with a photo of him at full draw. We also tied-in the Fred Bear Sports Club and National Rifle Association Bowhunting Awards. It was in this catalog that we also introduced our new Fred Bear Signature Bow, a limited edition designed by Fred. Fred personally inspected, numbered and signed all of these bows shipped. Only 999 were to have been built.

1982: We continued our "Become A Two-Season Hunter" theme again in 1982. But this year we supported it with Fred Bear's bowhunting tips strewn throughout the catalog. We introduced the new Bear Delta-V Bow in this catalog and touted it as the "world's fastest bow." The catalog went over better than the bow did. The Delta-V was heavy and did poorly. You might be interested to know that I named the bow after the astronauts' terminology for change in velocity—Delta V.



1983: Bear Archery's 50th Year! I had a ball doing the 1983 catalog and devoted each of the major spreads to Fred's and Bear Archery's highlights by decade, from the 1920s into the 1980s. The cover shot was the same photo shown on the cover of this book and has always been my favorite, even though Mrs. B thought it made Fred look like he was "smirking." Bill

McIntosh and I had our Hasselblad camera at Grousehaven one year and were shooting photos of Fred out in the woods for our stock photo use. We were passing the camera back and forth that sunny fall afternoon and both of us claim to have taken this photo. Only the "film gods" really know. But I had seen this gentle look in Fred's eyes so very often over the decades that it just has to rank up there as my favorite photo of him. He's just about to the "chuckle stage."

1984: "The People of Bear Archery" (this time our Florida people) was our 1984 theme and included Bear Facts about our production statistics. For example, "Last year we used enough magnesium to cover the Statue of Liberty." Fred was featured on the cover along with Neil Byce from our bow production department.

1985: Had an Alaskan hunt theme; however, thematically and graphically this catalog was one of the biggest disappointments in all of my years doing Bear Archery catalogs. My goal was to use many of the hundreds of color photos that I had shot of Fred and our guests when Fred and I took the winners of our "Hunt in Alaska With Fred Bear" contest up to the Alaskan Peninsula. However, upon our return from Alaska, Fred and I learned that someone with no marketing experience had been appointed director of marketing at Bear Archery, thereby becoming my immediate supervisor. By the time it was all over and done with, the Alaskan hunt theme was watered down with the addition of a "Fred Bear Museum reopens in Gainesville" theme, and a half-dozen other ideas. So if you have a copy of this one in your collection, accept my apologies.

1986: By now we had acquired the Jennings line of archery equipment, so the theme for 1986 was "The Innovators" to show that between them Fred Bear and Tom Jennings were the lead inventors of new things for our industry. Both are shown on the cover. Inside I used the progression of Bear products from the time Fred had innovated them up to the present time. For example, Fred's personal shooting gloves over time were shown in one shot; in another we showed his hunting broadheads from 1935 all the way through the current Fred Bear Razorhead design. It was fun doing the copy and fun pulling all the old information together. But, frankly, although Fred liked and respected Tom Jennings very much, I knew it galled him to have to share the cover of the Bear Archery catalog after so many years of having been the sole Bear Archery image.

1987: A repeat of "The Innovators" theme in 1987. Strong on product features. This time both the Bear and Jennings lines were in the same catalog. Henry Gallops, our Cad-Cam Computer System operator was shown on the cover. This catalog was strong on product features with very little theme material throughout.

FUN WHILE IT LASTED

1988: "Grousehaven" was the them for the 1988 catalog in honor of our bowhunting camp near Rose City, Michigan, and it was great fun showing many of our guests at Grousehaven along with Fred. Some special friends of ours in this catalog are Joe Engle, Sherwood Schoch, Ted Nugent and Jim Dougherty. On the cover I featured a photo of Fred along with some of our key people from Bear Archery. I'd rank this as the second-most favorite theme I'd ever done for Bear Archery. He had written the first Bear Archery catalog in 1939, and by that time I had been producing the Bear catalogs for some 22 years. Fred died a few months later.

1989: Was the last catalog that I did for Bear Archery. It was produced in 1988 shortly after Fred died in the spring. And I built the theme around the Fred Bear biography that Charlie Kroll had written and that I had produced and "ridden herd on" for so many years even before Charlie got involved. Photographs throughout were from Fred's life. And it was a very melancholy time writing and producing this one. Fred had worked so hard for several years in the frozen wastes of the Arctic Circle to take a polar bear with his bow that I used a photo of he and his polar bear mount from the museum on the cover. I knew polar bears represented the epitome of bear challenges for him right up there with the Alaska brown bears that he had taken. He even had a polar bear rug in his home. This one in the bedroom had to be stopped with a rifle after it charged, thereby ruining it as a bow and arrow trophy.

By 1989 we had been through a number of corporate buyouts, and the marketing and promotions philosophy had changed. For example, in 1971 we spent 7 percent of sales on advertising. That had slowly been reduced to the point that in 1987 our advertising/promotions budget was only 2.8 percent of sales. And we were now paying to advertise and promote two company lines, in essence, with about one-third of the budget—our budgets now had to cover both Bear and Jennings lines. As a result of all the stress, I ended up with both heart disease from which I still suffer, and permanent eye disease. So much for corporate budget and personnel cuts!

It may sound silly, but generally a day or two after one catalog came off the printing presses and went to the bindery, I was already thinking about what our theme would be for the next year's catalog. I'd ruminate about it, gather facts and tidbits to whet people's appetites and then suggest the theme to Fred, Kelly and our sales people. They always went along with them. I can remember Kelly telling some of our sales people one day when they started trying to dictate our advertising strategy about something or other, that they were hired to sell the products and Lattimer was hired to handle the advertising. The old Irishman could be very blunt and to-the-point when he had to be and this really helped me over the years take the advertising in the direction I thought it ought to go. A direction, I might add, with which Fred agreed.

As I mentioned earlier, for several years after Kinsey died, Mike Haller then took over as our art director, as well as the production manager duties for us on all of our advertising. I owe both of these people a great deal as far as who was responsible for the graphic success of our Bear Archery advertising in the 60s, 70s and early 80s. We never missed any of the hundreds of advertising deadlines in more than 20 years. Sometimes even under incredible pressure and odds when we had problems or sudden new products to introduce. One in particular was a special challenge—the introduction of our unusual Delta-V bow that I mentioned earlier. It was the most complete promotional package we ever put together for the company. Unfortunately, as I said, the bow was very heavy and never caught on.

Kinsey, Haller and I had all worked together at Bonsib Advertising, and after I left to set up the in-house advertising agency for the company in the early 70s, both left Bonsib and continued as outside suppliers for us. That's how much the three of us all enjoyed working together on the Bear Archery advertising. This was all before the days of computers, scanners, e-mail and all the other equipment that makes this kind of thing simpler and more flexible in today's business climate.

In addition to them, a wonderful lady by the name of Margaret Driftmeyer, who had been a media specialist at Bonsib, also retired about the same time and she placed all of our Bear Archery media for us for many years for our in-house agency. When you do that, of course, you save your company the 15 percent advertising agency commission that publications and other media pay to recognized ad agencies, as well as several other percentage points by paying your bills on time.

Both Fred and Kelly agreed that top dollar should be spent putting our best foot forward in all of our advertising material. This included the first major on-location color photography shoot in the archery business in the '60s with the photo session that I mentioned Fred and Bob Munger attended in the Chicago area. I used the hundreds of fine color photos that resulted not only for the next year's catalog, but also for many other advertising pieces over the years. Soon many of our fellow archery manufacturers were also doing color shoots, much to the delight of the archery publications which could now sell them four-color advertising space. But by then we at Bear had contractually tied-up all of the back covers of the archery publications, space that we all felt was the most productive space we could purchase, rather than pages inside the magazines.

I also got the wild idea in those early years of our "in-house" agency to insert our entire Bear Archery catalog into one of the magazines for maximum impact upon our target and bowhunting market. It was kind of the talk of the sport when we did it. Later, others also did the same, but by then we'd moved on to other creative ways of reaching out to our potential customers. Again, all of these kinds of new things came about because of Fred's gentle teaching over the years that we needed to constantly be creative in our advertising and think first of the good of the sport, not only of Bear Archery. He often said, "We ought to be smart enough to get our fair share of the new market we'll build for our archery industry. If we're not, shame on us!"

Our normal catalog distribution included a shipment to each of our 6,000 dealers, a supply to each of our district sales managers, and a copy was mailed to every member of the Outdoor Writers Association of America, along with selected national conservation officials, and members of Congress. We also mailed a copy to all of our Fred Bear Sports Club members in those days and at that time we had about 30,000 members, if I remember correctly. And, as I mentioned, on several occasions we inserted copies of our catalog into the national archery magazines. That was very expensive to do, but got us great coverage to the hardcore bowhunters.

I hope this chapter has enriched your understanding of Fred Bear and the history of Bear Archery.

CHAPTER TWENTY

FRED'S LAST ALASKAN HUNT

I'll admit it. From the moment I went to work for Fred Bear in 1966, I blatantly tried to get myself included on one of his Alaskan adventures. As soon as I was assigned to the Bear Archery account, I read all of the reprints of Fred's hunting adventures that had been distributed across America to our Bear Archery dealers. And I began to dig through all of his hunting photos, field notes and files for advertising ideas. It became an obsession. I wanted to go on a hunt in Alaska more than I thought I'd ever want anything in my life.

Numerous times over the ensuing 16 years, I put together varied proposals for promotional hunts with Fred. My timing always seemed to be off, however, either because of corporate budget restraints or other reasons. I was completely frustrated.

Finally, in 1982, as part of my annual advertising/sales promotion plan for the company, I suggested a "Hunt in Alaska with Fred Bear." The idea evolved into a contest among existing and new Bear Archery dealers. I had originally suggested it as a contest for regular bowhunters, but from a corporate point of view more money could be made via a dealer promotion.

Was it successful? You bet! Probably the most successful sales promotion idea I'd ever presented. The big payoff was that I got to go along with Fred as a co-host on the hunt. So I finally got my hunting trip to Alaska with Fred after 16 years of trying!

Here is the memo that Fred sent to all of our Bear Archery employees when we returned from the hunt.

BEAR ARCHERY, Subsidiary of Kidde, Inc.
To: All Employees *Date: September 29, 1983*
Subject: Alaskan Dealer Hunt *From: Fred Bear*

Papa Bear humored me one day in Alaska and let me take this shot of him holding one of our compound bows. As I've recounted elsewhere in this book, he could not shoot them well since he was a snap-shooter, and the let-off feature threw his timing and aiming all off. But he was a good sport about it anyway. One of the rare photos of Fred ever holding a compound bow out in the field.

We have just returned from our hunt on the Alaskan Peninsula in an area we named "Rainbow Valley" due to the large number of rainbows that occur there. It is along the Upper Dog Salmon River, approximately 150 miles from the nearest road or telephone, south of King Salmon.

Our guests were 5 dealers who had won our 1982 "Hunt with Fred Bear in Alaska" sales contest. One estimate places the results of this contest at almost $3½ million dollars in increased sales for Bear Archery in 1982 and the addition of 832 new dealers. The dealers on the hunt were from North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Michigan, New Jersey and Missouri.

Dick Lattimer and I hosted the affair. Dick shot over 1,500 still photographs and a half-mile of movie footage for our future Bear Archery bowhunting promotional efforts.

Our hunters accounted for 4 moose and 2 caribou and countless Arctic Char and Dolly Varden trout from the glacial stream that ran by our bush camp. We used Super Cub bush planes to fly our hunters to various spike camps in the area. One was located in the area where I got my large Brown Bear in 1960 that we have on display in our tour lobby. Another camp was located at the base of a smoking volcano along Indecision Creek.

All in all, this was a very successful sales promotion for us and a most enjoyable hunt.

Fred

BOUND FOR ALASKA

On Sept. 8, 1983 Mrs. Bear and her daughter, Julia Kroll, drove Fred and me to the Orlando airport for our flight to Alaska. We left on United flight #485 at 10:30 a.m. and flew to Chicago on our first leg. Now I'll pick up the story of that hunt with the field notes I wrote about the hunt shortly after our return. These were then published in condensed form in the Winter 1984, issue of our "Big Sky" newsletter for our Fred Bear Sports Club members and others. The following contains quite a bit that was not included in that issue.

1983 Alaskan Hunt With Fred Bear

-Hunt of a Lifetime-

By Dick Lattimer

It is the dream of every hunter to some day travel to our last great frontier, Alaska, to hunt and fish. For a handful of us, that dream just came true. We have just returned from a hunt with Fred Bear on the Alaskan Peninsula that was the culmination of a year-long sales contest in honor of the 50th anniversary of the founding of Bear Archery. Fred and I thought you might like to read the field notes from that trip. Publishing such notes has become a tradition

Taken at the Orlando, Florida, airport when Mrs. Bear and her daughter, Julia, drove Fred and I down to catch our flight to Alaska in 1983. Fred had taken off his trademark Borsalino hunting hat, and Mrs. B had put it on while they checked the airline tickets. I couldn't resist taking this informal photo of the two of them. This was Fred's 18th trip up to Alaska.

with us and follows the advice of Pres. Teddy Roosevelt when he said: "I wish that members of the Boone and Crockett Club, and big game hunters generally, would make it a point of putting down all their experiences with game or with any other mark-worthy beast or bird..."

"BOWHUNTING IN RAINBOW VALLEY"

SEPTEMBER 8, 1983:

Fred and I met our hunters at O'Hare Airport in Chicago. The guest hunters include: Roy R. Rohel of Tri-State True Value, Sussex, New Jersey; Bob Morgan of Bob's Sporting Goods, Biscoe, North Carolina; Pat Kennedy of Bass Pro Shops, Springfield, Missouri; Karl Springer of Springer Archery, Romulus, Michigan; and Dallas Miller of Barto, Pennsylvania. This was Fred's 18th trip to

Here Fred is sharpening his Razorheads sitting outside the tarpaper cabin he and I shared during the hunt. It was just big enough for our two cots, an oil stove, and a small bit of storage area for our clothes and gear. Note our fishing rods next to the cabin. He and I did as much fishing as we hunted. Our primary jobs were to make sure everyone else had a great time, and I did all the filming of the hunt.

Alaska and the first for everyone else involved. Our United flight took us from Chicago direct to Anchorage, Alaska, flying over International Falls, Minnesota, the Peace River, Fort Nelson, B.C., Whitehorse, Yukon Territory and then over the Alaskan glacier fields before landing. A distance of 2,437 miles. Countless autograph seekers came by to talk to Fred on all flights during our trip. Upon landing we were closer to Tokyo than Miami. Rooms were waiting for us at the Captain Cook Hotel, named for the famous explorer who opened up the Great Northwest. We were all bushed after the long flight.

SEPTEMBER 9, 1983:

We spent the day sightseeing in Anchorage and buying our hunting licenses. Our search for souvenirs to take back home took us down 4th Street in Anchorage, the fault line for the 1964 earthquake. None of us got much sleep that night in anticipation of our bush flight to camp the next day.

NOTE: Our licenses for this hunt in 1983 ran $300 each for both caribou and moose, a total of $600 per hunter. Naturally, Bear Archery picked up all of these costs for our guests. As I recall, the total cost of the hunt amounted to about $50,000.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1983:

We caught a Wien Airlines flight to King Salmon on the Alaskan Peninsula. And somehow between Anchorage and King Salmon, Wien managed to lose all of our archery gear and camera equipment, including both still and movie film. Nevertheless, we put a tracer on it, and we were picked up in three Super Cubs by bush pilots for the trip 150 miles away from the nearest telephone or road. The flight out into the bush took approximately 50 minutes and for most of us was our introduction to the exciting world of the bush pilot. The origination of their name became quite clear as we skimmed over the tundra and gentle hills, between mountain ranges and around pothole lakes at an altitude of about 50 to 500 feet. It was to be just the first of many such exciting bush flights for us during our stay.

Suddenly we saw Mt. Katmai off to our left where the legendary Art Young had hunted in the early 1920s with his cameraman, Jack Robertson. Their 1927 film of those Alaskan adventures at the Adams Theatre in Detroit is what got a young Fred Bear interested in archery.

Toward the end of our flight, we skirted several valleys and finally descended and dropped into a picturesque glacial valley surrounded by mountains that had been formed by upheavals in the earth's crust. Off in the not-too-distant area we saw a volcano spewing steam. We would later camp at its base for one of our spike camps.

Waiting to greet us were Ken and Mary Oldham, our outfitters, and our guides—Ralph and Randy Robertson, Rich Mason, Tom Rogers, and our bush pilots—Bobby Deigh, Denny Thompson, and Debby Chan, the young woman who shared the cooking and baking chores with Mary Oldham.

We have fine accommodations for a bush camp. Fred and I are in a 10x12 cabin made of plywood and tarpaper. We have two cots and foam rubber mattresses. Also a fine oil stove and a window at both ends of the room for ventilation. Blazo boxes are used for storage and bedside tables. They are the legendary boxes in which bush plane fuel was transported during days past and are collector's items now. Our door is kept shut with a nail and piece of butcher's twine. Foot-wide strips of city carpet are beside each cot for those cold mornings. A 5-gallon tin is kept on top of the ancient oil heater at all times, full of well water for washing up. And a tin wash basin and water pitcher sit nearby.

Our hunters are staying in the 16x32 main cabin and cookhouse. They have bunks and a curtain to offer privacy from the large dining and kitchen area. It is difficult to remember that all of these materials had to be flown in by bush plane to build this camp. It is all on U.S. government property, and few, if any, improvements can be made.

There is another bunkhouse for the guides and pilots, and Mary and Ken have a separate cabin much like Fred's and mine. Two other structures round out our camp. One, a Finnish sauna, was completed just prior to our arrival. The other is the "little house out back."

Our landing strip is a gravel bar in the river. An emergency strip has been laboriously hacked out of the alders alongside the river and provides protection from the gale-like winds that often sweep this valley off the Pacific Ocean just a few miles to the east. Once, two of Oldham's Super Cubs were destroyed out on the gravel landing when the winds blew up. The stumps from alder bushes still sticking up in the emergency strip give one an idea of the nature of the landings we made there.

An old-fashioned pump sits in the weeds in front of the cookhouse with a supply of aviation fuel for the Super Cubs a short distance away. We have a total of five Super Cubs in camp, although only three are used, the others are backups in case of an emergency. There is no communication with the outside world and no electricity. We depend on Coleman lanterns for light.

Our camp is nestled in a clump of alders and Alaskan cottonwoods. These are much shorter than the cottonwoods where we hunt in Nebraska. Those towering trees would dwarf the Alaskan variety. Yet they flourish in the cold Alaskan climate. There are no coniferous trees in this part of Alaska as there are farther north around Anchorage. Behind our camp is a block-wide hill that we can climb to glass for game. Several other mounds like this dot our 10-mile-long valley. At the top end, glaciers cling to the sides of mountains. There is one main glacier and three or four smaller ones. These are the primary source of our river. Up the valley toward the glacier there is an unusual triangular-shaped mound rising off the valley floor—a strange upheaval in the rock floor.

The river is a tangle of threads, meandering wherever the water level takes it over the valley. The main channel that passes in front of our camp and alongside our gravel-bar airport is too deep to cross in hip boots. But the secondary streams are easily waded as we hunt up and down the river. Dead spawned-out salmon from the Bering Sea dot the sides of these streams, and large king salmon can be seen out in the main channel, the white meat and bones of their tails showing as a result of the beating they take fighting to get upstream to spawn.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1983:

Since we could not bowhunt because of the missing gear, we decided to fly to Bristol Bay on the Bering Sea to hunt ducks and geese with shotguns. Pat

Fred visiting with three of our bush pilots. Left to right: Fred, Denny Thompson (standing on the fat tire used for landing on rocky stream beds), Bobby Deigh, and our outfitter/pilot, Ken Oldham.

Kennedy of Bass Pro Shops and I squeezed into the back of what is normally a two-person Super Cub, and our pilot, Bobby Deigh, whisked us over the tundra for about a 45-minute flight. We skimmed over moose and saw many swans and other waterfowl on our journey.

The troops in the other two planes in our small air force saw a giant Alaska brown bear as they came in to land. And as we walked a mile or so inland to hunt, we followed the bear's worn trail. Pat, Karl and I shared a hillock blind, with them shooting with shotguns and I with a camera. Pat connected on one goose and Bob Morgan not far away downed two. When it was my turn to use one of our two shotguns, the ducks thought better of it and headed east across the marshy landscape.

Following our flight back to camp, we tried fishing in our river and scored on many Arctic Char and Dolly Varden. All were released. Ed King showed up late in the afternoon in a Super Cub with most of our missing gear and our beer ration.

One day Fred and I flew over to the coast in two Super Cubs to Wide Bay on the Pacific Ocean. He wanted to show me the area where he had taken his world record Alaska brown bear. This is Fred glassing the area for brown bears after we had landed on the beach.

Dallas and Fred wandered downstream to fish together, and I soon became intrigued by their activities. Fred was fighting a big fish, and Dallas was leaping from bank to bank trying to keep Fred's line clear of the bushes that dotted the riverbank. Finally, I could stand it no longer and wandered toward them. About that time Fred's fish escaped, and I learned that it had been a large spawning king salmon. Dallas proceeded to hook another one, and the chase was on once again. It ended with Dallas taking off his shoes and wading out into the cold glacial stream to claim his prize. Much splashing and maneuvering was required before he finally outwitted the salmon, and after pictures were taken it was returned to the stream to finish spawning.

Karl was flown over to Wide Bay on the Pacific to a spike camp where another guide, Bob Stanley, also of Egegik, awaited his arrival. Pat and Bob Morgan were flown over to Indecision Creek with Randy and Tom as their guides.

These spike camps permit a much wider area to be covered, especially with five hunters in our party. The Wide Bay camp had a small cabin much like we had in the main camp, while tents served that purpose at Indecision Creek. The Indecision Creek camp was at the foot of Mount Chiginagak, elevation 6,800 feet. Around the corner of the mountain from camp were hot springs and reddish snow caused by steam emitting from this dormant volcano. The resulting stream was appropriately named Volcano Creek.

Several Alaska brown bears were seen at the Indecision Creek spike camp, and rifles were kept in the tents as a precaution. It should be noted that all our guides carried rifles to protect our bowhunters from the bears in the area and from any unanticipated reactions from the moose we hunted. There is little margin for error when one is faced with an 8- to 10-foot, 1,000-pound brown bear. A point of interest is that Fred Bear's world record Alaska brown bear taken in 1960 was shot in this same general area. Bear season was not open while we were in the area.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1983:

My guide, Bobby Deigh, was Mike Cusak's guide when he downed his world record moose with bow and arrow in 1973. It had a 74-inch spread and still ranks #1 as I write these field notes. We saw the bull on display in the Anchorage airport on our way down. Bobby was born and raised in Egegik, and he was my guide on two occasions during the hunt.

Rich took Roy out this morning after moose, and Ralph took Dallas. Ralph is sometimes called "Yukon" by the other guides. Denny flew in to camp with some friends of his that had been hunting caribou on a nearby mountain—noted bowhunter, Art Laha, and Ken Pagel, a road builder friend of his from Wisconsin. Ken had gotten a nice caribou, and Denny brought the antlers back tied to the struts of his Super Cub.

NOTE: Although I didn't put this in my published field notes of this trip, I later flew up with Denny to where Art and Ken had been hunting to pick up Ken's caribou meat. Imagine my surprise when we got up above the side of the mountain, spotted the caribou stashed below us and Denny simply circled around a bit until he found a small opening on the side of the mountain and he slipped and slid that little Super Cub right down to a bumpy landing. We then loaded the caribou quarters into the plane and took off. What a huge thrill. These bush pilots can land and take off almost anywhere. Don't remember if I've mentioned the large soft tires these planes have on them just for this purpose.

Later in the morning, Denny and I in one plane, and Fred and Ken in another flew through the mountain pass over to Wide Bay. We had a bit of trouble with the radios on the way over, so we landed on the Pacific beach while the pilots fixed the problem. Fred and I stole over to try to shoot some movie footage of caribou we had flown over. No luck. We had also seen a brown bear and two cubs fishing for salmon farther up the stream from where we landed and I again tried for movie footage. Since this was close to where Fred had shot his famous "Big Brownie," I took some stills and footage of him glassing and walking in the area. The skeleton of an old, beached boat added a nice touch to the driftwood-littered beach.

After takeoff we circled Wide Bay and then headed up the peninsula to Egegik. Denny and I flew farther to the east than Fred and Ken and spotted thousands of salmon at the narrows between Upper and Lower Ugashik Lakes. I filmed Egegik from the air before we landed. It is very convenient having these Super Cubs for filming. The only thing that would be better would be small helicopters, but I understand they are illegal for hunting camps.

While on the ground in Egegik, Fred, Denny, Ken and I walked around the Japanese cannery there, now closed for the season. Our guide, Ralph, is winterman for another cannery across the river. We met Dick Deigh, Bobby's brother, who runs the small grocery store in Egegik. Egegik has a winter population of about 90 people. There was a great deal of oil exploration equipment parked on the cannery dock. There is a larger untapped reservoir of oil in this area than was found on the North Slope, according to what we heard.

Another interesting feature of Egegik was the Russian Orthodox graveyard next to where we landed. It is to be remembered that Russia once owned Alaska, and a Russian-style onion-shaped church steeple could also be seen.

On our flight back to camp, Denny and I flew over hundreds of migrating caribou, and he landed me on several dry lake beds so that I could try for movie footage. At one stop we filmed a caribou with unbelievable antlers. It was several hundred yards away and moving away from us when I filmed it. All in all we covered about 250 air miles on our filming flight this day.

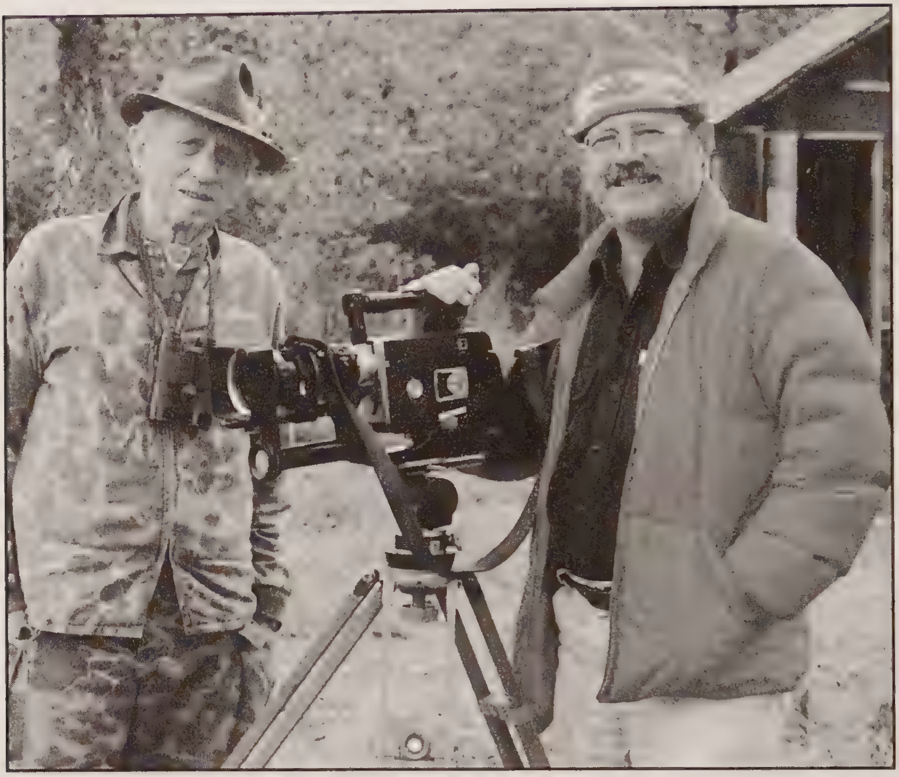
SEPTEMBER 13, 1983:

Today I went hunting with Yukon and Dallas. Rich and Roy headed out with us and we split up when we reached an area where the boys had seen moose the day before. In order to get there, we walked down river for about a mile and then cut across the soggy bogs and alders, walked precariously across the top of a long beaver dam and finally reached a stand of cottonwoods. Suddenly, a good-sized moose stood in a clearing! I was on the left flank, Yukon in the middle and Dallas at the right. Dallas was nearest to the critter and got a shot off without scoring. The moose did not wait around for another.

We hunted up the woods on the slope of Gob Hill, and while Yukon and I circled some alders on one side, Dallas went the other way. A cow moose crossed our field of vision 100 yards away, and we stopped, figuring that a bull

Our dealer guests stayed in this 16′ x 32′ cabin that also doubled as the cook shack. Here our outfitter's wife, Mary Oldham, serves up some grub. Left to right: Pat Kennedy (Bass Pro Shops, Springfield, MO), Mary Oldham, Fred, Roy Rohel (Tri-State True Value, Sussex, NJ), Dallas Miller (Bartow, PA), and Bob Morgan (Bob's Sporting Goods, Biscoe, NC).

might be close behind her. Sure enough, as we crouched in the alders, a medium-sized bull wandered out of the cottonwoods, across an opening, following her trail. Yukon motioned for me to go after him, that he would back me up with his rifle. My immediate reaction was similar to that of hunting the white-tailed deer. The blood rushed to my head and ears, and I was sure the ungainly beast would hear the surge of adrenaline through my body. I did not want to foul-up with Yukon watching and with another bowhunter about to appear around the alder thicket. After all, I work for the company that makes these bows and arrows, so I must be an expert. Not wishing to reveal my true abilities, I slowly worked my way toward the moose while at the same time trying to decide whether or not he met the 50-inch legal spread requirement. This is not a practical rule for bowhunters, in my opinion, and would be similar to limiting bowhunters to shoot only 10-point bucks in Michigan. Nevertheless, that



I include this photo to show you the 16mm camera that Fred designed and used on all of his early hunts. It had a gunstock look to it and was very comfortable to shoot. I used it for a number of years and then turned it over to The Fred Bear Museum when I retired from Bear Archery. Fred had built a sturdy carrying box to contain it and film on his many hunts. In those days he did all his own filming, simply handing the camera to one of his hunting companions to take the shots in which he would appear.

is the law that we must follow in this hunting area of Alaska.

Something alerted the moose to my presence. No doubt it was noise from my hip boots. At any rate, at a distance of about 50 yards the moose stopped and looked my way. I froze in mid-step, half-hidden behind some alders. The moose, being the largest of the deer species, has also inherited one of the whitetail's tricks. He stared at me for a moment, not sure I was there, then looked slowly away. Just about the time I was sure it was all right to sneak a few more steps closer, he would suddenly look my way again. I have played this game before with whitetails and seldom won. Once in Michigan one kept me pinned down for several minutes from about 30 feet away before quickly squatting, spinning and leaping away.

The moose at this distance was an awesome sight. I suddenly realized it as the moment of truth, when either my skill or the moose's would win out, and I knew that I was at a definite disadvantage. I began to have serious reservations about the size of the moose's antlers. Trying to gauge 50 inches while at the same time trying to outwit a creature standing 7 feet high at the shoulders and possibly 10 feet high when the antlers are taken into consideration is more than a little difficult. These Alaskan moose are the largest of all and weigh anywhere from 900 to 1,800 pounds. They are a most impressive animal.

The moose and I played our stare-sneak game until I was up to about 75 feet. It was then that I heard a soft whistle behind me. My guide was warning me that the moose's rack was too small at just about the same time that I was reaching the same conclusion. So the chase was broken off, and I quietly watched the moose eyeing me for a few more moments before standing and revealing myself. Mr. Moose departed rather quickly, unwilling to take further chances with this strange-smelling apparition, even though nothing in my memory smells quite so badly as moose in rut. His reaction was justified, however, and I have left one important detail out of my recounting of this sneak attack.

All my life I have been fascinated by Alaska and have read just about every book there is on arctic explorers and Eskimo life. All reveal the terrific cold of the region. So it was quite natural that I would take two sets of longjohns along in my duffel for this adventure. And once in Anchorage I began to worry that if I got wet I might not have enough long underwear, so, naturally, I bought another set.

Now one does not arrive in an Alaskan hunting camp with three pairs of secreted long johns without putting at least one of them on, right? So on the morning of this sneak attack on the moose I had worn my new longjohns.

This would have been most appropriate if the temperature had been in the 30s or even the 40s, but on the day in question the temperature rose as did the sun and our degree of exertion fighting through the alder thickets and swampy bogs. By the time we were halfway to the moose grounds, my glasses were steamed up and they stayed that way all day, especially once the sun warmed the countryside into the 60s. By the time I sneaked on my moose, I had already perched my glasses down on the end of my nose for this most critical part of the hunt.

Anyone who has ever worn glasses will know the blurry moose I saw in front of me. But one does not lose face with Alaskan hunting guides or moose by calling for time-out during the closing moments of a sneak. Nevertheless, Fred had often told me always to have an excuse ready before I go afield each day and I had already decided that this was to have been mine if I had shot a poor arrow. But the excuse was not necessary. Needless to say, I did not wear long johns for the rest of the trip.

The rest of the day's hunt went smoothly and, although we did not loose any arrows, we did keep running into the same underage moose and his lady friend all afternoon. And it was usually in alder thickets between stands of cottonwoods. It is very difficult to hunt in an area like this. The alders seem to reach up and grab your feet as you try to quietly power your way through them. I fell at least three times, but felt better when Yukon did likewise at least twice. He was much younger and built like a linebacker for the Pittsburgh Steelers, so I concluded that age and strength have little to do with fighting alder thickets. It made me feel less like a city boy.

We saw the first of what would be many rainbows during our stay on our way back to camp, the result of a gentle shower moving down our valley.

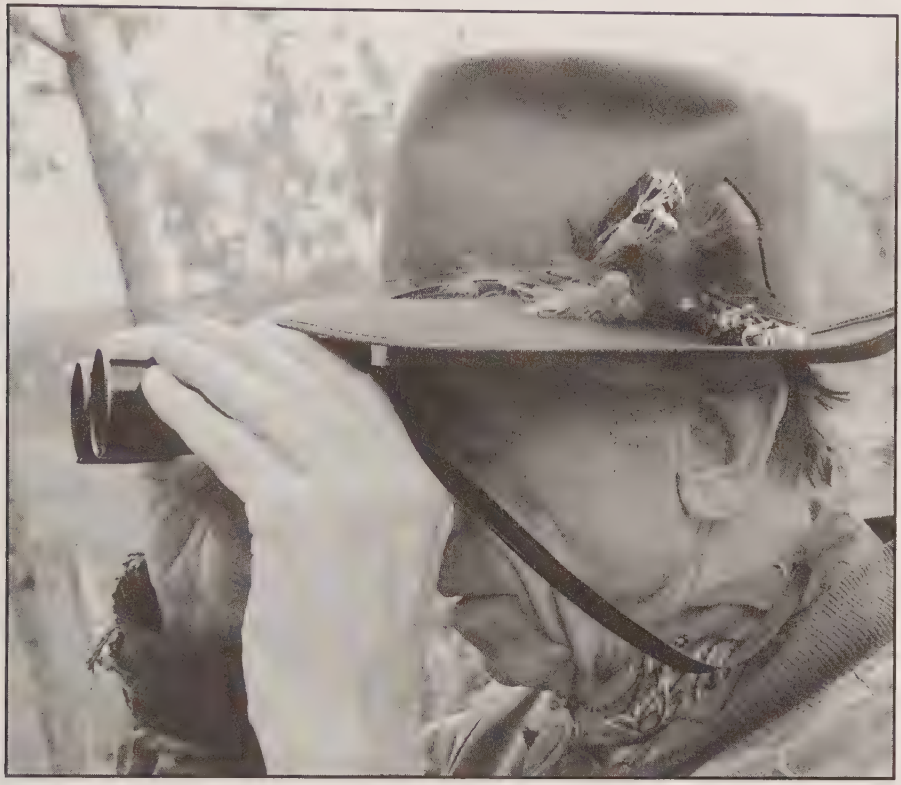
NOTE: This was not in my original field notes, but on this day when I had come close to getting a shot at the moose, I had had severe chest pains on the long walk back to camp through the marshy tundra and bogs in those darn hipboots, with the ground trying to suck my boots off with almost every step. This was the first time this had happened to me, and I suspected it might be some kind of heart trouble. My grandmother Lattimer had a heart attack at the age of 49, and I was 48 at the time of this hunt. I didn't tell anyone about this episode that day, not even Fred in the privacy of our small shack that evening. I didn't want to have to leave the hunt or ruin it for the other guys. How many guys have died because they hid the same kind of thing on a hunt? A really stupid thing to do. A little over a year after this hunt, after having another severe bout of chest pains, I underwent some testing, was diagnosed with coronary artery disease, and was enrolled in cardiac rehab. Now 20 years later I am still getting along fine on medication.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1983 (WEDNESDAY)

Fred and I fished for Arctic Char in the morning until one of the boys spotted a moose crossing downriver from our camp. It was a favorite pastime of some of the guides to sit on the top of the hill next to camp and glass for game. Bobby Deigh with his backup rifle, and I, with my bow, headed out in pursuit and spent several pleasant hours together hunting along the gravel bars downstream. We found where the moose had crossed the gravel bar and then the main channel of the river, but after a trip farther downstream we could not locate a crossing that was not above our hipboots. We did, however, locate a winter-kill moose skull and spinal column that I will try to lug back to the "Lower 48."

Bobby opened up during our walk and told me quite a lot about hunting brown bears in the area and also about the wolves and small game. A most interesting interlude for me. I like Bobby very much. We are a great deal alike, neither of us says much, unless we are in a one-on-one situation and have something to say.

Spent the afternoon fishing and taking photographs. Caught a lot of Arctic



Fred glassing for moose and caribou. He always decorated his trademark Borsalino hunting hat during a hunt. The white flower shown here was one of his favorites, pearly everlasting. I have it planted in my garden in his memory. It is a perennial.

Char, all released. They fight like brown trout in my estimation and are great fun to play. They stay deep as they fight and do not dance along the surface. Another storm blew down the valley and we began to see more rainbows.

Denny flew out to the spike camp at Indecision Creek and brought Bob and Pat back to camp. Although they were only two valleys away, it had rained a great deal more where they were than it did at the main camp. They even had to cook in their small two-man tents. Karl is still at Wide Bay, and when the weather off the Pacific clears, one of our pilots will go over to check on them.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1984:

Pat has to leave tomorrow, so both he and Dallas became "defectors" and decided to use rifles to try for moose today. It was a miserable day for both photography and fishing because of the rain and gale-like winds that swept down the valley from off the glaciers and mountains. Very cold.

I finally decided to make lemonade out of the lemons the weather was throwing our way and spent the afternoon in the main cabin taking both still-life and people photographs. Some very interesting things caught my eye in the cabin, such as oil for the aircraft warming on the oil stove in an old iron skillet under drying hip boots and longjohns with a Super Cub aircraft seen through the window. Almost everywhere I look up here there is a picture begging to be taken.

After supper I caught a nice Arctic Char, and Art Laha skinned it out and salted it for me to take home to the taxidermist. These fish are real beauties, with red bellies, hooked lips and pink spots on a shiny silver upper body.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1983:

I shot movie footage of the boys preparing to go hunting and followed Bob and Tom upriver a ways as they headed up toward the glacier at dawn to hunt. The light was very low, but I hope to have gotten a nice scene or two. The temperature dropped last night, and the puddles around camp froze. Shot some interesting footage of Bobby and Denny deicing their Super Cubs.

Our hilltop command post spotted another moose up the valley and over on the slope of Gob Hill. Since this was Pat's last crack at getting something before the bush pilot was to arrive to fly him back out, he and Randy hurried into their hip boots, gathered up their rifles and headed out of camp. The rest of us retired to 50-yard-line seats on the top of our hill to watch the drama unfold.

They closed to within about 100 yards of the moose as he ambled down the mountainside before losing him in the alders just as they were about ready to take a shot. The score was Moose 1, Hunters 0. The sound of an incoming aircraft brought the chase to a close, and Pat hurried back to catch his flight out. Ed King brought in our missing film pack when he landed, and I breathed a huge sigh of relief.

I talked Randy into volunteering to serve as a bowhunter model for me and spent the entire afternoon shooting stills and movie footage of him using a Bear take-down bow. We have a great need for fresh material in this regard for use not only in our catalog and posters, but also in answer to requests we get from editors and outdoor writers across the country.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1983:

The weather was bad again today, and I couldn't take pics. So Fred and I fished off and on all day between naps and meals. It would not be difficult to adjust to this life, and I would very much like to spend a winter alone in this cabin with just the critters, the valley and a typewriter for company.

As the sun set, we began to worry about Bob Morgan and his guide, Ralph (Yukon). They had been up the river since dawn chasing a moose that they had seen the day before and should have been back long before nightfall. There was

Fred with Bob Morgan and Bob's moose taken during our hunt. Bob was a pleasure to have in camp with us. He owned Bob's Sporting Goods in Biscoe, North Carolina. Our hunters accounted for four moose and two caribou during the hunt. And, as a sales promotion, our year-long "Hunt With Fred Bear in Alaska" was also very successful and increased our Bear Archery sales $3.5 million in 1982 and got us 832 new dealers.

even talk of setting a fire in a 5-gallon can out on the gravel bar to help guide them back to camp, but Ken was afraid this might confuse them as they picked their way downstream in the dark. There were many quick glances upriver by many of us as darkness fell.

Finally they showed up with the exciting news that Bob had downed his moose with his Bear bow that morning three miles upriver. They had spent the day dressing out the moose, quartering it and packing it out to the gravel bar so that it could be picked up the next day by one of the pilots and brought back to camp. There was much jubilation in camp at Bob's achievement, and more than one libation was drunk in his honor, the guides and I seem to remember that we even toasted the moose.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1983:

Bad gale-force wind all night again and rain. Mary is very worried about the planes, and the boys are beginning to transfer them over to the emergency strip in the alders each night. This requires a takeoff in order to cross the meandering stream and gravel bar.

I spent most of the day taking stills and movies of Yukon with a Jennings Forked Lightning bow and Bob Morgan with his Bear Specialist Hunter. Used much film.

I flew up to the base of the glacier with Denny to pick up the moose quarters. After loading it aboard, there wasn't any room for me, so I stayed there and shot some footage and stills while the meat was ferried back to camp. It was a bit of a lonely feeling, and I felt very much a part of the environment and very transitory measured against the age of the glacier and its mountain above me. Noticed that the rocks on the gravel bar up here closer to the glaciers almost all have lichen on them. I was also very much aware that I was standing alone in bear country armed only with cameras. Felt a bit like the low-man on the food chain at that point. Needless to say, I kept watching for the bush plane. It finally appeared as a tiny speck way off and finally grew larger and larger. What a relief not to have to try to walk back to camp on my own.

A delicious meal of caribou and Alaskan cabbage was waiting for us after I was picked up and arrived back at camp.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1983:

Fred made an interesting comment to one of the fellows that all bowhunters should keep in mind, and I was surprised to hear him say it after all of the years he has shot the bow and so I jotted it in my field notes. It was, "I still have to talk to myself everytime I shoot an arrow ... to remember to pick a spot."

I spent all morning shooting stills and movie footage, first of Fred, and then of Fred and Bob Morgan. (I used one of these photos of Fred and Bob on the cover of our 1985 Bear Archery catalog.)

After a lunch of leftover caribou and cabbage, I flew over to Indecision Creek with Denny to the spike camp there. When we arrived, we learned that Dallas had shot both a moose and a caribou and that Roy had gotten a moose as well. Dallas' measured 60" and Roy's 57½." They were packing it into camp as we arrived.

I cannot hunt until morning due to the Alaskan law covering no hunting on the same day as flying. So I spent the late afternoon taking photographs of the area. The tundra is fascinating up close, and I gave the 50mm lens a real workout.

It began raining toward sundown, and Bobby Deigh and I crawled into our small two-man tent at 7:30 p.m. A bit early to go to sleep. I should add that we were camped about 100 yards up off the tundra in the alders out of the wind. Our location is on the east side of the Indecision Creek valley, and about eight miles from Mother Goose Lake that can be seen in the distance rising up out of the valley floor like a desert mirage.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1983:

It rained all night, but we were snug in our two-man tent. Once out of the tent in the morning, though, and we were immediately wet-through. Bobby and I and Rich and Roy hunted down Indecision Creek to a mound rising up out of the valley floor about a mile from our camp to glass for game. The wind and rain really picked up while we were there, and the only caribou we spotted were way off to the right up near where the guys had spotted a brown bear the day before. Rich had barked at him to scare him off, but was not anxious to run into the critter again. Nevertheless, he and Roy set off in the downpour to try to intercept the rapidly migrating caribou, but by the time they arrived at where the caribou should have been they had disappeared. Bobby and I headed back to camp, our wet feet squishing all the way. We spotted brown bear, wolf, caribou and moose scat on the way.

In a little while we were picked up and flown back to Rainbow Valley, by now I was thinking of it as that, what with all the many rainbows we had seen during our stay. That seemed a more appropriate name than the Upper Dog Salmon River Valley.

When we arrived back in camp we learned that Karl had flown in from Wide Bay the day before while we were gone and had walked upriver this morning and finally connected on a moose with his Bear Delta-V bow. So the final score for our hunt was four moose (two bow, two gun) and two caribou (one bow, one gun).

We had some of Bob Morgan's moose loins for dinner after packing most of our gear for our start home the next morning, mixed with lots of laughs after dinner. The moose tasted just like the finest beef steak.

SEPTEMBER 21, 1983:

Spent part of the morning shooting stills and movies of the boys packing up their antlers for the trip home, and then Denny gave me the thrill of a lifetime by flying me up over the glaciers in his Super Cub so I could take movie footage with the door open. I realized as I shot the footage that only my seat belt was holding me in as he turned the small plane on its side so I could get a better shot. But it was great fun, and one of the highlights of my entire trip. As advertised, the ice is really blue in a glacier. We set down on the gravel bar up there as well and shot some ground-level stuff. I could get addicted to this Super Cub business in short order. I have always enjoyed flying, but this is really something extraordinary.

Filmed the boys leaving camp by plane and Fred, Dallas and I were picked up as the last group out by Ed King in his Cessna 180 and flown back to King Salmon for our connecting Wien Air Alaska flight back up to Anchorage.

It was a real madhouse at the King Salmon airport, and when our Wien 737 arrived, it was carrying a load of pipe and some pallets that had to be offloaded before we could board. We had flown in three very different aircraft during the day. From a fabric covered bush plane to the most modern of jets.

Upon arriving in Anchorage we arranged to check our 23 pieces of gear and all the racks in ahead of time. While we were doing that, Ted Nugent, the rock star, stopped by and said hello. Ted is a bowhunter and friend of Fred's and mine. Ted had hoped to get to our camp to visit while he was hunting, but his hunt had turned sour and we made plans for him to hunt with us at Grousehaven in Michigan in another month or so.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1983:

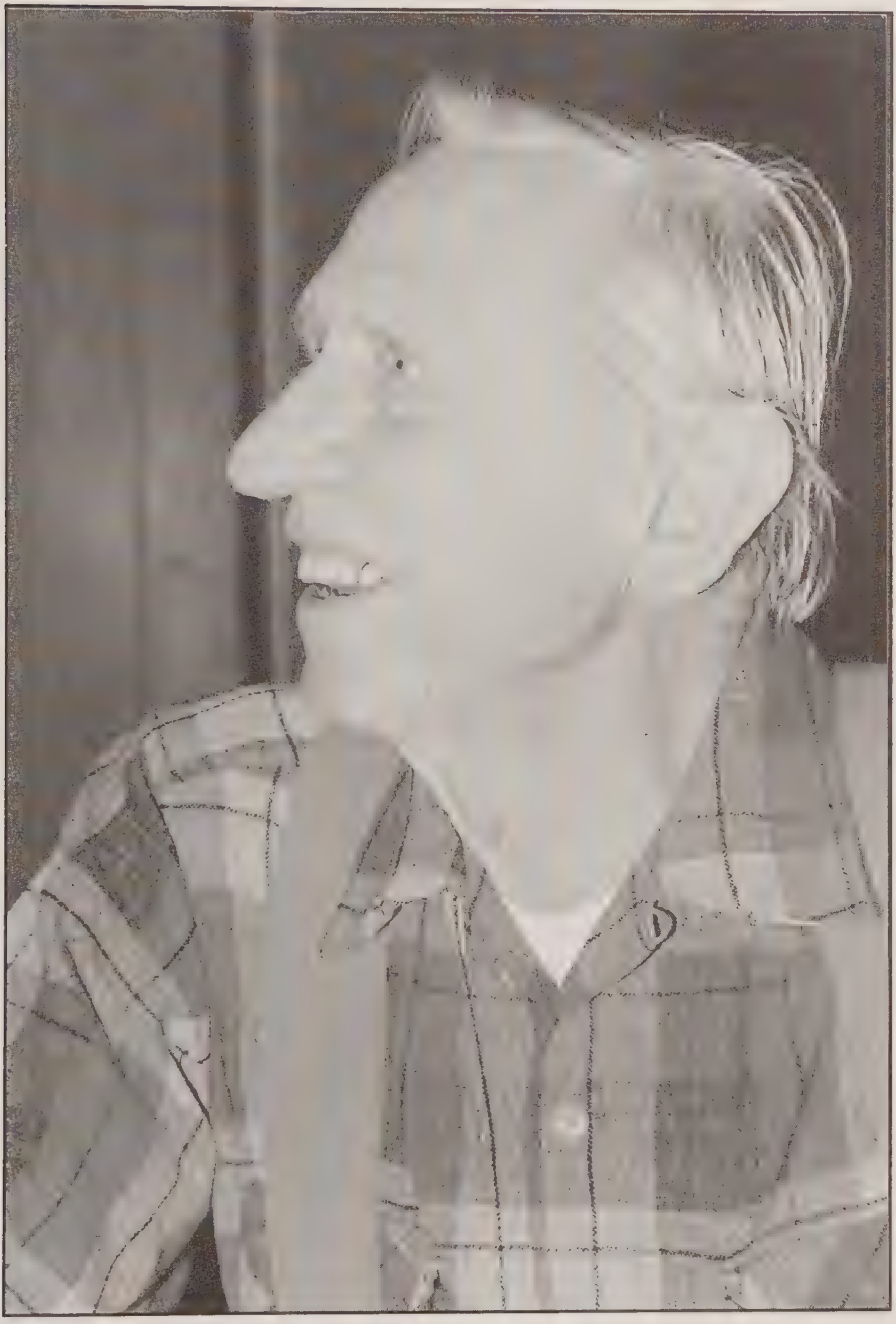
After another wonderful night at the Captain Cook Hotel where there was modern plumbing and hot showers, we all flew from Anchorage to Seattle with a beautiful view of the city as we arrived. Our connecting flight to Chicago was cancelled, and it became necessary for us to fly down to Los Angeles in order to get a flight over to Chicago the same day.

The only benefit of this change in plans was that our flight took us right over Mount St. Helens, and we got a fantastic look down into the crater and could realize the awesome destruction that occurred when she blew.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1983:

Fred and I arrived back in Orlando on schedule with all of our luggage. Our friend from Bear Archery, Pat Wiseman, picked us up at the airport and drove us to Gainesville.

All of the temporary residents of Rainbow Valley were in agreement that this was, indeed, the "hunt of a lifetime."



A happy Papa Bear talking to his bowhunters.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

PAPA BEAR'S FINAL DAYS

The last time I saw Fred was the evening before he died in Shands Teaching Hospital at the University of Florida in Gainesville. I had been visiting him daily during his final stay in the hospital, and he was almost totally lucid each time. His tired old heart and lungs were just finally giving out on him after carrying him over so many mountain ranges after goats and sheep, and through woodlands after his beloved white-tailed deer that he claimed were the toughest critter he had ever hunted. His heart had beat fiercely in his chest as he climbed the mountain to shoot his world record Stone Sheep that he always told me was his favorite trophy due to the difficulty of the hunt and the final shot.

Most people did not know that Fred had a serious lung deficiency from his childhood, and that he never let that keep him down. Somewhat in the tradition of the sickly young Teddy Roosevelt who went on to practice and preach the strenuous life. TR, I might add, was one of Fred's heroes. He and I both always tried to follow TR's admonition to "Do the best you can ... and do it all the time!"

Mrs. Bear was also there that last visit. As usual, we laughed and joked and talked about the business and personal things. As we did, Mrs. B was massaging his swollen feet to try to give him some relief. He was retaining fluids and was pretty uncomfortable, but he would not give in to his condition.

I had been putting the finishing touches on the photos and captions for his biography that we had been working on for so many years. I took one of the photos along to show to Fred because I needed help identifying the people in the photo. He remembered exactly where the photo was taken and who was in the picture with him. He was pretty sharp most of the time until the very end. He and I had been concerned about some things going on at work and we had talked about them a great deal those final days. Mrs. B told us to quit worrying about it. The last couple of days Fred tried to get around her by talking to me in a sort of a code about the various people involved and what we had been trying to do. She saw through that quickly, but let us get away with it one last time, shaking her head and giving us both a disgusted look as we jabbered away.

A BID FOR BEAR

Basically, the issue revolved around our desire to recapture control of Bear

If bowhunting was Papa Bear's first love, flyfishing was not far behind. Here he is one late afternoon when we were trying to trick the wary brown trout into slurping one of our flies. Shot in the Grayling, Michigan, area where I took his ashes so that he would always be alongside his beloved trout stream.

Archery. We both were extremely unhappy with the series of events under various corporate owners in recent years. We knew that they were driving the company into the ground by trying to squeeze out every last nickel of profit. They were killing the very thing that had built Bear Archery—a strong promotional base and the loyalty and strength of its very experienced staff, salesmen and dealer body.

I had approached Howard Bruns, then president of the Sporting Goods Manufacturers Association in North Palm Beach, about the possibility of getting a group together to purchase Bear Archery. Howard and I knew one another from his days as an executive with the Victor Comptometer Corporation's Recreational Products Group in Chicago. These were the folks that Fred and his partners, Dick Mauch, Ken Knickerbocker and Bob Munger sold Bear Archery to in the mid-1960's. The Recreational Products Group included Bear Archery, Daisy Air Rifles, Heddon Fishing Tackle, Victor Golf, Nissan Gym Equipment and Ertl Toys.

I had prepared some umbrella advertising material for Howard when he worked at Victor, and we had always liked one another. As a matter of fact, Howard had at one time tried to convince me to come to work with him at the SGMA helping to run the Athletic Institute. When I met with him in the Tampa area on SGMA business he was excited about the possibility of our getting hold of Bear Archery again and setting it back on track. So he went to work on the financial end of it. When I told Fred about my conversations with Howard he was excited and immediately set about trying to figure out how to approach our corporate owners up in New Jersey. At that point, he asked me to take a low profile in the effort in case the negotiations didn't work out. He didn't want my future with the company to be in danger if things went awry. He knew they weren't about to fire him over the deal.

About two weeks before Fred died, he stepped into my office to chew the fat as he usually did several times a day. He simply told me that he was going "turkey hunting" the next day and would be gone for a couple of days. He and I had turkey hunted on the huge Mormon Ranch south of Orlando previously, and I assumed he was driving down there again. I was a bit disappointed that he didn't invite me to go along.

In truth, he boarded a train with his stepdaughter, Julia Kroll, lugging his oxygen supply, on his way to New Jersey for a secret meeting with our corporate owners. I was not at that meeting and can only report that he told me over and over again after he got back that he was not successful in his offer to buy back his company. He was totally exhausted and discouraged after his return from this strenuous and emotionally draining trip. After a day or so at home, he was admitted to the hospital and never left it alive.

FAILING, BUT FIGHTING

Fred entered the hospital for the last time on April 1, 1988. It was Good Friday. Mrs. B called me as soon as he was admitted, and I ran up to the hospital to see him. I also went up to see him the next day and the next. On Monday the 4th he was in intensive care, and I was able to get in twice to see him thanks to the fact that Mrs. B told the supervisory nurses that I was family. On the 5th I sat with him in the ICU as he ate supper sitting up in a chair. An encouraging sign. On the 6th, he was still in ICU and when I saw him I noted in my small daily diary that he did not look good. By Sunday, the 10th, he had another setback. The following day when I went to see him he was totally out-of-it on medications. By the 13th he was failing fast. The next day I spent most of the afternoon in intensive care with Mrs. B and her daughter, Julia Kroll. Fred took another turn for the worst, and after a long talk with his lung specialist, Dr. Ed Block, I went back to the office and wrote a press release to be used upon his death. Of course, it was the most difficult press release I ever had to write. I also made out a list of the people whom we needed to notify when the inevitable happened.

At noon on the 14th I returned to the hospital and spent most of the afternoon with Fred, Mrs. B and Julia in intensive care. He was once again failing fast. Our astronaut friend, Joe Engle, called to check in on how Fred was doing. Joe was at a Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI) meeting at the time. He was very involved in that for President Ronald Reagan.

On the 15th Fred asked to see me just before I arrived at the hospital, and I spent another four hours with him in ICU. He was still very bad, and they had to shock him today to try to get his heart back into rhythm.

On the 18th I straightened up Fred's office and desk per his instructions. He wanted to be sure his office looked just right after he was gone. He had asked me to do that when I thought the end was near. Our company nurse, Anita Holle, who was another Grayling gal, and I later went up to see him in the hospital. He spoke to me and reached for my hand. After work, Alice and I fixed supper for Mrs. B and the Krolls and took it over to the house for them.

I saw Fred the next day, too, and knew he was not the same. But I did get him to laugh a bit, so the visit was a success. I had always been able to tickle his funny bone and I knew it meant a lot to him. I also spent the day working on the final galleys of the Fred Bear biography. It was eerie for me to be doing this as he lay dying.

On the 21st when I went to see him, our old Bear Archery friends, Jim and Marie Hatfield were also there to visit with him. I read him letters from Audubon author John Mitchell, and its editor Les Line, a bowhunting friend who hunted with us several times at Grousehaven. John Mitchell had written a lot about Fred during his later years. I also read him a note from Rod Lawrence, the outstanding wildlife artist living in the Grayling area who had done the artwork for our "Hunting the Wild Turkey" catalog a few years before. Fred was pleased to hear from them all.

The next day I had a horrible sore throat and didn't go up to see him for fear he'd get infected from it, but on Saturday, the 23rd when I went to see him he was suffering from gout.

On Tuesday the 26th, I spent part of the day with my mother-in-law who suddenly was also failing in another hospital in town and then hurried over to Shands Hospital to visit Fred for a couple of hours. He, Mrs. B and I talked about Blaney Park in Michigan where they had met back in the 40s and where I had spent time for many summers during my childhood during the same time at nearby Whitefish (South Manistique) Lake.

My relationship with Fred and Mrs. B was like that of a son. Fred was 33 years older than I was, Mama Bear about 35. So our talk in that quiet hospital room over those last days was the same as you've probably had with loved ones when they were close to the end. It was loving and comfortable. I was able to make both of them laugh, usually with something self-deprecating that I'd say. I had learned the technique many years before from Fred, who constantly disarmed people by telling stories on himself.

GOODBYE, PAPA BEAR

As I left his hospital room that last night, I told him I'd be back up the next day on my lunch hour. I had the strongest urge to kiss him on his forehead as I did with my own father when he took his final breath several years before, but for some reason I did not do it. I was afraid to signal to Fred that I thought the end was near and I did not want to put that thought into his head. While our relationship was extremely warm, the extent of our physical touching had always just been handshakes and sometimes a pat on the back when I'd done something he especially liked. Then he'd do it and say, "You're a good man, Dick." That was his ultimate compliment, and I'd feel 10 feet tall for days afterward.

The next morning, April 27th, I was busy as usual in my office in the southeast corner of the Bear Archery building when I received a call from Julia. She told me we had just lost "PB," the family's pet name for Papa Bear. Needless to say, I was stunned and totally shocked. I could barely breathe. I had expected to leave to go up to see him in just a couple of minutes. My initial thought had been that I didn't even get to say "goodbye," but, of course, that was exactly what I had been doing during all those melancholy visits to the hospital, and I'm sure Fred knew that.

I immediately drove over and spent time alone with Mrs. B for quite awhile holding her hand as she lay grieving on a bed in Julia and Chuck's house. I stayed with them until their Episcopal priest came to discuss the funeral arrangements. They then asked me to stay and take part in making the plans. I also called the *Gainesville Sun* to notify them of Fred's death and also began calling some of his celebrity friends around the country at the newspaper's request for quotes about Fred for their coverage.

On the 28th I spent a great deal of time with Mrs. B and Julia making more decisions about his funeral service. I also called another long list of Fred's old friends that he had given me near the end and asked me to call upon his passing. It was a very sad thing to have to do to notify them all of his death. I also went to the newspaper regarding his obituary.

The official causes of death on Fred's death certificate were listed as ventricular arrhythmia, congestive heart failure, and chronic obstructive pulmonary disease.

Friday, the 29th, was spent making calls about his memorial service. I went to the church to check it out for Mrs. B for the service and for parking for the mourners. Astronaut Joe Engle called as soon as he returned to the U.S. from his assignment with the Australian space agency. He said he would get to Gainesville just as soon as he could.

EULOGIZING THE LEGEND

Saturday the 30th I wrote my eulogy to be delivered at Fred's funeral. And on Sunday I picked up Joe Engle at the airport. He stayed overnight at our house, and early the next morning he and I sat at our dining room table and worked on what we'd say at Fred's service later that same morning. Joe, Frank Scott and I did the eulogies. Mrs. B had asked me to handle this end of it, and I thought that Fred's "three adopted sons" should do this for him at the service. I also should have asked Dick Mauch, Fred's "fourth adopted son" to also say something, but just didn't think of it until later. Dick was still enroute from Bassett, Nebraska at the time I was helping put together Fred's memorial service.

One of the most touching moments of the entire service for me was when the Episcopal priest asked me to escort Ms. B out of the church to lead the mourners out following the end of the service. She took my arm, and we slowly left the sanctuary.

Needless to say, the church was packed with friends, employees and townspeople. Glenn St. Charles, one of Fred's oldest friends, even flew in from Seattle. Here are the eulogies that Joe, Scotty and I delivered to the assembled mourners. It was May 2, 1988.

Eulogy by Brigadier General Joe Engle
Retired Astronaut, Commander of
Space Shuttles Columbia, Discovery & Enterprise

What do you say about Fred Bear? What do you say about the mountains, the streams, the wildlife, the whole outdoors? All those things that defy description with mere words. My dad died in 1966, and I met Fred a couple of years later. Fred filled a big void in my life. Like Dick, and I suspect like so many others, Fred became my adopted dad. And he knew it and he accepted it.

Fred was a very humble person. He'd get embarrassed anytime you gave him any well-deserved praise or recognition. So Fred, why don't I just say thanks—thanks for sharing your precious time with us—for sharing your invaluable thoughts and experiences—thanks for teaching us to be unselfish, to be kind, and above all to be honest. You showed us that to be successful in life is to be respected. I saw you swallow your pride and bite your tongue, but you never gave up your integrity. You taught us that a man's word, that his handshake, was worth more than any legal document that we've ever come up with. And in your magic way you got us all involved in the outdoors so we saw the importance of living in harmony with our natural resources and with our wildlife, to respect them and to love them.

We're going to hang up your bow Fred, but we won't hang up what you taught us. Every time we go into the woods, you'll go with us. We'll treat the outdoors and its inhabitants with the love and respect that you taught us. Every day we'll live our lives better because of you.

You've been held up a bit Fred, with that oxygen cart. I know there were some mountains a little too steep to climb, some trees a little too tricky to get up into, some streams a little too deep and swift to cross.

But, by God—no more.

You can go with us everywhere now. We won't climb a mountain, we won't build a campfire, we won't tell a story, or draw an arrow that you're not there with us. Thanks for showing us all of this.

Henrietta, thanks for sharing your Fred with us. And Lord, thanks for giving us Fred. Take good care of him, Lord. Give him his bow, his fly rod. Give him your best mountain, your best trout stream, give him your best campsite...because he always did this for us. And Fred, as you wrote on our bows, and told us so many times as you sent us off on our adventures ... from all of us ... Happy Hunting, Fred Bear."

Eulogy by Frank Scott
Director, The Fred Bear Museum

I have the honor of sharing some feelings and experiences about this very special man that we lovingly remember in our hearts today, Fred Bear.

It has often been said that each of us means different things to different people and we will be remembered for different reasons by different people.

To some, Fred will be remembered as a self-made man, an industrialist who, starting with little more than a dream, strong desire and determination, created a company that provided employment for hundreds and recreation and enjoyment for millions.

In the process of creating Bear Archery he unselfishly shared his experience, knowledge and encouraged other members of our infant archery industry. He did this with the knowledge and confidence that everyone could benefit.

To others Mr. Bear will be remembered as an inventor. Inventions that changed an industry and again, he willingly shared with others for the benefit of all.

He will be remembered as a conservationist and ecologist, who was concerned about our natural resources and environment long before it was a popular crusade.

Some of us will remember Fred as an outdoorsman, a hunter, fisherman, and, especially, a bowhunter whose success and the promotion of this success encouraged millions of people to try this most challenging of sports. A bowhunter who became a legend and a role model for all of us.

While he was many things to many people, there is one thing he was to all of us and one that we all shared in common, and one that perhaps we never even thought about.

Fred was above all else “a teacher” and he taught us many things.

He taught us to hunt, but to hunt for the right reasons. To hunt with respect for the game we hunt and to respect the land upon which we tread.

He taught us that the success of the hunt should not always be measured by the fullness of the game bag, but by the life-long friendships made and treasured and the lessons learned by becoming one with nature.

He taught us to be industrious and to take pride in the products we produce.

He taught us there are many ways to do a job, but there is only one right way and to always look for this right way.

He taught us to be honest in our dealings with others, but most of all to be honest with ourselves. We can often fool others but we can never fool ourselves.

He taught us to honor our commitments, both business and personal, because honor is our most valuable asset and without it we are nothing.

He taught us to laugh, and most of all, to be able to laugh at ourselves.

To look for the humor in life because it often makes difficult things easier to handle.

He taught us to lead and manage. He stated to me at one time to always remember we lead people and we manage things. The wisdom of the supervisor is measured by the ability to know which is which.

He taught us that salesmanship and sales integrity is a company's most valuable asset. To give good value for good value received and that a salesman in the field is the company as far as the customer is concerned and it is here that a company's image is admired or destroyed.

Fred was proud of Bear Archery and all that went on within it and the Bear Archery sales force was always Fred's pride and joy, except for an occasion that I was involved in. In the early days I was the only salesman we had and a lot was riding on me. If I didn't write the orders, they didn't get written. I came back to the office after a week on the road without an order in my briefcase. I was totally demoralized. Fred asked me how I made out. My answer was "Fred, I tried. I would lead the horse to water, but I couldn't make him drink." His reply was that, "There were two things wrong. Number one, we don't call our dealers horses, and number two, as a salesman, it is not your job to make the horse drink. It is your job to make him thirsty." In that one sentence he summed up the complete philosophy of salesmanship. That sentence changed my life.

He taught us to share. To share our friendship and love.

Dear Mrs. Bear, we pray that by our sharing your grief and by our sharing our love with you and your family it will make this time easier to endure. May God bless you all.

In the past I have worn this bolo tie as a symbol of Bear Archery. From this day forward I will wear it in honor of and in memory of Fred, my friend of 48 years.

Each of us will have our very own memory of something that happened that will keep Fred in our thoughts. A special place or special time that will remind us of the fine man that he was.

I will use a quotation from a man that Fred greatly admired and was greatly influenced by. Although I don't think they ever met. That man was Ishi, the last member of the Yana Indian tribe in northern California. In the Yana or Yahe language there were no words for goodbye. Ishi would simply say "You go—I stay." So to you our dear friend Fred, we say to you—"You go—we stay." And by the grace of God we will meet again in a happy place where the environment will be pure and our joys will be boundless and our game bag will overflow with happiness and love."

Eulogy by Dick Lattimer
Bear Archery Advertising Manager,
National Director,
The Fred Bear Sports Club

It was quiet in the forest.

The final snow of winter had just melted. The arbutus and wild violets were beginning to put on their annual show, and the popples had just begun to burst. Both the birch trees and the maples were starting their rebirth for the year, and the red oaks were finally giving up on winter and deciding to drop their rich brown leaves.

Suddenly the quiet was torn by the plaintive caw of a solitary black crow as it skimmed over the treetops toward the cedar and tamarack swamp. Deep within its soft island mounds, the deer looked up from their daytime beds and wondered at the call. For the crow did not usually come to alert them while the sun was yet high. Along the crystal clear river the otter and the mink also looked up, wondering what had changed. The rose-breasted grosbeaks, the chickadees and the nuthatches all heard the cry.

Finally, all of the creatures of the forest understood. For they knew that the crow had come to tell them of the death of the gentle bear. No longer would his huge soft feet walk down their worn trails. Nor would he pause to look under low-hanging branches at what might lie ahead. And no longer would he move quietly through the forest with such great dignity.

But all of the creatures of the forest soon remembered that it was a time of renewal on the earth. Soon the persistent young bracken fern would work its way up through the forest floor. The Indian paintbrush and the lady slippers would mingle with the wintergreen, and the last few patches of snow would disappear deep within the swamp, leaving behind an occasional tuft of deer hair from their winter beds. Soon the does would drop their fawns on the fragrant new grasses along the stream's edge, and the eagle young would work their way through their protective shells.

Overhead the moon and the stars would continue their pirouette around the universe and star dust would continue each day to fall upon the earth.

But all would remember having seen the bear and watching his slow, but sure, movement through the forest. And all would remember that nothing had changed in the forest and never really would. The wonders of life and death would continue.

This was Fred Bear's world, a world of woodsmoke, pawed acorns, the sweet smell of decaying leaves, the twitch of a deer's tail and ragged birch bark blowing in the wind.

It is said that some men do not walk where the path leads, rather they go where there is no path and leave a trail. Fred Bear was such a man. We shall all miss our Papa Bear."

Mrs. Bear later asked me to hand-letter my eulogy for her which I did and then had it framed. She placed it in their "Gator Room" where she and Fred sat every evening, right next to his chair overlooking Bivens Arm, the small lake their home was located on. It remained there until her death, and I then turned it over to Frank Scott for the Fred Bear Museum when I was helping the family clean out the house. Mrs. B usually sat in Fred's chair after he died because it made her feel closer to him even though he was gone. The last act of a remarkable love story between the two.

Here is how Tom Opre, outdoors editor, the *Detroit Free Press,* wrote about Fred's death in the May 1, 1988 issue of that newspaper the day prior to the funeral.

LEGENDARY FRED BEAR'S AIM ALWAYS WAS TRUE

GRAYLING—I once wrote that the measure of any man is not so much what he does as what he is—inside. By either standard, Fred Bear was a giant.

I say that not so much because Fred was a treasured friend and a boon companion, but because of what Fred believed and said and the way he lived his life. He was truly a gentle man—caring, compassionate and a giving person, not only of his talents but of himself. He was the kind of man you like to see succeed in life. And he did, almost beyond measure, with dedication, sacrifice and perseverance.

Yet, the fact that he was, without question, the best-known bowhunter in history and that he built the world's largest archery tackle company, is only icing on the cake.

Fred died of a heart attack Wednesday in a Gainesville, Fla., hospital. He had been there since a first heart attack nearly a month before—his health and comfort declining steadily. He was 86.

Dick Lattimer, Bear Archery's advertising director and a man to whom Fred was like a father, said he had visited Fred and his wife, Henrietta, in the hospital the night before he died.

"I read a letter to him from an old friend who recalled the early days of bowhunting in Blaney Park (in Michigan's Upper Peninsula). Fred was delighted," Lattimer said. "You know, that's where he and Henrietta first met."

A recent copy of the Michigan DNR magazine was by his bedside, and he and Henrietta and Dick spent several hours reminiscing about Michigan.

"His thoughts were with Michigan at the end, I know," Lattimer said.

Fred's story was a Horatio Alger saga. A nearly penniless worker in the auto plants, Fred became enamored of bows and bowhunting and began making archery tackle in the basement of his Detroit house. Sales were small at first; probably not more than a few hundred hunters used bows. But Fred was convinced that time would make archery and bowhunting one of America's major outdoor sports.

He was so right.

In the 1940s, he and Henrietta moved to Grayling, where the rivers he loved to fish flowed free and unsullied. Summers were spent in a tent on the banks of the Manistee River (at a place still known as Bear's Bend) and winters in a rented house in town, where a fireplace kept away the chill.

Bear Archery grew gradually with the sport of bowhunting. By the 1970s, more than 40 percent of archery tackle sold worldwide was manufactured in Grayling. It was a gut-wrenching experience when, in the mid-1970s, Victor Comptometer (which earlier had bought Fred's company) settled a union dispute by moving the company to Florida. Each summer, though, he and Henrietta returned to Grayling to visit friends and the places they loved.

Today, thanks in no small part to Fred Bear, Michigan fields nearly one-quarter million bowhunters. I won't guess at the nationwide estimate—but there are literally millions.

That's Fred's professional legacy—modern American bowhunting. He was the granddaddy of it all.

But it was along the Au Sable River where Fred and I shared most of our time together. He was a consummate fly fisherman. I remember one evening awaiting the green drake hatch when we both sat on a well-worn log, the mainstream's current gliding softly around our legs.

"I guess there's no place else on this Earth I'd rather be," he mused—this from a man who had been nearly everywhere else on this Earth.

"There's just something about returning here, no matter what famous hunting or fishing mecca I've just come from, that is infinitely more satisfying to me."

He turned to watch an emerging drake drift by. It swirled along a half-sunken log only to disappear into the maw of a waiting brown trout. The disappearance was marked by a noisy slurp.

"A man can come down here for an evening and lose himself," Fred said. "Forget everything. Just merge into the beauty of the place and the skill and concentration it takes to catch a trout." He smiled. "There's no comparison."

The honors, the recognition that came his way—his business accomplishments—were a source of satisfaction, of course. But it was when this leather-tough fellow was afield with bow or fly rod that he really lived. Hunting expeditions to every continent were filmed and are available from the company today. His office was lined with plaques and trophies.

Still, the stories were always more fascinating than the awards.

Fred was an accomplished storyteller. Around the campfires or in front of the fireplace at Grousehaven—the northern Michigan hunting club where he entertained clients and customers and company people each October—Fred would weave absorbing tales of adventure. You could feel the elephant charge, the grizzly rise and roar. When he talked of the lion swirling to face him once the arrow bit deep, the hairs would rise on the back of your neck. A Cape buffalo once charged, and Fred deftly stepped aside. But the hunting car behind him couldn't move. The buffalo totaled it.

Then there was the grizzly sow that chased him up a tree in British Columbia. "A very small tree," Fred recalled. "You must remember that I'm a tall guy (6 feet 2)," he grinned, "and my feet hang way down. The claw marks were within a foot of my boots."

She was persistent, too, so Fred clung to that tree from nightfall until 8 a.m.

when help arrived. "We became very well acquainted by then," he said, laughing, "almost on a first-name basis, you might say."

But Fred's philosophy never changed. "You don't go hunting to kill," he once told me, "you go hunting to hunt. ... There are hunters and there are killers. To the true sportsman, the kill is almost an anti-climax."

... I'd like to think that, in the end, the Au Sable's gentle current flowed through his memories. I am sure it did. And this weekend, as trout season opened, I stood beside that river and offered a toast to Fred, the man and the friend.

"I guess I couldn't really leave it forever," he said that night of the green drakes. We sat quietly then, not talking—just drinking of the beauty and the solitude surrounding us.

"No," he said as we rose to finally leave, "there will always be the Au Sable."

It is sad he's gone now. Yet in many ways, like the Au Sable, Fred Bear will always remain an indelible part of bowhunting, Michigan and, yes, our nation's woven fabric of history.

He was truly a man to match the mountains and the wild streams that flow between them.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

Fred had previously had another serious bout in the hospital in 1985. We all thought we were going to lose him that time, too, and some of us kept the hospital vigil with Mrs. B, Julia and his beloved granddaughter, Hannah, as time permitted. When he was finally back on his feet, he dictated the following note to all of us at Bear Archery. I thought that by sharing this with you it would give you some idea of the continuing health problems he bravely faced the last few years of his life. And perhaps it will convince one or two of you to stop smoking.

April 1, 1985
Dear Friends at Bear Archery:

In recognition of your caring concern during my long stay at Shands Hospital recently, I thought you might like a short bulletin on what happened.

It began with a trip by ambulance to the hospital on February 6, where I stayed for two and a half weeks. My problems with emphysema, however, made it impossible for me to sleep, so the doctors sent me home again hoping to improve that situation.

Since I still couldn't sleep, we went back to the hospital on Sunday, March 3. The following day, Monday, after a brief visit with my 2-year-old great-granddaughter, who was born on my 81st birthday, I fell asleep and slept, without interruption, for 21 hours. I have been sleeping normally ever since and at this writing feel that I'm on the road to recovery and hope to be back with you in a few days.

Thank you for your good wishes, fruit, candy, flowers, gifts and cards–I particularly appreciated the card that was signed by all of you.

Sincerely, Fred

What the doctors told us at the time was that one other reason Fred couldn't get to sleep was his deep-seated fear that he would not wake up. They said that is a normal problem in these kinds of cases. And due to his sleep deprivation, he also hallucinated part of the time. As many of you know, sleep deprivation is one tool used to interrogate prisoners.

As evidence of his condition at the time, I'd like to share a little anecdote with you. Some of us from the office who were close to him took turns sitting with him during this sleepless period, thinking that this might help him relax. It also gave Mrs. B and Julia a break from having to stay in his bedroom or nearby all the time.

On one of my visits I sat by his bedside and talked to him, trying to get him to respond as he always did with chuckles and laughter. I was probably there an hour or two. Not once did he respond to me even though his eyes were open much of the time. I thought it very strange that he would ignore me that way. Later, after I had left, the family called and told me that he had been hallucinating during my visit and he thought I was a polar bear sitting by the edge of his bed and he was afraid to say anything for fear I would pounce on him. You might be interested in knowing that my bedside chair was actually sitting on a polar bear rug from one of Fred's Alaskan hunts. It was the bear that the guide had to stop with a rifle shot, thereby ruining it as a bow and arrow trophy. And he and Mrs. B always had it between their two beds.

Fred didn't know this until I told him later when he had recovered, but I had been diagnosed with coronary artery disease and had a heart procedure at another hospital in the area on March 7th while he was across town in Shands Hospital. When I visited him there a few days later, he told me they had told him he also had congestive heart failure. So we both found out about our bum tickers about the same time. Fred later gave me a wonderful book by Dr. Norman Cousins, "Anatomy of an Illness." Here is what Fred wrote on the first page:

To my friend, Dick Lattimer,
with the hope that he can keep
himself so busy as to have no
time to worry–concentration
translates into courage.

Fred Bear, 1985

FINAL TRIPS TO GRAYLING

Fred slowly recovered during the summer of 1985 and by fall was able to make his annual trip up for our bowhunting camp at Grousehaven.

Later that same year, Fred asked me to whom he should donate a very considerable amount of money in his will. It was eerie how close my list compared to his when we later compared the two.

He and Mrs. Bear made a major contribution to Shands Teaching Hospital where he had been a patient so many times. This is the hospital connected to the University of Florida and its medical school was just a few blocks from his home. He also made a nice gift to the University of Florida. The other organizations were: The Nature Conservancy, The National Wildlife Federation, The Izaak Walton League "Outdoor Ethics" Program, The Wildlife Legislative Fund of America, Michigan United Conservation Clubs, National Wild Turkey Federation, The Audubon Society, The Ellison Onizuka 4-H Archery Fund, the Pope & Young Club Conservation Committee, and the Fred Bear Museum.

Fred was again able to make the Grousehaven hunt in 1986. I had arranged for a videographer to be there, and we did a ton of taping with he, Ted Nugent, Sherwood Schoch, Hap Fling, Bob Munger and Charlie Smith.

Once again, Fred was able to journey to Grousehaven for the 1987 bowhunt with our salesmen, customers and a few friends, including astronauts Joe Engle and Jim Adamson. Thank goodness Sherwood Schoch had his trusty camera in camp and took a great many photos of all of us with Fred in the main cabin. It would be Fred's last hunt at Grousehaven. After everyone left camp a few of us from the factory stayed around and hunted with Fred for a few days. He showed me his secret big buck blind down in the swamp, saying it was a good day blind.

Fred passed away a few months later on April 27th. Exactly a month later, on May 27th, after I returned from an out-of-town business trip, Mrs. B called and asked me to come over and help her go through Fred's clothes. It hurt her to continue to see them hanging in their closets. I could relate to that, remembering how I felt about my own dad's clothes hanging in the closet after he died. So I spent the morning with her doing that and also selecting some of his hunting clothes for use in a display in the Fred Bear Museum that I later turned over to Frank Scott. When I ran across Fred's gold Kodiak Bear bolo tie I knew there was one person in the world that Fred would want to have it. So I asked Mrs. B if I could send it to Joe Engle, and she readily agreed. Needless to say, Joe was thrilled to get it.

Perhaps I should tell you a bit more about these Kodiak Bear bolo ties. They were made for us in Alaska and the only people at the company who wore them were Fred, Bob Kelly, Frank Scott and myself. Oddly enough, all four of us would eventually end up in the Archery Hall of Fame. When the four of us wanted to "dress up" and represent Fred, Bear Archery or our sport, we always wore our gold Kodiak Bear bolos. I still do so to this day. Actually, Frank Scott gave me my bolo tie when I moved to Grayling; it had been his, and he ordered another for himself. That's how unselfish he was. It was like being invited into a very exclusive and small fraternity.

That same morning Julia and Mrs. B gave me Fred's ashes and asked me to take them back up home to Grayling.

On July 7th I flew from Gainesville to Detroit and then on to the Midland-Bay City-Saginaw airport. I didn't want to ask anyone whether I could transport someone's ashes for fear that they would tell me "no." So I simply packed them in my suitcase and took off. In the Detroit airport one of the security guards became very suspicious about the container the ashes were in. I'm sure he expected something illegal from the way it looked on the x-ray machine. But when I explained to him that it was the remains of my best friend that I was taking "home" he waved me on through.

The evening of July 8th, Jim Hatfield and I took Fred's remains for one last walk through the forest as we cut from a nearby trail road a half-mile or so to a portion of the South Branch of the Au Sable River. We both wore fishing waders. Our intent was to scatter Fred's ashes just as the nightly caddis hatch commenced on the same stretch of river we had fished with Fred so many times.

Following appropriate "graveside" readings that Mrs. B and Julia had asked us to do at the Mason Chapel on the river, we returned Fred's remains to the Earth alongside the crystal-clear stream just a short wade upriver.

The spot was next to a deer trail, and fresh doe and fawn tracks were there when we arrived. Huge white birch trees guard his final resting place along with tamarack, beech, spruce, popples and tag alders. We placed his remains in long wild grass dotted with wildflowers. And we marked the spot temporarily with a freshly cut piece of popple that a beaver had been working on at both ends.

Papa Bear was back home.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

TED'S TRIBUTE

There were many tributes written about Fred after he died. But none have helped keep his memory alive like the one written by our old rock-n-roll and bowhunting friend, Ted Nugent. Here's how Ted wrote to me about it recently in an e-mail:

"Since the song 'Fred Bear' exploded from my heart in 1989, it has aired to well over 100 million people worldwide on major radio stations around the globe. It remains to this day the number one requested song on many Midwest radio stations and is played every day in the fall in Michigan, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin and elsewhere. I have performed this magic song live in concert and on simulcasts to over 25 million people with no song in my 40 million record sales getting as many requests and heartfelt responses. It is played at many graduations, birthdays, weddings, anniversaries, bar mitzvahs, and many funerals as a celebration of loved ones and life. I have many letters from young and old alike how this song has turned them on to archery and bowhunting, even inspired many to stop drinking, smoking, taking drugs and improving their diet. It is truly an anthem for a 'quality of life' upgrade to thousands. I'm humbled by the whole thing."

And here is how Ted wrote about creating the song in his book "God, Guns & Rock 'N Roll." © 2000 by Projectile Marketing LLC. Reprinted by permission of Ted Nugent and the Regnery Publishing, Inc.

'FRED BEAR' FINDS TED

"Those lyrics came gushing forth on a cool spring morning in 1989. Fred Bear had passed away just a year earlier, on April 27, 1988. My wonderful mother had just recently died as well, and the emotions came on like a torrent. A haunting arpeggio guitar lick had played itself the night before in a rather appropriate setting, deep in the beautiful wilds of the Manistee National Forest in our stunning Northern cabin on the sparkling, big, timber-framed lake. Surrounded by my loving family, I had picked a few riffs on my guitar as the sun went down following a grand day of fishing and wilderness adventure with my children, wife and her family. Spirits were running high, to say the least, and in the glow of a crackling, warming fire, the guitar seemed to take on

A young rock-n-roll singer had been stopping by at Bear Archery with his dad, who was a supplier of Fred's, since he was a boy. So naturally, when he had a son, he brought him by to meet the great bowhunter. Here is Ted Nugent, with his son, and Fred in the mid-1970s in Grayling. Photo by Bill McIntosh.

a life of its own—as is usually the case when ideas flourish. I did not relate the interesting chord pattern to anything special, but I did know that it was indeed special. We loaded up the truck and headed home with bellies full of delicious fresh bluegill and bass filets and a special feeling that always comes from time together at the cabin.

With the kids back in school the next morning and the farm routine back into gear, I had just finished running the dogs and doing my morning chores when I went to grab the bow and arrows for my morning shoot. But as I was about to walk out of the house, bow in hand, I stopped myself for no apparent reason, set down the bow, and walked back into the living room and picked up the guitar. A race between sobbing tears and intense guitar licks erupted, the likes of which I had never before experienced. I sobbed and literally gasped to such a degree that Shemane rushed into the room to see if I had seriously injured myself, and I continued to cry in her bosom for the longest time. She consoled me as I stammered out words of love and sadness about Fred, not being able to stop myself. Shemane held me tight in her arms and encouraged me to pursue my inspiration. I felt driven to discover these powerful emotions through this unstoppable musical tribute to Fred, and the lyrics flowed as if I had sung this new song a million times before. It was quite eerie. Struggling to gather myself from my current state of emotional wreckage, I wrote down the words and sang them over and over again. After about an hour I stopped sobbing long enough to speak, and I immediately called Henrietta, Fred's widow, to share with her what I knew would be a piece of music that would touch her like it was touching me. I set the phone on the table before me, and milking blood from my acoustic guitar, and with much difficulty, I sang the new composition to her. She, too, turned to jelly. We cried together and talked for a long time that morning, and she made me promise her I would record the song and send her a tape right away."

Here, then, is Ted's tribute to our Papa Bear.

FRED BEAR

© by Ted Nugent—BroadHead Music

There I was back in the wild again. I felt right at home, where I belong. I had that feeling coming over me again, just like it happened so many times before.

The spirit of the woods is like an old good friend. Makes me feel warm and good inside. I know his name and it's good to see him again. 'Cuz in the wind he's still alive.

Oh, Fred Bear, walk with me down the trails again. Take me back, back where I *belong. Oh, Fred Bear, I'm glad to have you at my side my friend, and I'll join you in the big hunt before too long. Before too long.*

It was kinda dark another misty dusk. It came from the tangle down below. I tried to remember everything he taught me so well, I had to decide which way to go.

Was I alone or in a hunter's dream? The moment of truth is here and now. I felt his touch, I felt his guiding hand, and the buck was mine forever more.

Because of Fred Bear, I walk down these trails again. Back where I belong. Oh, Fred Bear I'm glad to have you at my side my friend. And I'll join you in the big hunt before too long.

We're not alone when we're in the great outdoors. We got his spirit, we got his soul. He will guide our steps, he guides our arrows home. The restless spirit forever roams.

With Fred Bear as we walk down the trails again. Take me back where I belong. Oh Fred Bear, it's good to have you at my side my friend, and I will join you in the big hunt before too long. 'Cuz in the wind he's still alive. In the wind, he's still alive, in the wind, I can hear, I hear Fred Bear.

I hear ya Fred. Let's go hunting baby!! Hey, Fred, you go up that ridge, I'll go down in the swamp, we'll get that buck. I hear you Fred! Talk to me! "If today's teenage thrill-seekers, really want to get a thrill, let' em go up into the Northwest, and tangle with a grizzly bear, a polar bear or a brown bear. They'll get a thrill that will cleanse the soul."

That last quote was Fred speaking taken from our "Fred Bear Secrets of Hunting" record that we produced in the 1960s in Hollywood. Ted's song is so powerful and Fred was so fond of Ted, that I believe, much in the same way that El Ozinuka "spoke" to me from the "great beyond," so, too, did Fred speak to Ted. And together, they have continued to inspire folks about bowhunting and our wonderful outdoors.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

MILESTONES IN THE LIFE OF FRED BEAR

I thought it might be of interest for you to see the following chronological list of highlights in Fred Bear's life. We originally put this together for our 1983 Bear Archery catalog, and I have updated it. Also included are some of the major archery events that occurred during the same time period.

1902 Fred Bear was born March 5 in a farmhouse near Waynesboro, Pennsylvania during the worst blizzard of the winter. He had an older sister, Aileen, and would later have a younger sister, Elizabeth.

1915 Fred's father, Harry Bear, took his 13-year-old son on his first deer hunt on South Mountain ridge about five miles from the Bear farm.

1916 Fred shot his first deer with a firearm. It was a buck.

1918 The Bears moved to Carlisle, PA where Fred attended high school. There he watched the famous Olympic athlete, Jim Thorpe, play football at the Carlisle Indian School.

1919 Fred served on active duty with the Carlisle National Guard Cavalry in the Cherry Valley coal field.

1920 Fred's wages were 17½ cents per hour as a pattern-maker at the Carlisle Frog & Switch Company.

1923 A few days after his 21st birthday, Fred left home on the train for Detroit, Michigan where he began work as a pattern-maker for Packard Motor

Car Company. He attended night school at the Detroit Institute of Technology. He lived in a room in a house on Lothrop Avenue.

1926 Fred became plant manager of Jansen Manufacturing Company, making spare tire covers for the auto industry.

1927 Fred saw Art Young's film, "Alaskan Adventures" at the Adams Theatre in Detroit. He later met bowhunter Art Young at a Rotary luncheon, and the two became friends. They built archery equipment in Fred's basement and began shooting together.

1929 Fred went bowhunting for the first time in a cedar swamp near St. Helen's, Michigan.

1930 Revival of target archery competition in U.S. Indoor archery lanes shooting began.

1931 F.I.T.A., the international archery organization was formed.

1933 Fred and Charles Piper founded Bear Products Company in a small building in Detroit. Their primary products were silk-screened advertising materials. Off in a corner of the small building, Fred made archery equipment. It soon became a full-time business.

1933 Fred helped form the Detroit Archery Club.

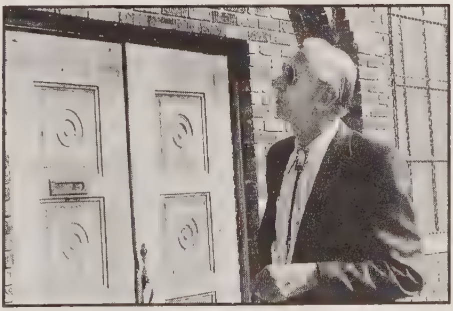
1934 Fred won the Michigan State Target Championships.

1935 Fred shot his first deer with bow at Blaney Park in Michigan's Upper Peninsula.

1935 Bear Archery moved to a second location at Burlingame & Broad Street in Detroit.

1936 Inauguration of the first bow season in Michigan (two counties).

1937 First statewide bow deer season in Michigan.



Fred returns to the site of Bear Archery's second location in Detroit.

1937 Patents were granted to Fred for the modern shooting glove.

1937 Fred won the Michigan Field Archery Championship.

1939 Fred won the Michigan Indoor Spring Tournament.

1939 Bear Archery moved to a third location at Philadelphia and Linwood in Detroit.

1939 National Field Archery Association established.

1942 First Fred Bear bowhunting film produced with Jack Van Coevering sports editor of the Detroit Free Press at Blaney Park, a large, wild hunting area in Michigan's Upper Peninsula.

1943 Fred began work on his first take-down bow.

1945 Fred took his second big game species with a bow—a Canada moose, near the north end of Lake Wabaskang at the mouth of the Cedar River in Ontario.

1946 Fred takes his first black bear with bow and arrow from the Lake Wabaskang camp area in Ontario.

1946 Fred patents the use of fiberglass as bow backing. One of the most important breakthroughs in archery production history. Unlike what many others would have done, Fred allowed the entire archery industry to use this technique for free for the good of the sport.

1946 Fred secures the first bow quiver patents.

1946 Fred's father, Harry, won the N.A.A. Mail Matches at the age of 68.

1946 "Moose Diary," Fred's second bowhunting film was produced.

1946 First National Field Tournament held in Allegan, Michigan.

1947 Bear Archery plant opened in Grayling, Michigan.

1948 Bear Archery produced TV and record cabinets for Admiral Corp.

1949 Fred developed new bow bonding process.

1949 The first year that Bear bows carried a written registration and warranty.

1949 Bear Grizzly bow introduced.

1951 Fred developed special presses for bow bonding.

1951 Uni-directional glass developed and patented for use as bow backing and facing.

1951 Fred's first Western bowhunt.

1952 Fred's first elk and first antelope taken in Wyoming.

1952 Fire nearly destroys Bear Archery.

1953 Plant repaired and first new addition completed.

1954 Bear produced first working recurve bows (Kodiak II).

1954 Fred's first successful Western mule deer hunt.

1955 Fred became a member of the Adventurer's Club.

1955 Bear Archery plant is up to 100 employees.

1955 Fred's first overseas hunt in French Equatorial Africa.

1955 Fred's first western Canada hunt (moose and caribou).

1956 Second addition to Bear Archery plant—200 employees.

1956 Bear Archery markets new Bear Razorhead© hunting heads.

1957 Fred took world record Stone sheep in British Columbia.

1957	Fred was made a member of the Explorer's Club.
1958	Fred hosted N.F.A.A.'s 13th National Championships.
1958	Fred hosted first large Money Shoot, following Nationals.
1958	Pope & Young Club's first awards program held in Grayling.
1958	Fred hunts the Little Delta in Alaska.
1959	Fred again hunts the Little Delta area in Alaska.
1959	Fred Bear film library expanded to 13 subjects.
1960	Fred hosted N.F.A.A. Nationals with 26 field ranges.
1960	Fred took world record Alaska brown bear.
1960	Bear developed clear "Crystalight" Bearglas.
1961	Bear introduced "Fox" line of solid fiberglass bows.
1961	Professional Archers Association established.
1962	Fred appeared on "To Tell The Truth" national TV show.
1963	Bear introduced snap-on bow quivers.
1963	Fred's grizzly hunt in British Columbia featured in *Life* magazine.
1963	Fred hunted Bengal tiger in India with the Maharajah of Bundi.
1964	Bear's "Become a Two-Season Hunter" advertising theme began.
1964	Bear introduced the Premier Sight as an integral part of a bow.
1964	Fred awarded the Compton Medal of Honor.
1964	Fred's African safari with Arthur Godfrey. Fred takes an elephant.
1965	Fred received National Leadership Award from NSGA.

1965 Fred's third African safari. He takes a lion and Cape buffalo.

1965 Bear Archery introduced high-compression handle material.

1965 Fred featured on ABC/TV's "American Sportsman."

1966 Fred inducted into the Sporting Goods Hall of Fame.

1966 Fred took polar bear on third try.

1966 Fred appeared on the "Tonight Show."

1967 Fred Bear Museum opens in Grayling, Michigan.

1967 Fred perfects his take-down bow design.

1967 Bear is sold to Victor Comptometer Corp. Fred remains president.

1967 Bear begins marketing its products worldwide.

1967 Archery Lane Operator's Association formed.

1967 First U.S. Intercollegiate Championships held in Tempe, Arizona.

1967 Bear produces a 48" Super Magnum hunting bow.

1967 Fred hunted Asiatic buffalo on Marajo Island, Brazil.

1968 Bear Archery introduces Converta-Point® arrows.

1968 Fred Bear's "Secrets of Hunting" record with Curt Gowdy is introduced. 60,000 copies will be purchased by America's hunters.

1968 Fred receives Michigan Governor's Award.

1968 "The Archer's Bible," first of Fred Bear's books published by Doubleday.

1969 Fred Bear appears on the Mike Douglas TV show with “Gentle Ben.”

1969 First U.S. World Championship target tournament (Valley Forge, Pennsylvania).

1970 Fred’s Take-Down bow introduced after extensive field tests by Fred. Features include new Futurewood® handle.

1970 Fred Bear Sports Club is introduced at Detroit’s Cobo Hall during the Bear American Archery Tournament. Astronauts, television stars and America’s top archers are among its first members.

1970 Bear Archery film library now offers 20 Fred Bear films.

1971 Bear introduces its line of magnesium alloy handle Fred Bear Take-Down Bows.

1972 Archery becomes an Olympic gold medal sport.

1972 Astronauts Charles Duke, Jr., John Young and Thomas Mattingly take one of Bear’s Razorheads® on Apollo 16’s voyage out to the moon.

1972 The Archery Hall of Fame is introduced, and Fred Bear is among its first inductees.

1972 National 4-H Club Archery Program begins.

1972 The Fred Bear Sports Club opens to the public. Dick Lattimer, its founder, along with Fred Bear and Bob Kelly, is named executive director. The Club stresses a Code of Outdoor Ethics and offers members a colorful series of achievement awards for the taking of game with the bow and arrow. It’s official publication“The Big Sky” launches.

1973 Fred is inducted into the Hunting Hall of Fame.

1976 Labor strike against Bear Archery by the United Auto Workers Union begins. Many employees stay on job, some replacement workers are hired to keep production going.

1976 Fred’s second book, “Fred Bear’s Field Notes” is published by Doubleday.

1976 Bear plant produces a record 360,000 bows in one year.

1976 Fred receives National Sporting Goods Association "Lifetime Career Award."

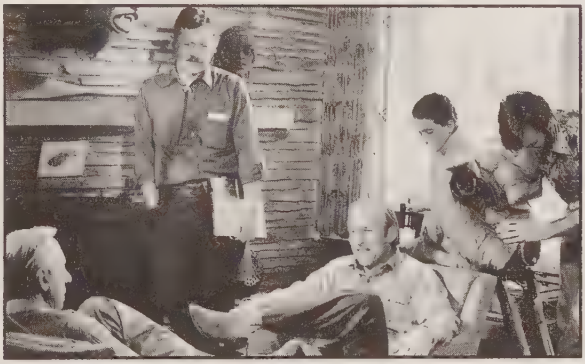
1976 Fred Bear receives Winchester/Western's "Outdoorsman of the Year" award.

1976 Fred receives the "Regent's Citation" from the University of Michigan.

1976 Fred Bear Sports Club begins its committee work on behalf of America's archers and bowhunters in Washington, D.C. on the National Rifle Association's Hunting & Conservation Committee, the NRA's Bowhunting Subcommittee, and the NRA Public Affairs Committee.

1977 Fred and astronaut Jim Lovell of Apollo's 8 and 13 fame film "The Good Earth."

1977 The Fred Bear Sports Club helps launch "The American Outdoors" TV project.



Fred and astronaut, Jim Lovell, talk during filming of "The Good Earth" while the author, center, looks on.

1977 Fred Bear receives the National Archery Association "Maurice Thompson Medal of Honor."

1977 The Bear Archery/UAW strike is a featured article in the *Wall Street Journal.*

1977 Walter Kidde & Co. takes over Victor Comptometer Corporation and Bear Archery.

1977 The Maharajah of Bundi from India is Fred's houseguest in Grayling, Michigan. He had hosted Fred during his tiger hunt in 1963.

1978 Bear Archery introduces its Super Razorhead®.

1978 The Bear Archery plant is moved to Gainesville, Florida.

1978 The Fred Bear Sports Club and the American Archery Council aid in the distribution of 26 "American Outdoors" segments on nationwide syndicated TV.

1979 Fred's third book published by Doubleday, "Fred Bear's World of Archery."

1979 Bear began the design and construction of prototype fiberglass automotive springs.

1980 Fred appears on Glen Lau's "Sports Afield" television series.

1980 Fred Bear Signature® bow is introduced.

1980 Fred Bear and Gordon Bentley accept the Leadership Award from the Hunting Hall of Fame on behalf of the American Archery Council and the Fred Bear Sports Club.

1981 A subsidiary plant is opened in Williston, Florida for producing fiberglass springs for automotive and other non-archery applications.

1981 Fred Bear Sports Club membership now in the USA and 44 overseas countries. It will eventually top 50,000 members.

1981 Bear Archery introduces stainless steel Razorheads®.

1981 Bear introduces the Delta-V®, dubbed the "world's fastest bow."

1981 Fred is inducted into the North Florida Sports Hall of Fame.

1981 Fred is the guest speaker and inducted as a member at the prestigious Boone & Crockett Club in New York, founded by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1887.

1982 Fred's 80th birthday celebrated with a surprise visit by guests from around the country.

1982 Fred receives the Sporting Goods Manufacturers Association's "Extra Mile Award."

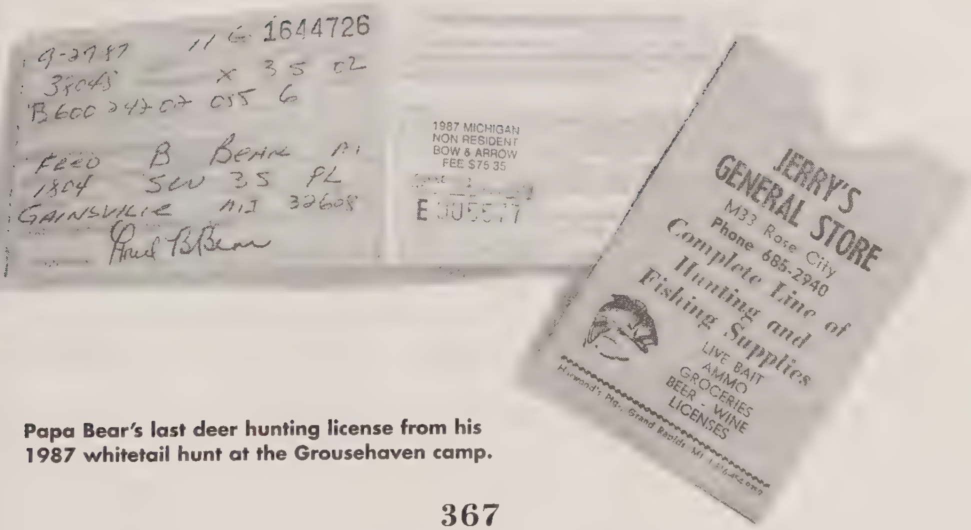
1983 Bear Archery celebrates its 50th Anniversary.

1987 Fred inducted into the Safari Club International Hunting Hall of Fame and was the first inductee into the SCI Bowhunting Division Hall of Fame.

1987 Fred presented with the Conservation Career Achievement Award by the National Wildlife Federation and the Minnesota Conservation Federation.

1988 Fred Bear dies at the University of Florida's Shands Hospital in Gainesville, Florida.

1988 Fred Bear's cremated remains are placed along the South Branch of the Au Sable River near Grayling, Michigan where he loved to flyfish. The location is accessible only by canoe or Grayling riverboat and is not far from the small Mason Chapel on the river.



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GENERAL STORE
M33 Rose City
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Complete Line of
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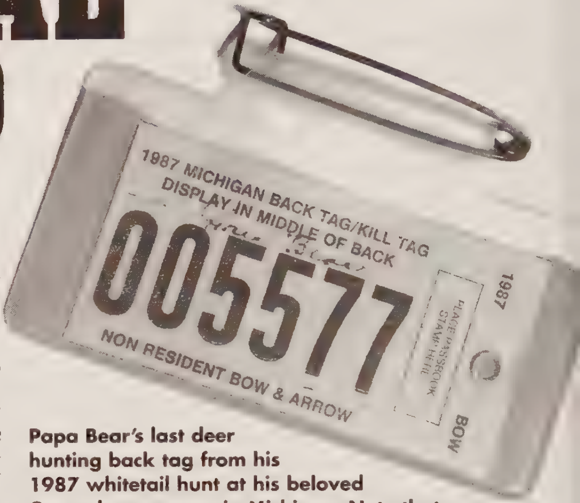
Papa Bear's last deer hunting license from his 1987 whitetail hunt at the Grousehaven camp.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

A FINAL WORD


1987 MICHIGAN BACK TAG/KILL TAG
DISPLAY IN MIDDLE OF BACK
005577
NON RESIDENT BOW & ARROW
PLACE PASSBOOK STAMP HERE
1987
BOW

Papa Bear's last deer hunting back tag from his 1987 whitetail hunt at his beloved Grousehaven camp in Michigan. Note that Fred signed this.

Professional writers and pubic relations people often write quotes for the people for whom they work. The following is one I wrote for Fred when he was asked how he would like to be remembered. I would like to be remembered the same way:

"I would like to be remembered for the fact that I was honest with myself and with others. And that I did my best at what I thought was important in my life. I am happy that I was able to grow up and live as a free man and to have the opportunity to work at what I enjoyed the most ... hunting and fishing. It has always given me a great deal of pleasure to introduce new people to the outdoors, and I am happy to have been able to do so over the years, as well as having been able to simply expose so very many people to the outdoor life through our films and books and travels. Anything else that I am remembered for will have to be decided by others."

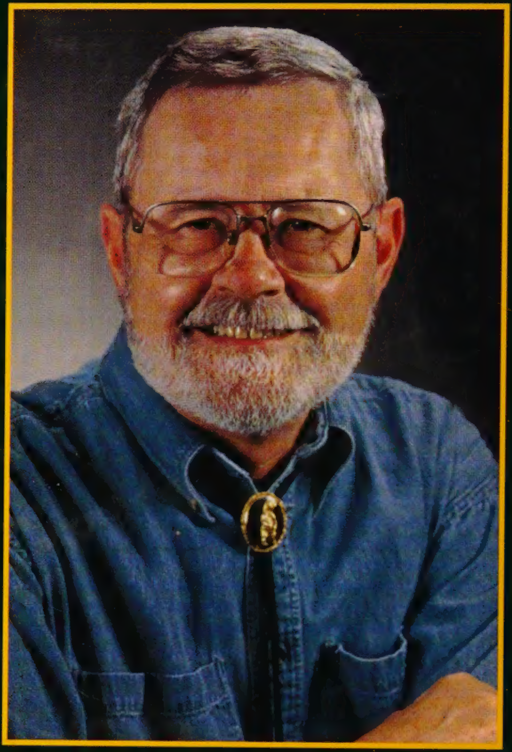
Yes, I remember our Papa Bear, or "PB," as his family always called him. I never presumed to do that, he was always just "Fred" to me. Mrs. Bear was always "Mrs. B."

Sometimes after Fred returned from a trip, I'd walk into his office and say, "You must be Fred Bear?" He'd always reply, "No, I'm Fred Wosniak," a reference to his early days working in a factory in Detroit with its diverse ethnic culture.

And speaking of that, if there is one thing I hope I learned from my many years with Fred it's that he treated everyone the same, whether you were a Maharajah from India or the fellow who swept out the plant at the end of the day. He recognized the uniqueness in each of us. And his Borsalino hunting hat always fit his head. He was the most warm, down-to-earth, genuine person I have ever known in my life.

And that's what I remember most about our Papa Bear.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Dick Lattimer spent 23 years handling the advertising and public relations for Fred Bear and Bear Archery. During those many years, Lattimer became Fred's confidant and one of his closest friends. He was also the founder and executive director of The Fred Bear Sports Club, a worldwide organization of hunters and fishermen.

Lattimer, the former president/CEO of the Archery Manufacturers and Merchants Organization (AMO), has served on myriad national conservation committees, some of which include the Congressional Sportsmen's Foundation, the International Association of Fish and Wildlife Agencies Communications Committee and Television Subcommittee, the Hunting & Conservation Committee of the National Rifle Association, and others.

In 1999 Lattimer was inducted into the Archery Hall of Fame, and in January 2000, he was inducted into the Safari Club International (SCI) Hall of Honor in Tucson, Arizona in recognition of his lifelong contributions to archery and bowhunting. In March 2001, he was the recipient, at the North American Wildlife Conference, of the prestigious Distinguished Service Award from the Wildlife Management Institute for his lifelong conservation work.

Lattimer is also the author of several books about the U.S. space program, including "All We Did Was Fly To The Moon," and "Space Station Friendship." Lattimer has also developed a series of books about the lunar landings "The Genesis Rocks Series."

His poetry has been published and distributed to librarians across the U.S. by the Heckman Bindery under his pseudonym of Hoosier Poet Joshua Carpenter, his tribute to Yeshua bar Yosef, the itinerant preacher who was born in Bethlehem and grew up in Nazareth over 2,000 years ago, better known by the Greek form of his name–Jesus Christ. Lattimer also authored the book, "The Jesus Digest."

Lattimer is a native of South Bend, Indiana and a 1957 graduate of Indiana University. He and his wife, Alice, have been married for 46 years and have three grown children and four grandchildren.

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